



A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
P O E M S.

VOL. II.



COLLECTION



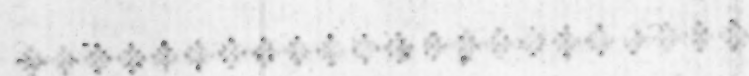
P O R

COLLECTION

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STEWART

VOL. II



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M. D. C. L. X. V.



A SELECT  
COLLECTION  
OF  
P O E M S,

From the most approved AUTHORS.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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VOL. II.

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A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
POEMS.

+++++  
SONG FOR RANELAGH.

By Mr. W. WHITEHEAD.

I.

**Y**E belles, and ye flirts, and ye pert little things,  
Who trip in this frolicksome round,  
Pray tell me from whence this indecency springs,  
The sexes at once to confound ?

What means the cock'd hat, and the masculine air,  
With each motion design'd to perplex ?  
Bright eyes were intended to languish, not stare,  
And softness the test of your sex.

II.

The girl who on beauty depends for support,  
May call ev'ry art to her aid :  
The bosom display'd, and the petticoat short,  
Are samples she gives of her trade.

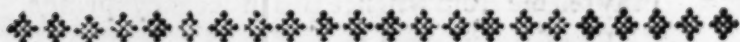
But you, on whom Fortune indulgently smiles,  
 And whom Pride has preserv'd from the snare;  
 Should slyly attack us, with coyness and wiles,  
 Not with open and insolent air.

## III.

The Venus whose statue delights all mankind  
 Shrinks modestly back from the view,  
 And kindly should seem by the artist design'd  
 To serve as a model for you.  
 Then learn with her beauties to copy her air,  
 Nor venture too much to reveal;  
 Our fancies will paint what you cover with care,  
 And double each charm you conceal.

## IV.

The blushes of Morn, and the mildness of May,  
 Are charms which no art can procure;  
 Oh! be but yourselves, and our homage we pay,  
 And your empire is solid and sure.  
 But if, Amazon-like, you attack your gallants,  
 And put us in fear of our lives,  
 You may do very well for sisters and aunts,  
 But believe me you'll never be wives.



## The MONKIES, a TALE.

By the Rev. Mr. MERRICK.

W<sup>H</sup>oe'er with curious eye has range'd  
 Thro' Ovid's tales, has seen  
 How Jove, incens'd, to monkies change'd  
 A tribe of worthless men.

Repentant



OF POEMS.

3

Repentant soon th' offending race  
Intreat the injur'd power,  
To give them back the human face,  
And reason's aid restore.

Jove, sooth'd at length, his ear inclin'd,  
And granted half their prayer ;  
But t'other half he bade the wind  
Disperse in empty air.

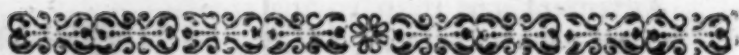
Scarce had the Thund'rer given the nod  
That shook the vaulted skies,  
With haughtier air the creatures strode,  
And stretch'd their dwindled size.

The hair in curls luxuriant now  
Around their temples spread ;  
The tail that whilom hung below,  
Now dangled from the head.

The head remains unchange'd within,  
Nor alter'd much the face ;  
It still retains its native grin,  
And all its old grimace.

Thus half transform'd and half the same,  
Jove bade them take their place,  
(Restoring them their ancient claim)  
Among the human race.

Man with contempt the brute survey'd,  
Nor would a name bestow ;  
But woman lik'd the motley breed,  
And call'd the thing a Beau.



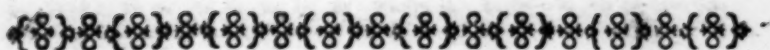
## The Revenge of A-M-E-R-I-C-A.

By the Rev. Mr. JOSEPH WARTON.

WHEN-Cortez' furious legions flew  
 O'er ravage'd fields of rich Peru,  
 Struck with his bleeding people's woes,  
 Old India's awful Genius rose.  
 He sat on Andes' topmost stone,  
 And heard a thousand nations groan ;  
 For grief his feathery crown he tore,  
 To see huge PLATA foam with gore ;  
 He broke his arrows, stamp'd the ground,  
 To view his cities smoaking round.

What woes, he cried, hath lust of gold  
 O'er my poor country widely roll'd ;  
 Plunderers proceed ! my bowels tear,  
 But ye shall meet destruction there ;  
 From the deep-vaulted mine shall rise  
 Th' insatiate fiend, pale Avarice !  
 Whose steps shall trembling Justice fly,  
 Peace, Order, Law, and Amity !  
 I see all Europe's children curst  
 With lucre's universal thirst :  
 The rage that sweeps my sons away,  
 My baneful gold shall well repay.

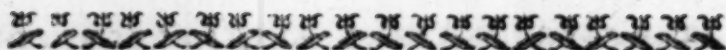




## The Dying I N D I A N.

By the Same.

**T**HE dart of Izdabel prevails! 'twas dipt  
 In double poison—I shall soon arrive  
 At the blest island, where no tigers spring  
 On heedless hunters; where ananas bloom  
 Thrice in each moon; where rivers smoothly glide,  
 Nor thundering torrents whirl the light canoe  
 Down to the sea; where my forefathers feast  
 Daily on hearts of Spaniards!——O my son,  
 I feel the venom busy in my breast,  
 Approach, and bring my crown, deck'd with the teeth  
 Of that bold Christian who first dar'd devour  
 The virgins of the sun; and, dire to tell!  
 Robb'd Vitzipultzi's statue of its gems!  
 I mark'd the spot where they interr'd this traitor,  
 And once at midnight stole I to his tomb,  
 And tore his carcass from the earth, and left it  
 A prey to poisonous flies. Preserve this crown  
 With sacred secrecy: if e'er returns  
 Thy much-lov'd mother from the desert woods;  
 Where, as I hunted late, I hapless lost her;  
 Cherish her age. Tell her I ne'er have worship'd  
 With those that eat their God. And when disease  
 Preys on her languid limbs, then kindly stab her  
 With thine own hands, nor suffer her to linger,  
 Like Christian cowards, in a life of pain.  
 I go! great CORAC beckons me! farewell!



T H E

## PLEASURES of MELANCHOLY.

WRITTEN in the YEAR 1745.

By the Rev. Mr. THOMAS WARTON.

**M**Other of musings, Contemplation sage,  
 Whose grotto stands upon the topmost rock  
 Of Teneriff: 'mid the tempestuous night,  
 On which in calmest meditation held,  
 Thou hear'st with howling winds the beating rain  
 And drifting hail descend; or if the skies  
 Unclouded shine, and thro' the blue serene  
 Pale Cynthia rolls her silver-axled car,  
 Whence gazing steadfast on the spangled vault  
 Raptur'd thou sit'st, while murmurs indistinct  
 Of distant billows sooth thy pensive ear  
 With hoarse and hollow sounds; secure, self-blest,  
 There oft thou listen'st to the wild uproar  
 Of fleets encount'ring, that in whispers low  
 Ascends the rocky summit, where thou dwell'st  
 Remote from man, conversing with the spheres!  
 O lead me, queen sublime, to solemn glooms  
 Congenial with my soul; to cheerless shades,  
 To ruin'd seats, or twilight cells and bowers,  
 Where thoughtful Melancholy loves to muse,  
 Her fav'rite midnight haunts. The laughing scenes  
 Of purple Spring, where all the wanton train  
 Of Smiles and Graces seem to lead the dance

In

In sportive round, while from their hands they shower  
Ambrosial blooms and flowers, no longer charm;  
'Tempe, no more I court thy balmy breeze,  
Adieu, green vales ! ye broider'd meads, adieu !

Beneath yon' ruin'd abbey's moss-grown piles  
Oft let me sit, at twilight hour of eve,  
Where thro' some western window the pale moon  
Pours her long-levell'd rule of streaming light ;  
While sullen sacred silence reigns around,  
Save the lone screech-owl's note, who builds his bower  
Amid the mould'ring caverns dark and damp,  
Or the calm breeze, that rustles in the leaves  
Of flaunting ivy, that with mantle green  
Invests some wasted tower. Or let me tread -  
Its neighb'ring walks of pines, where mus'd of old  
The cloyster'd brother : thro' the gloomy void  
That far extends beneath their ample arch  
As on I pace, religious horror wraps  
My soul in dread repose. But when the world  
Is clad in Midnight's raven-colour'd robe,  
'Mid hollow charnels let me watch the flame  
Of taper dim, shedding a livid glare  
O'er the wan heaps ; while airy voices talk  
Along the glimm'ring walls : or ghostly shape  
At distance seen, invites with beck'ning hand  
My lonesome steps, thro' the far-winding vaults.  
Nor undelightful is the solemn noon  
Of night, when haply wakeful from my couch  
I start : lo, all is motionless around !  
Roars not the rushing wind ; the sons of men  
And every beast in mute oblivion lie ;  
All nature's hush'd in silence and in sleep.  
O then how fearful is it to reflect,  
That thro' the still globe's awful solitude,

No

In

No being wakes but me ! 'till stealing sleep  
 My drooping temples bathes in opiate dews.  
 Nor then let dreams, of wanton folly born,  
 My senses lead thro' flowery paths of joy ;  
 But let the sacred Genius of the night  
 Such mystic visions send, as Spenser saw,  
 When thro' bewild'ring Fancy's magic maze,  
 To the fell house of Busyrane, he led  
 Th' unshaken Britomart ; or Milton knew,  
 When in abstracted thought he first conceiv'd  
 All heaven in tumult, and the Seraphim  
 Came tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold.

Let others love soft summer's ev'ning smiles,  
 As, list'ning to the distant water-fall,  
 They mark the blushes of the streaky west ;  
 I chuse the pale December's foggy glooms :  
 Then, when the fullen shades of ev'ning close,  
 Where thro' the room a blindly-glimm'ring gleam  
 The dying embers scatter, far remote  
 From Mirth's mad shouts, that thro' th' illumin'd roof  
 Resound with festive echo, let me sit,  
 Blest with the lowly cricket's drowsy dirge.  
 Then let my thought contemplative explore  
 This fleeting state of things, the vain delights,  
 The fruitless toils, that still our search elude,  
 As thro' the wilderness of life we rove.  
 This sober hour of silence will unmask  
 False Folly's smile, that like the dazzling spells  
 Of wily Comus cheat th' unweeting eye  
 With blear illusion, and persuade to drink  
 That charmed cup, which Reason's mintage fair  
 Unmoulds, and stamps the monster on the man.  
 Eager we taste, but in the luscious draught  
 Forget the pois'nous dregs that lurk beneath.



Few know that elegance of soul refin'd,  
 Whose soft sensation feels a quicker joy  
 From Melancholy's scenes, than the dull pride  
 Of tasteless splendour and magnificence  
 Can e'er afford. Thus Eloise, whose mind  
 Had languish'd to the pangs of melting love,  
 More genuine transport found, as on some tomb  
 Reclin'd, she watch'd the tapers of the dead;  
 Or thro' the pillar'd isles, amid pale shrines  
 Of image'd saints, and intermingled graves,  
 Mus'd a veil'd votarefs: than Flavia feels,  
 As thro' the mazes of the festive ball  
 Proud of her conquering charms, and beauty's blaze,  
 She floats amid the silken sons of dress,  
 And shines the fairest of th' assembled fair.

When azure noon-tide cheers the dædal globe,  
 And the blest regent of the golden day  
 Rejoices in his bright meridian bower,  
 How oft my wishes ask the night's return,  
 That best befriends the melancholy mind!  
 Hail, sacred Night! thou too shalt share my song!  
 Sister of ebony-scepter'd Hecat, hail!  
 Whether in congregated clouds thou wrap'st  
 Thy viewless chariot, or with silver crown  
 Thy beaming head encirclest, ever hail!  
 What tho' beneath thy gloom the forcerefs-train,  
 Far in obscured haunt of Lapland-moors,  
 With rhymes uncouth the bloody cauldron bless;  
 Tho' Murder wan, beneath thy shrouding shade  
 Summons her slow ey'd vot'ries to devise  
 Of secret slaughter, while by one blue lamp  
 In hideous conf'rence sits the listening band,  
 And start at each low wind, or wakeful sound:  
 What tho' thy stay the pilgrim curseth oft,

As

As all benighted in Arabian wastes  
 He hears the wilderness around him howl  
 With roaming monsters, while on his hoar head  
 The black-descending tempest ceaseless beats ;  
 Yet more delightful to my pensive mind  
 Is thy return, than bloomy morn's approach,  
 Even then, in youthful pride of opening May,  
 When from the portals of the saffron east  
 She sheds fresh roses, and ambrosial dews,  
 Yet not ungrateful is the morn's approach,  
 When dropping wet she comes, and clad in clouds,  
 While thro' the damp air scowls the louring south,  
 Blackning the landscape's face, that grove and hill  
 In formless vapours undistinguish'd swim :  
 Th' afflicted songsters of the sadden'd groves  
 Hail not the sullen gloom; the waving elms  
 That hoar thro' time, and range'd in thick array,  
 Enclose with stately row some rural hall,  
 Are mute, nor echo with the clamours hoarse  
 Of rooks rejoicing on their airy boughs ;  
 While to the shed the dripping poultry crowd,  
 A mournful train : secure the village-hind  
 Hangs o'er the crackling blaze, nor tempts the storm ;  
 Fix'd in th' unfinish'd furrow rests the plough :  
 Rings not the high wood with enliv'ning shouts  
 Of early hunter : all is silence drear ;  
 And deepest sadness wraps the face of things.

Thro' POPE's soft song tho' all the Graces breathe,  
 And happiest art adorn his Attic page ;  
 Yet does my mind with sweeter transport glow,  
 As at the root of mossy trunk reclin'd,  
 In magic SPENSER's wildly-warbled song  
 I see deserted Una wander wide  
 Thro' wasteful solitudes, and lurid heaths,

Weary,

Weary, forlorn; than when the (a) fated fair,  
 Upon the bosom bright of silver Thames,  
 Launches in all the lustre of brocade,  
 Amid the splendours of the laughing Sun.  
 The gay description palls upon the sense,  
 And coldly strikes the mind with feeble bliss.

Ye youths of Albion's beauty-blooming isle,  
 Whose brows have worn the wreath of luckless love,  
 Is there a pleasure like the pensive mood,  
 Whose magic wont to sooth your soften'd souls?  
 O tell how rapturous the joy, to melt  
 To Melody's assuasive voice; to bend  
 Th' uncertain step along the midnight mead,  
 And pour your sorrows to the pitying moon,  
 By many a flow trill from the bird of woe  
 Oft interrupted; in embowering woods  
 By darksome brook to muse, and there forget  
 The solemn dulness of the tedious world,  
 While Fancy grasps the visionary fair:  
 And now no more th' abstracted ear attends  
 The water's murmur'ing lapse, th' entranced eye  
 Pierces no longer thro' th' extended rows  
 Of thick range'd trees; 'till haply from the depth  
 The woodman's stroke, or distant-tinkling team,  
 Or heifer rustling thro' the brake alarms  
 Th' illuded sense, and mars the golden dream.  
 These are delights that absence dear has made  
 Familiar to my soul, e'er since the form  
 Of young Sapphira, beauteous as the Spring,  
 When from her vi'let-woven couch awak'd  
 By frolic Zephyr's hand, her tender cheek

(a) *Belinda. See Rape of the Lock.*

Graceful

Graceful she lifts, and blushing from her bower,  
 Issues to cloath in gladsome-glitt'ring green  
 The genial globe, first met my dazzled sight :  
 These are delights unknown to minds profane,  
 And which alone the pensive soul can taste.

The taper'd choir, at the late hour of prayer,  
 Oft let me tread, while to th' according voice  
 The many sounding organ peals on high,  
 The clear flow-dittied chaunt, or varied hymn,  
 'Till all my soul is bath'd in ecstasies,  
 And lap'd in Paradise. Or let me sit  
 Far in sequester'd isles of the deep dome,  
 There lonesome listen to the sacred sounds,  
 Which, as they lengthen thro' the Gothic vaults,  
 In hollow murmurs reach my ravish'd ear.  
 Nor when the lamps expiring yield to night,  
 And solitude returns, would I forsake  
 The solemn mansion, but attentive mark  
 The due clock swinging slow with sweepy sway,  
 Measuring Time's flight with momentary sound.

Nor let me fail to cultivate my mind  
 With the soft thrillings of the tragic Muse,  
 Divine Melpomene, sweet Pity's nurse,  
 Queen of the stately step, and flowing pall.  
 Now let Monimia mourn with streaming eyes  
 Her joys incestuous, and polluted love :  
 Now let soft Juliet in the gaping tomb  
 Print the last kiss on her true Romeo's lips,  
 His lips yet reeking from the deadly draught.  
 Or Jasseir kneel for one forgiving look.  
 Nor seldom let the Moor of Desdemone  
 Pour the misguided threats of jealous rage.  
 By soft degrees the manly torrent steals

From

From my swollen eyes; and at a brother's woe  
My big heart melts in sympathizing tears.

What are the splendours of the gaudy court,  
Its tinsel trappings, and its pageant pomps?  
To me far happier seems the banish'd Lord  
Amid Siberia's unrejoycing wilds  
Who pines all lonesome, in the chambers hoar  
Of some high castle shut, whose windows dim  
In distant ken discover trackless plains,  
Where Winter ever whirls his icy car;  
While still-repeated objects of his view,  
The gloomy battlements, and ivied spires  
That crown the solitary dome, arise;  
While from the topmost turret the flow clock,  
Far heard along th' inhospitable wastes,  
With sad-returning chime awakes new grief;  
Even he far happier seems than is the proud,  
The potent Satrap, whom he left behind  
Mid Moscow's golden palaces, to drown  
In ease and luxury the laughing hours.

Illustrious objects strike the gazer's mind  
With feeble bliss, and but allure the sight,  
Nor rouse with impulse quick th' unfeeling heart.  
Thus seen by shepherd from Hymettus' brow  
What dædal landscapes smile! here balmy groves,  
Resounding once with Plato's voice, arise,  
Amid whose umbrage green her silver head  
Th' unfading olive lifts; here vine-clad hills  
Lay forth their purple store, and sunny vales  
In prospect vast their level laps expand,  
Amid whose beauties glistering Athens towers.  
Tho' thro' the blissful scenes Ilissus roll  
His sage-inspiring flood, whose winding marge  
The thick-wove laurel shades; tho' roseate Morn



Pour all her splendours on th' empurpled scene;  
 Yet feels the hoary Hermit truer joys,  
 As from the cliff that o'er his cavern hangs,  
 He views the piles of fall'n Persepolis  
 In deep arrangement hide the darkeſome plain.  
 Unbounded waſte ! the mould'ring obeliſk  
 Here, like a blaſted oak, aſcends the clouds ;  
 Here Parian domes their vaulted halls diſcloſe  
 Horrid with thorn, where lurks th' un pitying thief,  
 Whence flits the twilight-loving bat at eve,  
 And the deaf adder wreathes her ſpotted train,  
 The dwellings once of elegance and art.  
 Here temples riſe, amid whoſe hollow'd bounds  
 Spires the black pine, while thro' the naked ſtreet,  
 Once haunt of tradeſul merchants, ſprings the graſs :  
 Here columns, heap'd on proſtrate columns, torn  
 From their firm baſe, encreaſe the mould'ring maſs.  
 Far as the ſight can pierce, appear the ſpoils  
 Of ſunk magnificence ! a blended ſcene  
 Of moles, fanes, arches, domes, and palaces,  
 Where, with his brother Horreur, Ruin ſits.

O come then, Melancholy, queen of thought !  
 O come with faintly look, and ſtedfaſt ſtep,  
 From forth thy cave embower'd with mournful yew,  
 Where ever to the curſeu's ſolemn ſound  
 Liſt'ning thou ſitt'ſt, and with thy cypreſs bind  
 Thy votary's hair, and ſeal him for thy ſon.  
 But never let Euphróſyne beguile  
 With toys of wanton mirth my fixed mind,  
 Nor in my path her primroſe-garland caſt.  
 Tho' 'mid her train the dimpled Hebe bare  
 Her roſy boſom to th' enamour'd view ;  
 Tho' Venus, mother of the Smiles and Loves,  
 And Bacchus, ivy-crown'd, in citron bower

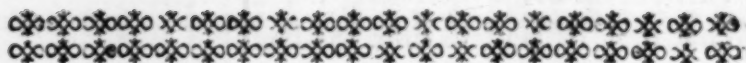
With



With her on nectar-streaming fruitage feast :  
What tho' 'tis her's to calm the low'ring skies,  
And at her presence mild th' embattel'd clouds  
Disperse in air, and o'er the face of heaven  
New day diffusive gleam at her approach ;  
Yet are these joys that Melancholy gives,  
Than all her witless revels happier far ;  
These deep-felt joys, by Contemplation taught.

Then ever, beauteous Contemplation, hail !  
From thee began, auspicious maid, my song,  
With thee shall end : for thou art fairer far  
Than are the nymphs of Cirrha's mossy grot ;  
To loftier rapture thou canst wake the thought,  
Than all the fabling Poet's boasted powers.  
Hail, queen divine ! whom, as tradition tells,  
Once, in his evening walk a Druid found,  
Far in a hollow glade of Mona's woods ;  
And piteous bore with hospitable hand  
To the close shelter of his oaken bower.  
There soon the sage admiring mark'd the dawn  
Of solemn musing in your pensive thought ;  
For when a smiling babe, you lov'd to lie  
Oft deeply list'ning to the rapid roar  
Of wood-hung Meinai, stream of Druids old,  
That lav'd his hallow'd haunt with dashing wave.





A SONNET; written at W——DE  
in the Absence of ——.

By the Same.

W——DE, thy beechen slopes with waving grain  
Border'd, thine azure views of wood and lawn,  
Whilom could charm, or when the joyous Dawn  
'Gan Night's dun robe with flushing purple strain,  
Or Evening drove to fold her woolly train;  
Her fairest landscapes whence my Muse has drawn,  
Too free with servile courtly phrase to fawn,  
Too weak to try the Buskin's stately strain;  
Yet now no more thy slopes of wood and corn  
Nor prospects charm, since He far-distant strays  
With whom I trace'd their sweets each eve and  
morn,  
From Albion far, to cull fair Gallia's bays;  
In this alone they please; howe'er forlorn,  
That still they can recall those happier days.



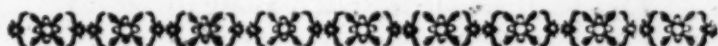


## On BATHING.

## A SONNET.

By the same.

**W**Hen late the trees were stript by Winter pale,  
 Fair HEALTH, a Dryad-maid in vesture green,  
 Rejoyce'd to rove 'mid the bleak sylvan scene,  
 On airy uplands caught the fragrant gale,  
 And ere fresh morn the low couch'd lark did hail  
 Watching the sound of earliest horn was seen.  
 But since gay Summer, thron'd in chariot sheen,  
 Is come to scorch each primrose-sprinkled dale,  
 She chuses that delightful cave beneath  
 The crystal treasures of meek Isis' stream;  
 And now all glad the temperate air to breathe,  
 While cooling drops distil from arches dim,  
 Binding her dewy locks with sedgy wreath  
 She sits amid the quire of Naiads trim.



## The Lawyer's Farewell to his Muse.

Written in the Year 1744.

**A**S, by some tyrant's stern command,  
 A wretch forfakes his native land,  
 In foreign climes condemn'd to roam  
 An endless exile from his home;

B 3

Pensive

Pensive he treads the destin'd way,  
 And dreads to go, nor dares to stay;  
 'Till on some neighb'ring mountain's brow  
 He stops, and turns his eyes below;  
 There, melting at the well-known view,  
 Drops a last tear, and bids adieu:  
 So I, thus doom'd from thee to part,  
 Gay queen of Fancy and of Art,  
 Reluctant move, with doubtful mind,  
 Oft stop, and often look behind.

Companion of my tender age,  
 Serenely gay, and sweetly sage,  
 How blithsome were we wont to rove  
 By verdant hill, or shady grove,  
 Where fervent bees, with humming voice,  
 Around the honey'd oak rejoice,  
 And aged elms with awful bend  
 In long cathedral walks extend!  
 Lull'd by the lapse of gliding floods,  
 Cheer'd by the warbling of the woods,  
 How blest my days, my thoughts how free,  
 In sweet society with thee!  
 Then all was joyous, all was young,  
 And years unheeded roll'd along:  
 But now the pleasing dream is o'er,  
 These scenes must charm me now no more,  
 Lost to the field, and torn from you, —  
 Farewell! — a long, a last adieu.

Me wrangling courts, and stubborn Law,  
 To smoak, and crowds, and cities draw;  
 There selfish Faction rules the day,  
 And Pride and Av'rice throng the way:  
 Diseases taint the murky air,  
 And midnight conflagrations glare;

Loose Revelry and Riot bold  
 In frighted streets their orgies hold ;  
 Or, when in silence all is drown'd,  
 Fell Murder walks her lonely round ;  
 Nor room for peace, no room for you,  
 Adieu, celestial Nymph, adieu !

Shakespear no more, thy sylvan son,  
 Nor all the art of Addison,  
 Pope's heaven-strung lyre, nor Waller's ease,  
 Nor Milton's mighty self must please :  
 Instead of these, a formal band  
 In furs and coifs around me stand ;  
 With sounds uncouth and accents dry,  
 That grate the soul of harmony,  
 Each pedant sage unlocks his store  
 Of mystic, dark, discordant lore ;  
 And points with tott'ring hand the ways  
 That lead me to the thorny maze.

There, in a winding, close retreat,  
 Is justice doom'd to fix her seat,  
 There, fence'd by bulwarks of the Law,  
 She keeps the wond'ring world in awe,  
 And there, from vulgar sight retir'd,  
 Like eastern queens is more admir'd.

O let me pierce the secret shade  
 Where dwells the venerable maid !  
 There humbly mark, with rev'rent awe,  
 The guardian of Britannia's Law,  
 Unfold with joy her sacred page,  
 (Th' united boast of many an age,  
 Where mix'd, yet uniform, appears  
 The wisdom of a thousand years)  
 In that pure spring the bottom view,  
 Clear, deep, and regularly true,

And

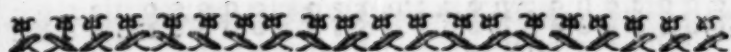
And other doctrines thence imbibe  
 Than lurk within the sordid scribe ;  
 Observe how parts with parts unite  
 In one harmonious rule of right ;  
 See countless wheels distinctly tend  
 By various laws to one great end ;  
 While mighty Alfred's piercing soul  
 Pervades, and regulates the whole.

Then welcome business, welcome strife,  
 Welcome the cares, the thorns of life,  
 The visage wan, the pore-blind sight,  
 The toil by day, the lamp at night,  
 The tedious forms, the solemn prate,  
 The pert dispute, the dull debate,  
 The drowsy bench, the babling Hall,  
 For thee, fair Justice, welcome all !

Thus though my noon of life be past,  
 Yet let my setting sun, at last,  
 Find out the still, the rural cell,  
 Where sage retirement loves to dwell !  
 There let me taste the homefelt bliss  
 Of innocence, and inward peace ;  
 Untainted by the guilty bribe ;  
 Uncurs'd amid the harpy-tribe ;  
 No orphan's cry to wound my ear ;  
 My honour, and my conscience clear ;  
 Thus may I calmly meet my end,  
 Thus to the grave in peace descend !



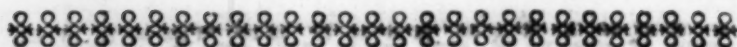




By Miss COOPER, (now Mrs. MADAN) in  
her Brother's Coke upon Littleton.

O Thou, who labour'st in this rugged mine,  
May'st thou to gold th' unpolish'd ore refine !  
May each dark page unfold its haggard brow !  
Doubt not to reap, if thou canst bear to plough.  
To tempt thy care, may each revolving night,  
Purses and maces swim before thy sight !  
From hence in times to come, advent'rous deed !  
May'st thou essay, to look and speak like Mead.  
When the black bag and rose no more shall shade  
With martial air the honours of thy head ;  
When the full wig thy visage shall enclose,  
And only leave to view thy learned nose :  
Safely may'st thou defy beaux, wits, and scoffers ;  
While tenants, in fee simple, stuff thy coffers.





O D E on the Death of MATZEL, a favourite Bull-finch, address'd to Mr. ST—PE, to whom the Authour had given the Reversion of it when he left Dresden.

By the Honourable

Sir CHARLES HAN. WILLIAMS, Kt. of the Bath,

I.

TRY not my St——pe, 'tis in vain  
To stop your tears, to hide your pain,  
Or check your honest rage;  
Give sorrow and revenge their scope,  
My present joy, your future hope,  
Lies murder'd in his cage.

II.

Matzel's no more, ye graces, loves,  
Ye linnets, nightingales and doves,  
Attend ta' untimely bier;  
Let ev'ry sorrow be exprest,  
Beat with your wings each mournful breast,  
And drop the nat'ral tear.

III.

In height of song, in beauty's pride,  
By fell Grimalkin's claws he died ——  
By vengeance shall have way:  
On pains and tortures I'll refine;  
Yet, Matzel, that one death of thine,  
His nine will ill repay.

IV. For

## IV.

For thee, my bird, the sacred Nine,  
 Who lov'd thy tuneful notes, shall join  
 In thy funereal verse:  
 My painful task shall be to write  
 Th' eternal dirge which they indite,  
 And hang it on thy hearse.

## V.

In vain I lov'd, in vain I mourn  
 My bird, who never to return  
 Is fled to happier shades,  
 Where Lesbia shall for him prepare  
 The place most charming, and most fair  
 Of all th' Elysian glades.

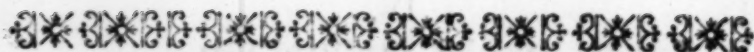
## VI.

There shall thy notes in cypress grove  
 Sooth wretched ghosts that died for love;  
 There shall thy plaintive strain  
 Lull impious Phædra's endless grief,  
 To Procris yield some short relief,  
 And soften Dido's pain.

## VII.

Till Proserpine by chance shall hear  
 Thy notes, and make thee all her care,  
 And love thee with my love;  
 While each attendant's soul shall praise  
 The matchless Matzel's tuneful lays,  
 And all his songs approve.





### Father FRANCIS's Prayer.

Written in Lord WESTMORLAND's Hermitage.

NE gay attire, ne marble hall,  
 Ne arched roof, ne pictur'd wall;  
 Ne cook of Fraunce, ne dainty board,  
 Bestow'd with pypes of perigord;  
 Ne power, ne such like idle fancies;  
 Sweet Agnes grant to Father Francis;  
 Let me ne more myself deceive;  
 Ne more regret the toys I leave;  
 The world I quit, the proud, the vain,  
 Corruption's and Ambition's train;  
 But not the good, perdie nor fair,  
 'Gainst them I make ne vow, ne prayer;  
 But such aye welcome to my cell,  
 And oft, not always, with me dwell;  
 Then cast, sweet Saint, a circle round,  
 And blest from fools this holy ground;  
 From all the foes to worth and truth,  
 From wanton old, and homely youth;  
 The gravely dull and pertly gay,  
 Oh banish these; and by my say,  
 Right well I mean that in this age,  
 Mine house shall prove an hermitage.

### An inscription on th eCell.

Beneath these moss-grown roots, this rustic cell,  
 Truth, Liberty, Content, sequester'd dwell;  
 Say you, who dare our hermitage disdain,  
 What drawing-room can boast so fair a train?

## An Inscription in the Cell.

Sweet bird that sing'st on yonder spray,  
 Pursue unharm'd thy sylvan lay ;  
 While I beneath this breezy shade,  
 In peace repose my careless head ;  
 And joining thy enraptur'd song,  
 Instruct the world-enamour'd throng,  
 That the contented harmless breast  
 In solitude itself is blest.



## A N O D E

Performed in the Senate-house at Cambridge,  
 July 1, 1749, at the installation of his Grace  
 THOMAS HOLLES Duke of NEWCASTLE,  
 Chancellor of the University.

By Mr. MASON, Fellow of PEMROKE-HALL.

Set to Music by Mr. BOYCE, Composer to his Majesty.

—canit errantem Permessi ad flumina Gallum  
 Aonas in montes ut duxerit una sororum  
 Utque viro Phæbi chorus assurrexerit omnis. VIRG.

Recit. **H**ERE all thy active fires diffuse,  
 Thou genuine British Muse ;  
 Hither descend from yonder orient sky,  
 Cloth'd in thy heaven-wove robe of harmony.

*Air I.* Come, imperial queen of song ;  
 Come with all that freeborn grace,  
 Which lifts thee from the servile throng,  
 Who meanly mimic thy majestic pace ;  
 That glance of dignity divine,  
 Which speaks thee of celestial line ;  
 Proclaims thee inmate of the sky,  
 Daughter of Jove and Liberty.

## II.

*Recit.* The elevated soul, who feels  
 Thy awful impulse, walks the fragrant ways  
 Of honest unpolluted praise :  
 He with impartial justice deals  
 The blooming chaplets of immortal lays :  
 He flies above ambition's low career ;  
 And nobly thron'd in Truth's meridian sphere,  
 Thence, with a bold and heaven-directed aim,  
 Full on fair Virtue's shrine he pours the rays of fame.

## III.

*Air II.* Goddess ! thy piercing eye explores  
 The radiant range of Beauty's stores,  
 The steep ascent of pine-clad hills,  
 The silver slope of falling rills,  
 Catches each lively-colour'd grace,  
 The crimson of the wood-nymph's face,  
 The verdure of the velvet lawn,  
 The purple in the eastern dawn,  
 Or all those tints, which range'd in vivid glow  
 Mark the bold sweep of the celestial bow.

## IV.

*Recit.* But chief she lifts her tuneful transports high,  
 When to her intellectual eye  
 The mental beauties rise in moral dignity :

The



The sacred zeal for Freedom's cause,  
 That fires the glowing Patriot's breast;  
 The honest pride, that plumes the hero's crest,  
 When for his country's aid the steel he draws;  
 Or that, the calm yet active heat,  
 With which mild Genius warms the Sage's heart,  
 To lift fair Science to a loftier seat,  
 Or stretch to ampler bounds the wide domain of art.

*Air I.* These, the best blossoms of the virtuous mind,  
 She culls with taste refin'd;  
 From their ambrosial bloom  
 With bee-like skill she draws the rich perfume,  
 And blends the sweets they all convey,  
 In the soft balm of her mellifluous lay.

## V.

*Recit.* Is there a clime, where all these beauties rise  
 In one collected radiance to her eyes?  
 Is there a plain, whose genial soil enhaies  
 Glory's invigorating gales,  
 Her brightest beams where Emulation spreads,  
 Her kindliest dews where Science sheds,  
 Where every stream of Genius flows,  
 Where ev'ry flower of Virtue glows?  
 Thither the Muse exulting flies,  
 There she loudly cries——

*Chorus I.* All hail, all hail,  
 Majestic Granta! hail thy awful name  
 Dear to the Muse, to Liberty, to Fame.

## VI.

*Recit.* You too, illustrious Train, she greets  
 Who first in these inspiring seats  
 Caught the bright beams of that æthereal fire,  
 Which now sublimely prompts you to aspire

To deeds of noblest note: whether to shield  
 Your country's liberties, your country's laws;  
 Or in Religion's hallow'd cause  
 To hurl the shafts of reason and to wield  
 Those heavenly-temper'd arms, whose rapid force  
 Arrests base Falsehood in her impious course,  
 And drives rebellious Vice indignant from the field.

## VII.

*Air IV.* And now she tunes her plausive song  
 To you her sage domestic throng;  
 Who here, at Learning's richest shrine,  
 Dispence to each ingenuous youth  
 The treasures of immortal Truth,  
 And open Wisdom's golden mine.

*Recit.* Each youth inspir'd by your persuasive art,  
 Clasps the dear form of virtue to his heart;  
 And feels in his transported soul  
 Enthusiastic raptures roll,  
 Gen'rous as those the sons of Cycrops caught  
 In hoar Lycæum's shades from Plato's fire-clad thought.

## VIII.

*Air V.* O Granta! on thy happy plain  
 Still may these Attic glories reign:  
 Still mayst thou keep thy wonted state,  
 In unaffected grandeur great;

*Recit.* Great as this illustrious hour,  
 When he, whom GEORGE'S well-weigh'd choice  
 And Albion's gen'ral voice  
 Have lifted to the fairest heights of power,

When

When He appears, and deigns to shine  
 The leader of thy learned line ;  
 And bids the verdure of thy olive bough  
 'Mid all his civic chaplets twine,  
 And add fresh glories to his honour'd brow.

## IX.

*Air VI.* Haste then, and amply o'er his head  
 The graceful foliage spread ;  
 Meanwhile the Muse shall snatch the trump of Fame,  
 And lift her swelling accents high,  
 To tell the world that PELHAM's name  
 Is dear to Learning as to Liberty.

*Full Chorus.* The Muse shall snatch the trump of Fame,  
 And lift her swelling accents high,  
 To tell the world that PELHAM's name  
 Is dear to Learning as to Liberty.



## ODE to an ÆOLUS's HARP\*.

Sent to Miss SHEPHEARD.

By the Same.

YES, magic lyre! now all compleat  
 Thy slender frame responsive rings,  
 While kindred notes with undulation sweet  
 Accordant wake from all thy vocal strings.

\* *This instrument appears to have been invented by KIRCHER: who has given a very accurate description of it in his MUSURGIA. After having been neglected above an hundred years, it was again accidentally discovered by Mr. OSWALD. See Vol. I. p. 145 of this Miscellany.*

Go then to her, whose soft request  
Bade my blest hands thy form prepare;  
Ah go, and sweetly sooth her tender breast  
With many a warble wild, and artless air.  
For know, full oft, while o'er the mead  
Bright June extends her fragrant reign,  
The Fair shall place thee near her slumb'ring head  
To court the gales that cool the sultry plain;  
Then shall the Sylphs, and Sylphid's bright,  
Mild Genii all, to whose high care  
Her virgin charms are giv'n, in circling flight  
Skim sportive round thee in the fields of air.  
Some, flutt'ring 'mid thy trembling strings,  
Shall catch the rich melodious spoil,  
And lightly brush thee with their purple wings  
To aid the Zephyrs in their tuneful toil;  
While others check each ruder gale,  
Expell rough Boreas from the sky,  
Nor let a breeze its heaving breath exhale,  
Save such as softly pant, and panting die.  
Then, as thy swelling accents rise,  
Fair Fancy waking at the sound,  
Shall paint bright visions on her raptur'd eyes,  
And waft her spirits to enchanted ground,  
To myrtle groves, Elysian greens,  
'Mid which some fav'rite youth shall rove,  
Shall meet, shall lead her thro' the glitt'ring scenes,  
And all be music, extacy, and love.

A SONG.



## A S O N G.

## I.

A WAY, let naught to love displeasing  
My Winifreda, move thy fear,  
Let naught delay the heavenly blessing,  
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy care.

## II.

What tho' no grants of royal donors  
With pompous titles grace our blood,  
We'll shine in more substantial honours,  
And to be noble we'll be good.

## III.

What tho' from Fortune's lavish bounty  
No mighty treasures we possess,  
We'll find within our pittance plenty,  
And be content without excess.

## IV.

Still each kind returning season,  
Sufficient for our wishes give,  
For we will live a life of reason,  
And that's the only life to live.

## V.

Our name, whilst virtue thus we tender,  
Shall sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke,  
And all the great ones much shall wonder,  
How they admire such little folk.

## VI. Thro'



## VI.

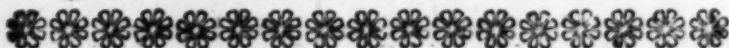
Thro' youth and age in love excelling,  
 We'll hand in hand together tread,  
 Sweet smiling Peace shall crown our dwelling,  
 And babes, sweet-smiling babes our bed.

## VII.

How should I love the pretty creatures,  
 Whilst round my knees they fondly clung,  
 To see 'em look their mother's features,  
 To hear 'em lisp their mother's tongue.

## VIII.

And when with envy time transported  
 Shall think to rob us of our joys,  
 You'll in your girls again be courted,  
 And I go wooing in my boys.



DENNIS to Mr. THOMSON,

Who had procured him a Benefit Night.

**R**Eflecting on thy worth, methinks I find  
 Thy various Seasons in their author's mind.  
 Spring opes her blossoms, various as thy Muse,  
 And, like thy soft compassion, sheds her dews.  
 Summer's hot drought in thy expression glows,  
 And o'er each page a tawny ripeness throws.  
 Autumn's rich fruits th' instructed reader gains,  
 Who tastes the meaning purpose of thy strains.  
 Winter—but that no semblance takes from thee :  
 That hoary season yields a type of me.

Shatter'd



By Mr. J A G O:

AR

All in a garden, on a currant-bush,  
 With wond'rous art they built their waving seat :  
 In the next orchard liv'd a friendly thrush,  
 Nor distant far, a woodlark's soft retreat.

Here blest with ease, and in each other blest,  
 With early songs they wake'd the sprightly groves,  
 Till time matur'd their bliss, and crown'd their nest  
 With infant pledges of their faithful loves.

And now what transport glow'd in either's eye !  
 What equal fondness dealt th' allotted food !  
 What joy each other's likeness to descry,  
 And future sonnets in the chirping brood !

But ah ! what earthly happiness can last ?  
 How does the fairest purpose often fail ?  
 A truant school-boy's wantonness could blast  
 Their rising hopes, and leave them both to wail.

The most ungentle of his tribe was he ;  
 No gen'rous precept ever touch'd his heart :  
 With concords false, and hideous prosody  
 He scrawl'd his task, and blunder'd o'er his part.

On barb'rous plunder bent, with savage eye  
 He mark'd where wrapt in down the younglings lay,  
 Then rushing seiz'd the wretched family,  
 And bore them in his impious hands away.

But how shall I relate in numbers rude  
 The pangs for poor \* Chrysomitris decreed !  
 When from a neighb'ring spray aghast she view'd  
 The savage ruffian's inauspicious deed !

\* *Chrysomitris, it seems, is the name for a goldfinch.*

So

So wrapt in grief some heart-struck matron stands,  
While horrid flames surround her children's room!  
On Heaven she calls, and wrings her trembling hands,  
Constrain'd to see, but not prevent their doom.

" O grief of griefs! with shrieking voice she cry'd,

" What sight is this that I have liv'd to see?

" O! that I had a maiden goldfinch died,

" From love's false joys, and bitter sorrows free?

" Was it for this, alas! with weary bill,

" Was it for this, I pois'd th' unwieldy straw?

" For this I pick'd the moss from yonder hill?

" Nor shun'd the pond'rous chat along to draw?

" Was it for this I cull'd the wool with care?

" And strove with all my skill our work to crown?

" For this, with pain I bent the stubborn hair?

" And lin'd our cradle with the thistle's down?

" Was it for this, my freedom I resign'd;

" And ceas'd to rove from beauteous plain to plain?

" For this I sat at home whole days confin'd,

" And bore the scorching heat, and pealing rain?

" Was it for this, my watchful eyes grow dim?

" The crimson roses on my cheek turn pale?

" Pale is my golden plumage, once so trim;

" And all my wonted spirits 'gin to fail.

" O plund'rer vile! O more than weazel fell!

" More treach'rous than the cat with prudish face!

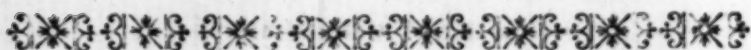
" More fierce than kites with whom the furies dwell!

" More pilf'ring than the cuckoo's prowling race!

For

“ For thee may plumb or goosb’ry never grow,  
 “ No juicy currant cool thy clammy throat :  
 “ But bloody birch-twigs work thee shameful woe,  
 “ Nor ever goldfinch cheer thee with her note.”

Thus sung the mournful bird her piteous tale,  
 The piteous tale her mournful mate return’d :  
 Then side by side they fought the distant vale,  
 And there in silent sadness inly mourn’d.



### The BLACKBIRDS. AN ELEGY.

By the Same.

THE sun had chas’d the mountain snow,  
 And kindly loos’d the frozen soil,  
 The melting streams began to flow,  
 And plowmen urge’d their annual toil.

’Twas then, amid the vocal throng  
 Whom nature wakes to mirth and love,  
 A blackbird rais’d his am’rous song,  
 And thus it echo’d thro’ the grove.

O fairest of the feather’d train !  
 For whom I sing, for whom I burn,  
 Attend with pity to my strain,  
 And grant my love a kind return.

For see the wintry storms are flown,  
 And gentle Zephyrs fan the air ;  
 Let us the genial influence own,  
 Let us the vernal pastime share.

The

The raven plumes his jetty wing  
To please his croaking paramour;  
The larks responsive duties sing,  
And tell their passion as they soar.

But trust me, love, the raven's wing  
Is not to be compar'd with mine;  
Nor can the lark so sweetly sing  
As I, who strength with sweetness join.

O! let me all thy steps attend!  
I'll point new treasures to thy sight;  
Whether the grove thy wish befriend,  
Or hedge-rows green, or meadows bright.

I'll shew my love the clearest rill  
Whose streams among the pebbles stray,  
These will we sip, and sip our fill,  
Or on the flowery margin play.

I'll lead her to the thickest brake,  
Impervious to the school-boy's eye;  
For her the plaster'd nest I'll make,  
And on her downy pinions lie.

When prompted by a mother's care  
Her warmth shall form th' imprison'd young,  
The pleasing task I'll gladly share,  
Or cheer her labours with my song.

To bring her food I'll range the fields,  
And cull the best of ev'ry kind;  
Whatever Nature's bounty yields,  
And Love's assiduous care can find.



And when my lovely mate would stray  
To taste the summer sweets at large,  
I'll wait at home the live-long day,  
And tend with care our little charge.

Then prove with me the sweets of love,  
With me divide the cares of life ;  
No bush shall boast in all the grove  
So fond a mate, so blest a wife.

He ceas'd his song. The melting dame  
With soft indulgence heard the strain ;  
She felt, she own'd a mutual flame,  
And hasted to relieve his pain.

He led her to the nuptial bower,  
And nestled closely to her side ;  
The fondest bridegroom of that hour,  
And she, the most delighted bride.

Next morn he wake'd her with a song,  
" Behold, he said, the new-born day !  
" The lark his matin peal has rung,  
" Arise, my love, and come away."

Together through the fields they stray'd,  
And to the murm'ring riv'let's side ;  
Renew'd their vows, and hopp'd and play'd,  
With honest joy, and decent pride.

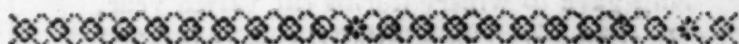
When, oh ! with grief the Muse relates  
The mournful sequel of my tale ;  
Sent by an order from the Fates  
A gunner met them in the vale.



Alarm'd the lover cried, My dear,  
 Haste, haste away, from danger fly;  
 Here, gunner, point thy thunder here;  
 O spare my love, and let me die.

At him the gunner took his aim;  
 His aim, alas! was all too true:  
 O! had he chose some other game!  
 Or shot—as he was wont to do!

Divided pair! forgive the wrong,  
 While I with tears your fate rehearse;  
 I'll join the widow's plaintive song,  
 And save the lover in my verse.



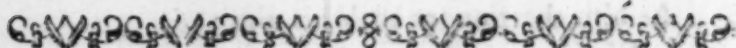
## The HEROINES, or Modern Memoirs.

By Mr. GRAVES.

**I**N ancient times, some hundred winters past,  
 When British dames, for conscience sake, were chaste,  
 If some frail nymph, by youthful passion sway'd,  
 From virtue's paths unhappily had stray'd;  
 When banish'd reason reassum'd her place,  
 The conscious wretch bewail'd her foul disgrace;  
 Fled from the world, and pass'd her joyless years  
 In decent solitude and pious tears;  
 Veil'd in some convent made her peace with heaven,  
 And almost hop'd—by Prudes to be forgiven.

Not so of modern wh—res th' illustrious train,  
 Renown'd Constantia, P—ton and V—ne:  
 Grown old in sin, and dead to amorous joy,  
 No acts of penance *their* great souls employ.

Without a blush behold each nymph advance,  
 The luscious Heroine of her own romance.  
 Each harlot triumphs in her loss of fame,  
 And boldly prints and publishes her shame.



## The SWALLOWS.

Written September, 1748.

By Mr. JAGO.

ERE yellow Autumn from our plains retir'd,  
 And gave to wintry storms the varied year,  
 The Swallow-race, with foresight clear inspir'd,  
 To Southern climes prepar'd their course to steer.

On *Damon's* roof a grave assembly fate;  
 His roof, a refuge to the feather'd kind;  
 With serious look he mark'd the dice debate,  
 And to his *Delia* thus address'd his mind.

Observe yon twitt'ring flock, my gentle maid,  
 Observe, and read the wond'rous ways of Heaven!  
 With us thro' Summer's genial reign they stay'd,  
 And food, and lodging to their wants were given.

But now, thro' sacred prescience, well they know  
 The near approach of elemental strife;  
 The blust'ry tempest, and the chilling snow,  
 With every want, and scourge of tender life!

Thus

Thus taught, they meditate a speedy flight ;  
 For this, even now they prune their vig'rous wing ;  
 For this, consult, advise, prepare, excite,  
 And prove their strength in many an airy ring.

No sorrow loads their breast, or swells their eye,  
 To quit their friendly haunts, or native home ;  
 Nor fear they, launching on the boundless sky,  
 In search of future settlements, to roam.

They feel a power, an impulse all divine !  
 That warns them hence ; they feel it, and obey ;  
 To this direction all their cares resign,  
 Unknown their destin'd stage, unmark'd their way !

Well fare your flight ! ye mild domestic race !  
 Oh ! for your wings to travel with the sun !  
 Health brace your nerves, and Zephyrs aid your pace,  
 Till your long voyage happily be done !

See, *Delia*, on my roof your guests to-day ;  
 To-morrow on my roof your guests no more !  
 Ere yet 'tis night, with haste they wing away,  
 To-morrow lands them on some safer shore.

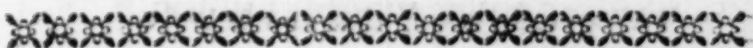
How just the moral in this scene convey'd !  
 And what without a moral wou'd we read ?  
 Then mark what Damon tells his gentle maid,  
 And with *his* lesson register the deed.

'Tis thus life's cheerful seasons roll away ;  
 Thus threatens the winter of inclement age ;  
 Our time of action but a summer's day ;  
 And earth's frail orb the sadly-varied stage !



O'er vale and hill, and to their care  
 Consigns his waves and woodlands fair;  
 While the Muses vacant stray,  
 And Echo wants her sweetest lay.

Long, long may those unrival'd shine,  
 Nor shall my temp'rate breast repine,  
 So Music lend her willing aid  
 To gladden this ignoble shade;  
 So Peace endear this humble plain —  
 And haply Elegance will deign  
 To wander here, and smiling see  
 Her sister nymph Simplicity.



Some Reflections upon hearing the Bell toll  
 for the Death of a FRIEND.

By Mr. J. G.

**H**Ark! — what a mournful solemn sound  
 Rolls murin'ring thro' the cloudy air:  
 It strikes the soul with awe profound,  
 Affects the gay, — alarms the fair.

With what a pathos does it speak!  
 Affecting deep the thoughtful mind:  
 The golden schemes of folly break,  
 That hold in glittering snares mankind.

'Tis Death's dread herald calls aloud,  
 Proclaims his conquest thro' the skies:  
 The sun retires behind a cloud,  
 And nature seems to sympathize.

Reflect,



Reflect, ye restless sons of care !  
 Your vain designs his hand can spoil,  
 Make hard oppressors lend an ear,  
 And wretched misers cease their toil.

For what avail vast heaps of gold,  
 When Death his awful writ shall send  
 Tho' folly swell, and pride look bold,  
 The mask must drop, the farce must end.

It is not hoary tottering age  
 That now lies stretch'd beneath his stroke ;  
 The tyrant stern, that feels his rage ;  
 Th' oppressor's rod, that now is broke.

But oh !—'tis generous Cynthio's bell !  
 Fall'n in his prime of youthful bloom :  
 For Cynthio sounds the doleful knell,  
 And calls him to the silent tomb.

Cynthio !—whose happy healing art  
 Turn'd from his friends death's fatal blow,  
 And shielded from that threat'ning dart,  
 Which now, alas !—has laid him low.

But Cynthio's virtues ne'er can die,  
 They leave a grateful rich perfume :  
 And now transplanted to the sky,  
 In Heaven's immortal gardens bloom.

And hark !—ah, what celestial notes,  
 With grateful accents charm my ear !  
 As down th' etherial music floats,  
 The sun breaks forth, the skies are clear.

From



From Heaven descends the joyful strain,  
 Convey'd to earth on angels wings:  
 To mitigate our grief and pain,  
 And this the theme of joy it brings:

" Thus write (the voice from heaven proclaims)

" The virtuous dead are ever blest!

" Their works immortalize their names,

" Their labours cease, and here they rest.

" Behold, the Saviour wide display,

" The trophies of his gen'rous love,

" To cheer you thro' life's thorny way,

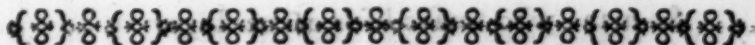
" And lead to flowery realms above.

" 'Tis He destroys Death's baneful sting,

" And bids the grave's dread horrors fly,

" The choirs of heaven his triumph sing,

" And hail him victor thro' the sky."



### The ROBIN: An ELEGY.

Written at the close of Autumn, 1756.

By the Same.

O Come, thou melancholy Muse,  
 With solemn dirge assist my strain,  
 While shades descend, and weeping dews,  
 In sorrows wrap the rural plain.

## A COLLECTION

Her mantle grave cool Evening spreads,  
 The Sun cuts short his joyful race;  
 The jocund hills, the laughing meads,  
 Put on a sickening, dying face.

Stern Winter brings his gloomy train,  
 Each pleasing landscape fades from view;  
 In solemn state he shuts the scene,  
 To flowery fields we bid adieu !

Quite stript of every beauty, see  
 How soon fair Nature's honours fade !  
 The flowers are fled, each spreading tree  
 No more affords a grateful shade.

Their naked branches now behold,  
 Bleak winds pierce thro' with murmuring sound;  
 Chill'd by the northern breezes cold,  
 Their leafy honours strew the ground.

So man, who treads life's active stage,  
 Like leaf or blossom fades away ;  
 In tender youth, or riper age,  
 Drops thus into his native clay !

Alas ! and can we chuse but moan,  
 To see all Nature's charms expire !  
 Fair-blooming Spring, gay Summer gone,  
 And Autumn hast'ning to retire !

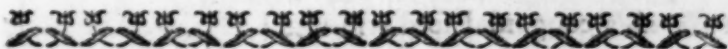
But see the tender Redbreast comes,  
 Forsaking now the leafless grove,  
 Hops o'er my threshold, pecks my crumbs,  
 And courts my hospitable love.

Then

Then sooths me with his plaintive tale,  
 As Sol withdraws his friendly ray ;  
 Cheering, as evening shades prevail,  
 The soft remains of closing day.

O welcome to my homely board !  
 There unmolested shalt thou stand ;  
 Were it with choicest dainties stor'd,  
 For thee I'd ope a liberal hand.

Since thou, of all the warbling throng,  
 Who now in silence far retire,  
 Remain'st to soothe me with a song,  
 And many a pleasing thought inspire.



## UT PICTURA POESIS.

By Mr. NOURSE, late of All-Souls College Oxen,  
 1741.

**A**S once the Muse, reclining on her lyre,  
 Observ'd her fav'rite bards, a num'rous choir ;  
 The conscious pleasure swell'd her silent breast,  
 Her secret pride exulting smiles confest.

When thus her sister spoke, whose care presides  
 O'er the mixt pallat, and the pencil guides,  
 Just, Goddess, is thy joy, thy train, we own,  
 Approaches nearest to Apollo's throne.  
 Foremost in Learning's ranks they sit sublime,  
 Honour'd and lov'd thro' every age of time:  
 Yet let me say, some fav'rite son of mine  
 Has more than follow'd every son of thine.

Thy

Thy *Homer* needs not grieve to hear his fame  
 Exceeds not *Raphael's* widely honour'd name :  
*Raphael* like him 'midst ages wrapt in night,  
 Rose father of his science to the light ;  
 With matchless grace, and majesty divine,  
 Bade Painting breathe, and live the bold design ;  
 To the clay-man the heavenly fire apply'd,  
 And gave it charms to Nature's self deny'd.

With judgement, genius, industry and art,  
 Does *Virgil* captivate his reader's heart ?  
 With rival talents my *Caracci* blest  
 Fires with like transport the spectator's breast.  
 The youthful *Lucan*, who with rapid force  
 Urge'd to *Pharfalia's* field the Muse's horse,  
 An equal fire, an equal strength of mind,  
 In *Angelo's* congenial soul will find :  
 Whose wild imagination could display  
 Fierce giants whirl'd from heaven—the world's last day.

With more success does tender *Ovid* move  
 The melting soul to softness and to love ;  
 Than wanton *Titian*, whose warm colours shew  
 That gods themselves the amorous riot know ?  
 Thy grandeur, *Paulo*, and thy happy stroke,  
 I proudly own my emulation spoke,  
 For I bestow'd them, that the world might see,  
 A *Herace* too of mine arise in thee.

Lo ! where *Poussin* his magic colours spreads,  
 Rise tower'd towns, rough rocks, and flowery meads :  
 What leagues between those azure mountains lie,  
 (Whose less'ning tops invade the purple sky)  
 And this old oak, that shades this hollow way,  
 Amidst whose windings sheep and oxen stray !  
 'Tis thus *Theocritus* his landscape gives,  
 'Tis thus the speaking picture moves and lives.

Alike

Alike in *Terence* and in *Guido's* air,  
Our praise the height of art and nature share.  
In broader mirth if *Plautus* tread the stage,  
With equal humour *Hemskirk's* boors engage.

She spoke with friendly emulation stirr'd,  
And *Phœbus* from his throne with pleasure heard.



On J. W. ranging PAMPHLETS.

By Mr. D——.

What ken mine eyes, enchanted? man of ease,  
In elbow-chair, and under brow of thought  
Intense, on some great matter fixt, no doubt:  
What mean the *Myrmidons* on either hand  
In paper-coats, and orderly array,  
Spread far and wide, on table, desk, and stool,  
Variety of troops, white, purple, pied,  
And grey, and blue's battalion trim; and who  
In marbled regimentals, some in vest  
Gay edg'd with gold; of various garb, and tongue,  
And clime; extended o'er the wooden plain.

Not force more numerous from her teeming loins  
Pours forth *Hungaria* to the *Danube's* bank  
*Groats* and *Pandours* : nor the swarming war  
Of *Turk* and *Nadir*, nodding opposite  
With particolour'd turbans. Sing, O Muse,  
Their marshal'd numbers, and puiffance. First,  
With fable shield, and arms opaque, advance  
Divinity polemic, sober rage,  
Yet deadly ! (and can rage in minds divine



Inhabit ! ) councils, fynods, cloysters, schools,  
 Cowl beats off cowl, and mitre mitre knocks.  
 Presbyt'ry here with wither'd face askew,  
 Vengeance demure ; and there devoutly fierce  
*Catholicos*, in lawn sprinkled with blood.

Not far behind with her divided troops  
 Comes Policy, with democratic shouts  
 On one hand, on the other loud acclaim  
 For power hereditary, and right divine :  
 I see the various portraiture display'd,  
*Brutus* and *Nimrod*, libertines, and slaves,  
 And crowns, and (a) breeches flutter in the air.

Who next with aspect sage and parchment wav'd  
 Voluminous come on ? I know their beards  
 Historic, see the style acute, with which  
 They fight old Time, maugre his desp'rate scythe,  
 And as he cleaves the pyramid, apply  
 Their puny prop. Hence annals, journals hence,  
 And memoirs, doubtful truth, and certain lies,  
 And tales, and all the magazines of war.

What Muse, O Poetry, can pass unsung  
 Thy flowing banners, and gay tent, adorn'd  
 With airy trophies ? or would leave thy name  
 Uncatalogue'd, were it but *Nereus*-like  
 To beautify the list. Not that thou want'st  
 Th' offensive dart, 'till *Satire*'s quiver fails.

All these, and more came flocking ;—but await  
 The dread commander's voice, and dare no more  
 Start from their place, than did the *Theban* stone,  
 Ere yet *Amphion* sung.—From side to side  
 The sedentary chief, in studious mood,

(a) Alluding to the Arms impress'd on the money of the  
 Commonwealth of England.

And



And deep revolve, darts his experience'd eye.  
 Forth from his presence hies his aid-de camp,  
 A sturdy *Cambro-Briton*, to survey  
 The posture of the field; from rank to rank  
 Posting succinct he gives the word, which way  
 The squadrons to advance, where wheel their course.  
 "Vanguard to right and left." Forthwith the bands,  
 As at the sound of trump, obedient move  
 In perfect phalanx. Each their station knows  
 And quarters, as the general's will ordains.

First to its place spontaneous Verse repairs,  
 Knowing the call, and practis'd to obey  
 His summons. Peaceful Controversy sheaths  
 Her claws, contracted to make room for *Scot*  
 And *Tom Aquinas*, slumb'ring side by side;  
 And *Bellarmino*, and *Luther*, heard no more  
 Than *Delphi's* shrine, or *Memnon's* statue dumb.  
 All, all, in order due and silence, look  
 A modern convocation. Hist'ry lies  
 By hist'ry,—*Hyde* and *Oldmixon* agree.

Which when the marshal, from his easy chair  
 Of callimanto, saw; knit his calm brows  
 Thoughtful, and thus th' assembled leaves bespoke.

Ye hierarchies, and commonweals, and thrones,  
 Folios, octavos, and ye minor powers  
 Of paper, ere to winter-quarters sent,  
 Hear me, ye list'ning books. First I direct  
 Submission to your lord and faith entire.  
 Did I not list you, and enroll your names  
 On parchment? See the volume; look at me.  
 Did I not mark you (as the *Prussian* late  
 His subjects) badge of service when requir'd?  
 'Tis well,—and let me next, ye flimsy peers,  
 Love brother-like and union recommend:

Live peaceful, as by me together tied  
 In bands of strictest amity : should then  
 Your master lend you to some neighb'ring state  
 Auxiliaries ; remember ye preserve  
 Your first allegiance pure, and cheerful home  
 Return, when summon'd by your natural prince.  
 Be humble, nor repine, tho' smear'd with ink  
 And dust inglorious ; know your birth and end,  
 For rags ye were, and must to rags return.



# A LETTER to Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

By the late HENRY FIELDING.

SIR,

WHILE at the helm of state you ride,  
 Our nation's envy and its pride;  
 While foreign courts with wonder gaze,  
 And justly all your counsels praise,  
 Which, in contempt of faction's force,  
 Steer, tho' oppos'd, a steady course,  
 Wou'd you not wonder, Sir, to view  
 Your bard a greater man than you?  
 And yet the sequel proves it true.

You know, Sir, certain ancient fellows  
 Philosophers, and others tell us,  
 That no alliance e'er between  
 Greatness and happiness is seen ;  
 If so, may Heaven still deny  
 To you, to be as great as I.

Besides, we're taught, it does behove us,  
 To think those better who're above us :

Another

Another instance of my glory,  
Who live above you twice two story,  
And from my garret can look down,  
As from an hill, on half the town.

Greatness by poets still is painted,  
With many followers acquainted :  
This too does in my favour speak,  
Your levée is but twice a-week,  
From mine I can exclude but one day ;  
My door is quiet on a Sunday.

The distance too at which they bow, .  
Does my superiour greatness show.  
Familiar you to admiration,  
May be approach'd by all the nation, .  
While I, like Great-Mogul in Indo, .  
Am never seen but at a window.

The family that dines the latest,  
Is in our street esteem'd the greatest, .  
But greater him we furly call,  
Who hardly deigns to dine at all.

If with my greatness you're offended, .  
The fault is easily amended :  
You have it, Sir, within your power  
To take your humble servant lower.





## A S O N G

Upon Miss HARRIET HANBURY, addressed  
to the Rev. Mr. BIRT.

By Sir CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.

## I.

DEAR doctor of St. Mary's,  
In the hundred of Bergavenny,  
I've seen such a lass,  
With a shape and a face,  
As never was match'd by any  
Such wit, such bloom, and such beauty,  
Has this girl of Ponty-Pool, Sir,  
With eyes that would make  
The toughest heart ake,  
And the wisest man a fool, Sir,

## III.

At our fair t'other day she appear'd, Sir,  
And the Welchmen all flock'd and view'd her;  
And all of them said,  
She was fit to have been made  
A wife for Owen Tudor.

## IV.

They would ne'er have been tir'd with gazing,  
And so much her charms did please, Sir,  
That all them staid,  
Till their ale grew dead,  
And cold was their toasted cheese, Sir.

V. How

## V.

How happy the lord of the manor,  
That shall be of her posselt, Sir;  
For all must agree,  
Who my HARRIET shall see,  
She's a HARRIET of the best, Sir.

## VI.

Then pray make a ballad about her;  
We know you have wit if you'd show it,  
Then don't be asham'd,  
You can never be blam'd,  
For a prophet is often a poet.

## VII.

But why don't you make one yourself, then?  
I suppose I by you shall be told, Sir:

This beautiful piece,  
Alas, is my niece;  
And besides she's but five years old, Sir.

## VIII.

But tho', my dear friend, she's no older,  
In her face it may plainly be seen, Sir,  
That this angel at five,  
Will, if she's alive,  
Be a goddess at fifteen, Sir.

~~~~~  
To a LADY, who sent Compliments to a CLERGYMAN upon the Ten of Hearts.

YOUR compliments, dear Lady, pray forbear,  
Old English services are more sincere;  
You send Ten Hearts, the tythe is only mine,  
Give me but One, and burn the other Nine.

THE





## THE GROTTO.

Written by the late Mr. GREEN of the Custom-House, under the Name of PETER DRAKE, a Fisherman of BRENTFORD.

Written in the Year 1732.

*Scilicet hic possis curvo dignoscere rectum,  
Atque inter silvas Academi querere verum.* HOR.

Our wits Apollo's influence beg,  
The Grotto makes them all with egg:  
Finding this chalk-stone in my nest,  
I strain, and lay among the rest.

**A** DIEU a while, forsaken flood,  
To ramble in the Delian wood,  
And pray the God my well-meant song  
May not my subject's merit wrong.

Say, father *Thames*, whose gentle pace  
Gives leave to view what beauties grace  
Your flowery banks, if you have seen  
The much-sung Grotto of the Queen.  
Contemplative, forget a while  
*Oxonian* towers, and *Windfor's* pile,  
And *Woolsey's* pride (his greatest guilt)  
And what great *William* since has built;  
And flowing fast by *Richmond* scenes,  
(Honour'd retreat of two great queens)

From



From *Sion-House*, whose proud survey  
 Brow-beats your flood, look cross the way,  
 And view, from highest swell of tide,  
 The milder scenes of *Surry* side.

Tho' yet no palace grace the shore,  
 To lodge that pair you shou'd adore;  
 Nor abbeys, great in ruin, rise,  
 Royal equivalents for vice;  
 Behold a Grott, in Delphic grove,  
 The Graces' and the Muses' love.  
 (O might our Laureate study here,  
 How would he hail his new-born year!)

A temple from vain glories free,  
 Whose goddess is Philosophy,  
 Whose sides such licens'd idols crown  
 As superstition wou'd pull down;  
 The only pilgrimage I know  
 That men of sense wou'd chuse to go:  
 Which sweet abode, her wisest choice,  
*Urania* cheers with heavenly voice,  
 While all the Virtues gather round,  
 To see her consecrate the ground.  
 If thou the God with winged feet,  
 In council talk of this retreat,  
 And jealous gods resentment show  
 At altars rais'd to men below;  
 Tell those proud lords of heaven, 'tis fit  
 Their house our heroes should admit;  
 While each exists, as poets sing,  
 A lazy lewd immortal thing,  
 They must, or grow in disrepute,  
 With earth's first commoners recruit.

Needless it is in terms unskill'd  
 To praise whatever *Boyle* shall build;

Needless

Needless it is the busts to name  
Of men, monopolists of fame ;  
Four chiefs adorn the modest stone,  
For virtue as for learning known ;  
The thinking sculpture helps to raise  
Deep thoughts, the genii of the place :  
To the mind's ear, and inward sight,  
There silence speaks, and shade gives light :  
While insects from the threshold preach,  
And minds dispos'd to musing teach :  
Proud of strong limbs and painted hues,  
They perish by the slightest bruise ;  
Or maladies begun within,  
Destroy more slow life's frail machine ;  
From maggot-youth thro' change of state  
They feel like us the turns of Fate ;  
Some born to creep have liv'd to fly,  
And change earth-cells for dwellings high ;  
And some that did their six wings keep,  
Before they dy'd been force'd to creep.  
They politics like ours profess,  
The greater prey upon the less ;  
Some strain on foot huge loads to bring ;  
Some toil incessant on the wing ;  
And in their different ways explore  
Wise sense of want by future store ;  
Nor from their vigorous schemes desist  
Till death, and then are never mist.  
Some frolic, toil, marry, increase,  
Are sick and well, have war and peace,  
And broke with age, in half a day  
Yield to successors, and away.  
Let not profane this sacred place,  
Hypocrisy with Janus' face ;

Or Pomp, mixt state of pride and care;  
 Court kindness, Falsehood's polish'd ware;  
 Scandal disguis'd in Friendship's vail,  
 That tells, unask'd, th' injurious tale;  
 Or art politic, which allows  
 The jesuit-remedy for vows;  
 Or priest, perfuming crowned head,  
 Till in a swoon Truth lies for dead;  
 Or tawdry critic, who perceives  
 No grace, which plain proportion gives,  
 And more than lineaments divine  
 Admires the gilding of the shrine;  
 Or that self-haunting spectre Spleen,  
 In thickest fog the clearest seen;  
 Or Prophecy, which dreams a lie,  
 That fools believe and knaves apply;  
 Or frolic Mirth profanely loud,  
 And happy only in a crowd;  
 Or Melancholy's pensive gloom,  
 Proxy in Contemplation's room.

O Delia, when I touch this string,  
 To thee my Muse directs her wing.  
 Unspotted fair, with downcast look  
 Mind not so much the murm'ring brook;  
 Nor fixt in thought, with footstep slow  
 Through cypress allies cherish woe:  
 I see the soul in pensive fit,  
 And moping like sick linnet sit,  
 With dewy eye and moulting wing,  
 Unperch'd, averse to fly or sing;  
 I see the favourite curls begin  
 (Disus'd to toilet discipline,)  
 To quit their post, lose their smart air,  
 And grow again like common hair;

And

And tears, which frequent kerchiefs dry,  
 Raise a red circle round the eye;  
 And by this bun about the moon,  
 Conjecture more ill weather soon.  
 Love not so much the doleful knell;  
 And news the boding night-birds tell;  
 Nor watch the wainscot's hollow blow;  
 And hens portentous when they crow;  
 Nor sleepless mind the death-watch beat;  
 In taper find no winding-sheet;  
 Nor in burnt coal a coffin see,  
 Tho' thrown at others meant for thee:  
 Or when the coruscation gleams,  
 Find out not first the bloody streams;  
 Nor in impress remembrance keep  
 Grim tap'stry figures wrought in sleep;  
 Nor rise to see an antique hall  
 The moon-light monsters on the wall,  
 And shadowy spectres darkly pass  
 Trailing their fables o'er the grass.  
 Let Vice and Guilt act how they please  
 In souls their conquer'd provinces;  
 By heaven's just charter it appears,  
 Virtue's exempt from quartering Fears.  
 Shall then arm'd Fancies fiercely dress'd,  
 Live at discretion in your breast?  
 Be wise, and panic Fright disdain,  
 As notions, meteors of the brain;  
 And sights perform'd, illusive scene!  
 By magic lanthorn of the spleen.  
 Come here, from baleful cares releas'd,  
 With Virtue's ticket, to a feast,  
 Where decent Mirth and Wisdom join'd  
 In stewardship, regale the mind.

Call back the Cupids to your eyes,  
 I see the godlings with surprise  
 Not knowing home in such a plight,  
 Fly to and fro, afraid to light.——

Far from my theme, from method far,  
 Convey'd in Venus' flying car,  
 I go compell'd by feather'd steeds,  
 That scorn the rein when Delia leads.

No dawb of elegiac strain  
 These holy walls shall ever stain;  
 As Spiders Irish wainscot flee,  
 Falschood with them shall disagree:  
 This floor let not the vulgar tread,  
 Who worship only what they dread;  
 Nor bigots who but one way see  
 Through blinkers of authority;  
 Nor they who its four saints defame  
 By making virtue but a name;  
 Nor abstract wit, (painful regale  
 To hunt the pig with slippery tail!)  
 Artists who richly chase their thought,  
 Gaudy without but hollow wrought,  
 And beat too thin, and tool'd too much  
 To bear the proof and standard touch;  
 Nor fops to guard this sylvan ark  
 With necklace bells in treble bark;  
 Nor Cynics growl and fiercely paw,  
 The mastiffs of the moral law.

Come Nymph with rural honours dress'd,  
 Virtue's exterior form confess'd,  
 With charms untarnish'd, innocence  
 Display, and Eden shall commence:  
 When thus you come in sober fit,  
 And wisdom is prefer'd to wit;



And looks diviner graces tell,  
Which don't with giggling muscles dwell;  
And beauty like the ray-clipt sun,  
With bolder eye we look upon;  
Learning shall with obsequious mien  
Tell all the wonders she has seen;  
Reason her logic armour quit,  
And proof to mild persuasion fit;  
Religion with free thought dispense,  
And cease crusading against sense;  
Philosophy and she embrace,  
And their first league again take place;  
And morals pure, in duty bound,  
Nymph-like the sister-chiefs surround;  
Nature shall smile, and round this cell  
The turf to your light pressure swell,  
And knowing beauty by her shoe,  
Well air its carpet from the dew.  
The Oak, while you his umbrage deck,  
Lets fall his acorns in your neck:  
Zephyr his civil kisses gives,  
And plays with curls, instead of leaves:  
Birds, seeing you, believe it spring,  
And during their vacation sing;  
And flowers lean forward from their seats  
To traffic in exchange of sweets;  
And angels bearing wreaths descend,  
Preferr'd as vergers to attend  
This fane, whose deity intreats  
The Fair to grace its upper seats.

O kindly view our letter'd strife,  
And guard us through polemic life;  
From poison vehicled in praise,  
For satire shots but slightly graze;

We

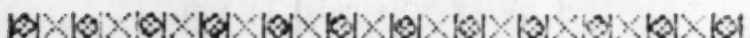


We claim your zeal, and find within,  
Philosophy and you are kin.

What Virtue is we judge by you,  
For actions right are beauteous too :  
By tracing the sole female mind,  
We best what is true Nature find :  
Your vapours bred from fumes declare,  
How steams create tempestuous air,  
Till gushing tears and hasty rain  
Make heaven and you serene again :  
Our travels through the starry skies  
Were first suggested by your eyes ;  
We by the interposing fan,  
Learn how eclipses first began ;  
The vast ellipse from Scarbro' home,  
Describes how blazing comets roam ;  
The glowing colours of the cheek  
Their origin from Phœbus speak ;  
Our watch how Luna strays above  
Feels like the care of jealous love ;  
And all things we in science know  
From your known love for riddles flow.

Father ! forgive, thus far I stray,  
Drawn by attraction from my way.  
Mark next with awe, the foundress well  
Who on these banks delights to dwell ;  
You on the terrass see her plain,  
Move like Diana with her train.  
If you then fairly speak your mind,  
In wedlock since with Isis join'd,  
You'll own, you never yet did see,  
At least in such a high degree,  
Greatness delighted to undress ;  
Science a scepter'd hand caress ;

A Queen the friends of freedom prize ;  
A woman wise men canonize.



# ODE on a S T O R M.

WITH gallant pomp, and beauteous pride  
The floating pile in harbour rode,  
Proud of her freight, the swelling tide  
Reluctant left the vessel's side,  
And rais'd it as she flow'd.

The waves with Eastern breezes curl'd,  
Had silver'd half the liquid plain ;  
The anchors weigh'd, the sails unfurl'd,  
Serenely mov'd the wooden world,  
And stretch'd along the main.

The scaly natives of the deep,  
Press to admire the vast machine,  
In sporting gambols round it leap,  
Or swimming low, due distance keep,  
In homage to their queen.

Thus, as life glides in gentle gale  
Pretended friendship waits on power,  
But early quits the borrow'd veil  
When adverse fortune shifts the sail,  
And hastens to devour.

In vain we fly approaching ill,  
Danger can multiply its form ;  
Expos'd we fly like Jonas still,  
And Heaven, when 'tis Heaven's will,  
O'ertakes us in a storm.

The

The distant surges foamy white  
Foretel the furious blast;  
Dreadful, tho' distant, was the sight,  
Confed'rate winds and waves unite,  
And menace ev'ry mast.

Winds whistling thro' the shrouds, proclaim  
A fatal harvest on the deck,  
Quick in pursuit as active flame,  
Too soon the rolling ruin came,  
And ratify'd the wreck.

Thus, Adam smil'd with new-born grace,  
Life's flame inspir'd by heavenly breath;  
Thus the same breath sweeps off his race,  
Disorders Nature's beauteous face,  
And spreads disease and death.

Stripp'd of her pride, the vessel rolls,  
And as by sympathy she knew  
The secret anguish of our souls,  
With inward deeper groans condole  
The danger of her crew.

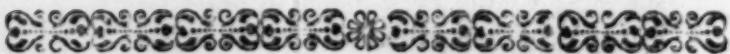
Now what avails it to be brave,  
On liquid precipices hung?  
Suspended on a breaking wave,  
Beneath us yawn'd a sea-green grave,  
And silence'd ev'ry tongue.

The faithless flood forsook her keel,  
And downward launch'd the lab'ring hull,  
Stunn'd she forgot a while to reel  
And feel almost, or seem'd to feel  
A momentary lull.

Thus in the jaws of death we lay,  
 Nor light, nor comfort found us there,  
 Lost in the gulph and floods of spray  
 No sun to cheer us, nor a ray  
 Of hope, but all despair.

The nearer shore, the more despair,  
 While certain ruin waits on land;  
 Should we pursue our wishes there,  
 Soon we recant the fatal prayer,  
 And strive to shun the strand.

At length, the Being whose behest  
 Reduce'd this Chaos into form,  
 His goodness and his power express'd,  
 He spoke — and, as a God, suppress'd  
 Our troubles, and the storm.



## The W I S H.

By Mr. MERRICK.

**H**OW short is life's uncertain space!  
 Alas! how quickly done!  
 How swift the wild precarious chace!  
 And yet how difficult the race!  
 How very hard to run!

Youth stops at first its wilful ears  
 To Wisdom's prudent voice;  
 'Till now arriv'd to riper years,  
 Experience'd age worn out with cares  
 Repents its earlier choice.

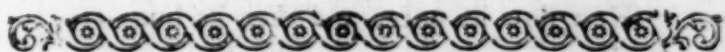
What

What though its prospects now appear  
 So pleasing and refin'd;  
 Yet groundless hope, and anxious fear,  
 By turns the busy moments share,  
 And prey upon the mind.

Since then false joys our fancy cheat  
 With hopes of real bliss;  
 Ye guardian powers that rule my fate;  
 The only wish that I create,  
 Is all compriz'd in this.

May I through life's uncertain tide,  
 Be still from pain exempt;  
 May all my wants be still supply'd,  
 My state too low t' admit of pride,  
 And yet above contempt.

But should your Providence divine  
 A greater bliss intend;  
 May all those blessings you design,  
 (If e'er those blessings shall be mine)  
 Be center'd in a friend.



## The CAMELION:

A FABLE after Monsieur DE LA MOTTE.

By the Same.

**O**FT has it been my lot to mark  
 A proud, conceited, talking spark,  
 With eyes, that hardly serv'd at most  
 To guard their master 'gainst a post,

Yet



Yet round the world the blade has been  
 To see whatever cou'd be seen,  
 Returning from his finish'd tour,  
 Grown ten times pertter than before ;  
 Whatever word you chance to drop,  
 The travell'd fool your mouth will stop,  
 " Sir, if my judgement you'll allow——  
 " I've seen—and sure I ought to know——  
 So begs you'd pay a due submission,  
 And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast ;  
 As o'er Arabia's wilds they past,  
 And on their way in friendly chat,  
 Now talk'd of this and then of that,  
 Discours'd a while 'mongst other matter  
 Of the Camelion's form and nature.

" A stranger animal, cries one,  
 " Sure never liv'd beneath the sun.  
 " A lizard's body lean and long,  
 " A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,  
 " Its tooth with triple claw disjoin'd ;  
 " And what a length of tail behind !  
 " How slow its pace, and then its hue——  
 " Who ever saw so fine a blue ?"

" Hold there, the other quick replies,  
 " 'Tis green——I saw it with these eyes,  
 " As late with open mouth it lay,  
 " And warm'd it in the sunny ray ;  
 " Stretch'd at its ease the beast I view'd,  
 " And saw it eat the air for food."

" I've seen it, Sir, as well as you,  
 " And must again affirm it blue.  
 " At leisure I the beast survey'd  
 " Extended in the cooling shade."

" 'Tis

" 'Tis green, 'tis green, Sir, I assure ye —  
" Green! cries the other in a fury —  
" Why, Sir—d'ye think I've lost my eyes?"  
" 'Twere no great loss, the friend replies;  
" For, if they always serve you thus,  
" You'll find 'em but of little use."

So high at last the contest rose,  
From words they almost came to blows:  
When luckily came by a third —  
To him the question they refer'd;  
And beg'd he'd tell 'em, if he knew,  
Whether the thing was green or blue.

" Sirs, cries the umpire, cease your pother—  
" The creature's neither one nor t'other.  
" I caught the animal last night,  
" And view'd it o'er by candle-light;  
" I mark'd it well—'twas black as jet—  
" You stare—but, Sirs, I've got it yet,  
" And can produce it." " Pray, Sir, do:  
" I'll lay my life the thing is blue."

" And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen  
" The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."  
" Well then, at once to ease the doubt,  
" Replies the man, I'll turn him out:  
" And when before your eyes I've set him,  
" If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."

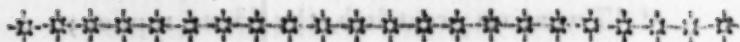
He said; then full before their sight  
Produce'd the beast, and lo! 'twas white.—  
Both star'd, the man look'd wond'rous wise—

" My children," the Camelion cries,  
(Then first the creature found a tongue)

" You all are right, and all are wrong:  
" When next you talk of what you view,  
" Think others see, as well as you:

" Nor—

"Nor wonder, if you find that none  
 "Prefers your eye-sight to his own."



Captain THOMAS, of BATTEREAU'S  
 Regiment in the Isle of SKIE, to Captain  
 P—— at FORT AUGUSTUS.

—COME, Thomas, give us t'other sonnet.—  
 Dear Captain pray reflect upon it.  
 Was ever so absurd a thing?  
 What, at the pole to bid me sing!  
 Alas! search all the mountains round,  
 There's no Thalia to be found;  
 And Fancy, child of southern skies,  
 Averse the fullen region flies.  
 I scribble verses! why you know  
 I left the Muses long ago,  
 Deserted all the tuneful band  
 To right the files, and study Bland.  
 Indeed in youth's fantastic prime  
 Missed I wander'd into rhyme,  
 And various sonnets penn'd in plenty  
 On ev'ry nymph from twelve to twenty,  
 Compar'd to roses, pinks, and lillies,  
 The cheeks of Chloe and of Phillis;  
 With all the cant you find in many  
 A stillborn modern miscellany.  
 My lines—how proud was I to see 'em  
 Steal into Dodsley's new Musæum,  
 Or in a letter fair and clean  
 Committed to the Magazine.

Our

Our follies change—that whim is o'er—  
 The bagatelles amuse no more.  
 Know by these presents, that in fine  
 I quit all commerce with the Nine.  
 Love strains, and all poetic matters,  
 Lampoons, epistles, odes, and fatires,  
 These toys and trifles I discard,  
 And leave the bays to poet Ward.  
 Know, now to politics consign'd,  
 I give up all the busy mind;  
 Curious each pamphlet I peruse,  
 And sip my coffee o'er the news.  
 But a propos—for last Courant,  
 Pray thank the lady governante,  
 From Aix—pho! what is't—la Chapelle,  
 Of treaties now the gazettes tell;  
 A peace unites the jarring powers,  
 And ev'ry trade will thrive, but our's.  
 Farewel, as wrong'd Othello said,  
 The plumed troops, and neighing steed!  
 The troops! alas! more havock there  
 A peace will make, than all the war.  
 What crowds of heroes in a day  
 Reduce'd to starve on half their pay!  
 From Lowendhal 'twou'd pity meet,  
 And Saxe himself might weep to see't.  
 Already Fancy's active power  
 Foreruns the near approaching hour.  
 Methinks, curs'd chance! the fatal stroke  
 I feel, and seem already broke.  
 The park I saunter up and down,  
 Or sit upon a bench alone  
 Pensive and sad—*le juste portrait*.  
*D'une pauvre capitaine réformé.*

My

My wig, which shun'd each ruder wind,  
 Toupee'd before, and bag'd behind,  
 Which John was us'd with nicest art  
 To comb, and teach the curls to part,  
 Lost the belle air and jaunty pride,  
 Now lank depends on either side :  
 My hat grown white and rusted o'er  
 Once *bien troussé* with *galon d'or* ;  
 My coat distain'd with dust and rain,  
 And all my figure quite campaign.  
 Tavern and coffee-house unwilling  
 To give me credit for a shilling :  
 Forbid by every scornful belle  
 The precincts of the gay ruelle.  
 My vows, tho' breath'd in ev'ry ear,  
 Not e'en a chambermaid will hear :  
 No silver in my purse to pay  
 For opera-tickets, or the play :  
 No message sent to bid me come  
 A fortnight after to a drum :  
 No visits or receiv'd or pay'd,  
 No ball, ridotto, masquerade :  
 All pensive, heartless, and chagrine  
 I sit, devoted prey to spleen ;  
 Shabbily fine with tarnish'd lace,  
 And hunger pictur'd in my face.

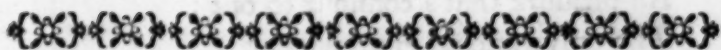
To you, dear P——, indulgent Heaven  
 A gentler, happier lot has given,  
 To you has dealt with bounteous hands  
 Palladian seats, and fruitful lands :  
 Then in my sorrows have the grace  
 To take some pity on my case ;  
 And as you know the times are hard,  
 Send a spruce valet with a card——

Your



Your compliments, and beg I'd dine,  
 And taste your mutton and your wine:  
 You'll find most punctual and observant,  
 Your most obliged humble servant.

C. T.



To Mr. J. H. at the TEMPLE, occasioned  
 by a Translation of an Epistle of HORACE.  
 1730.

By the Rev. Mr. S——, of Magdalen College,  
 OXFORD.

TIME flies—so you and Horace sing,  
 From whence you many a moral bring,  
 To teach us how to steer our lives,  
 T' enjoy our bottles and our wives.

Young man, I well approve your notions,  
 And wholly am at your devotions.  
 I hate your four, canting rascals,  
 That talk of Ember-weeks and Paschals;  
 Black villains, who desire to wean us,  
 From Bacchus' pleasures, and from Venus',  
 To gain themselves a larger share,  
 And fob us off with fast and prayer;  
 And tell us none to Elysium go,  
 Who do not plague themselves below.  
 Can mis'ry raise the grateful heart,  
 Or tuneful songs of praise impart?

The great Creator's work we view,  
 And trace it out by Wisdom's clue:  
 Nothing is *good* but what is *true*.

Vol. II.

G

 }  
 With

With cautious and with thankful eye  
 We scan the great variety :  
 Each *good* within our reach we taste,  
 And call our neighbour to the feast.  
 Our souls do gen'rously disown  
 All pleasure that's confin'd to one ;  
 The only rational employment  
 Is, to receive and give enjoyment :  
 To ev'ry pleasure we attend,  
 Not to enjoy is to offend.

But still, amidst the various crowd  
 Of *goods*, that call with voices loud,  
 Our nat'ral genius, education,  
 Parents, companions, or our station,  
 Direct us to some *single choice*,  
 In which we chiefly must rejoice.

Pleasures are ladies—some we court  
 To pass away an hour in sport.  
 We like them all for this or that,  
 For silence some, and some for chat ;  
 For ev'ry one, as Cowley sings,  
 Or arrows yields, or bows, or strings.  
 But, after all this rambling life,  
 Each man must have his proper *wife*.  
 You know my meaning—some *one good*,  
 Felt, heard, or seen, or understood,  
 Will captivate the heart's affection,  
 And bring the rest into subjection.

Pray mind the tenor of my song ;  
 It holds together, tho' 'tis long.

You've made an early choice, and wise one ;  
 The best I know within th' horizon.  
 My lady *Larw* is rich and handsome :  
 May she be worth you a king's ransom !

But

But I must tell you, (you'll excuse  
 My friendly, tho' plain-dealing Muse)  
 In her own hands is all her dower ;  
 There's not a groat within your power ;  
 And yet you're whoring with the *Nine* ;  
 With them you breakfast, sup, and dine,  
 With them you spend your days and nights——  
 Is't fitting she shou'd bear such slights ?  
 Beggary, ballad-singing carrions,  
 Can they advance you to the barons ?  
 You've made me too an old Tom Dingle,  
 And I, forsooth, must try to jingle.

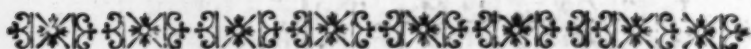
Your lady wou'd not do you wrong ;  
 She owns you're tender yet, and young——  
 She'd wink at now and then a song :  
 But still expects to share the time,  
 Which now is all bestow'd on rhyme.  
 Read in the morning Hobbes *de Homine*,  
 At noon, e'en sport with your Melpomene.

Youngster, I've something more to say,  
 To wean you from this itch of play.  
 In his *Officiis* old Marc Tully,  
 'Mongst certain points he handles fully,  
 (A book I ever must delight in  
 Far beyond all that since is written !)  
 He tells us there, our parents' praise  
 Their children's virtue ought to raise :  
 Their worth and praise shou'd prick us on  
 To labour after like renown.

Who but thy father has been able,  
 Like Hercules, to cleanse a stable ?  
 About his ears how strange a rattle !  
 Who ever stood so tough a battle ?  
 H' has tam'd the most unruly cattle.—

Just two such jobbs as yet remain  
 To be dispatch'd by you and B——.  
 Your father with Herculean club  
 The tyrants of our souls did drub ;  
 B—— for our bodies, you our chattles,  
 Must undertake the self-same battles.  
 The world on you have fix'd their eyes,  
 'Tis you must quell these tyrannies :  
 So shall some title, now unknown,  
*Bangorian*-like your labours crown.  
 Ravish'd, methinks, in thought I see  
 The *universal liberty*.

But after all, I know what's in you :  
 You'll do't, a thousand to one guinea.  
*Time flies*—the work and pleasure's great ;  
 Begin, before it grows too late,  
 Where the *plays* stand the *statutes* lodge ;  
 And dance not, 'till you dance a judge ;  
 Then, tho' you are not half so taper,  
*My Lord*, you'll cut a higher caper.



## The COUNTRY PARSON.

### I.

**B**etween the smooth descent of yonder hills,  
 Deep in the vale with tufted trees beset,  
 Whose antique roots are wash'd with brawling rills,  
 Whose leafy arms the summer's rage defeat,  
 There stands a country Parson's calm retreat ;  
 View well the silent shade with sober eye,  
 And wonder at the courtier's swollen luxury.

### II. See

## II.

See to his garden's pale where close ally'd  
 A decent church the neighbouring glebe commands;  
 Whose steeple's stock'd with bells, (the country's pride)  
 Whose beams are wreath'd about with virgin bands,  
 Wove on the bridal-day by virgin hands.  
 The surplice clean, and chancel newly whited,  
 That with the good man's neatness all must be de-  
 lighted.

## III.

His house stands near, (this church's younger brother)  
 Whose furniture shews housewisely, and neat;  
 A little garden runs from one to t'other,  
 Stately in use, excluding useless state,  
 In which a yew-tree stands of ancient date:  
 And near it rosemary climbs up the wall;  
 Or else imperfect were the rites of funeral.

## IV.

Him liveth near in gentle neighbourhood  
 An heartsome friend, replete with bounteous love,  
 Whose generous wine long time hath corked stood,  
 (Not to avoid the taste but to improve;)  
 With him the good man's moments softly move,  
 Nor yet compleat, if I should leave untold  
 The dame who of his joys sweet partnership doth hold.

## V.

Well knows she when to govern, when obey,  
 Vers'd in the rights and laws of womanhood;  
 Nor hath she too much wisdom to be gay,  
 Nor hath she so much wit to be o'er-loud,  
 Nor hath she so much beauty to be proud;  
 But cheerful sense and decent mirth impart  
 The sweet domestic joys of a well-natur'd heart.



## VI.

Eight years hath Heaven possess'd them of a boy,  
 Who loves a sister younger by a year;  
 And as they prank about, with silent joy  
 They sit and smile upon the prattling pair,  
 (Who two sweet roses on one stalk appear)  
 And think upon themselves once fair and young,  
 Before soft Cupid's golden bow became unstrung.

## VII.

Each sun arises fresh with sweet content,  
 And leads them on a course of new delight;  
 With the same joy the summer's day is spent,  
 And o'er a cheerful fire their winter night;  
 Such are their joys who spend their lives aright.  
 Tho' seasons change no sense of change they know,  
 But with an equal eye view all things here below.

## VIII.

When th' amorous earth is woo'd with smiling weather,  
 To wear the verdant mantle of the spring;  
 Forth walk the little family together  
 To see the wood, and hear its natives sing;  
 The flowers sweet odours to their senses bring;  
 The world appears in blossom, far and near  
 Joyful they view the purple promise of the year.

## IX.

Summer beholds the good man near his bride,  
 In sweet contentment smoking in his chair;  
 He views the flocks nibbling the mountain's side,  
 And ev'ry tenth he reckons to his share;  
 Now to the hay-field walk the happy pair,  
 And with such kindness greet the country folk,  
 The parson's bush is place'd upon the biggest cock.

X. The

## X.

The promis'd fruit now fills the teeming soil,  
 And certain plenty all his doubts relieves;  
 The peach he planted pays his honest toil,  
 The farmer brings him home his yellow sheaves,  
 And his stuff'd barn the willing tax receives,  
 His servants to his loaded orchards hye,  
 To lay in liquid stores for future jollity.

## XI.

When icy bands the stiffened wave enfold,  
 Still is the parson with contentment crown'd;  
 The cheerful blaze chaces the chilly cold,  
 In circling cups all winter thoughts are drown'd.  
 And no ill-nature sends the laugh around;  
 Or in the study pent, thinks what to say,  
 May touch, yet not offend the 'squire next Sabbath-day.

## XII.

Thus, still in age the same, he journeys on,  
 Till envious Fate o'ertakes him on the road;  
 For the calm pleasures of the holy man  
 Claim not the madness of a youthful blood,  
 For many winters thus serenely stood,  
 Strong in its smooth decline, the sturdy oak,  
 Till came from Heaven th' unfear'd and unresisted  
 stroke.





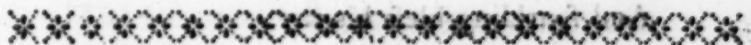
## ODE, to a LADY in LONDON.

By Miss CARTER.

WHILE soft thro' water, earth, and air  
The vernal spirits rove,  
From noise, my dear, and giddy crowds  
To rural scenes remove.  
The mountain snows are all dissolv'd,  
And hush'd the blushing gale,  
While fragrant Zephyrs gently breathe  
Along the flowery vale.  
The circling planets' constant round,  
The wintry wastes repair,  
And still from temporary death  
Renew the verdant year.  
But ah! when once our transient bloom,  
The spring of life, is o'er,  
That rosy season takes it flight,  
And must return no more.  
Yet judge by Reason's sober rules,  
From false opinion free,  
And mark how little pilfering years  
Can steal from you or me.  
Each moral pleasure of the heart,  
Each smiling charm of truth,  
Depends not on the giddy bud  
Of wild fantastic youth.  
The vain coquet, whose empty pride  
A fading face supplies,  
May justly dread the wintry gloom  
Where all its glory dies.

Leave

Leave such a ruin to deplore  
 To fleeting forms confin'd;  
 Nor age, nor wrinkles, discompose  
 One feature of the mind.  
 Amidst the universal change,  
 Unconscious of decay,  
 It views unmov'd the scythe of Time  
 Sweep all besides away.  
 Fix'd on its own eternal frame  
 Eternal are its joys,  
 While borne on transitory wings  
 Each mortal pleasure flies.  
 While every short-liv'd flower of sense  
 Destructive years consume,  
 Through friendship's fair enchanting walks  
 Unfading myrtles bloom.  
 Nor with the narrow bounds of time  
 Its beauteous prospect ends,  
 But lengthen'd through the vale of death  
 To Paradise extends.



## ODE, to SPRING.

By Miss F.

I.

**H**AIL, genial Goddess, blooming Spring!  
 Thy blest return, O let me sing,  
 And aid my languid lays:  
 Let *me* not sink in sloth supine,  
 While all creation at thy shrine  
 Its annual tribute pays;

II. Escap'd

## II.

Escap'd from Winter's freezing power  
 Each blossom greets thee, and each flower ;  
 And, foremost of the train,  
 By Nature, (artless handmaid !) drest,  
 The snow-drop comes in lilly'd vest,  
 Prophetic of thy reign.

## III.

The lark now strains his warbling throat,  
 While every loud and sprightly note  
 Calls Echo from her cell.  
 Be warn'd, ye fair, that listen round,  
 A beauteous maid became a sound,  
 A maid who lov'd too well.

## IV.

The bright-hair'd sun with warmth benign  
 Bids tree, and shrub, and swelling vine  
 Their infant-buds display :  
 Again the streams refresh the plains,  
 Which Winter-bound in icy chains,  
 And sparkling bless his ray.

## V.

Life-giving Zephyrs breathe around,  
 And instant glows, th' enamel'd ground,  
 With Nature's vary'd hues :  
 Not so returns our youth decay'd,  
 Alas ! nor air, nor sun, nor shade  
 The spring of life renews.

## VI.

The sun's too quick-revolving beam  
 Will soon dissolve the human dream,

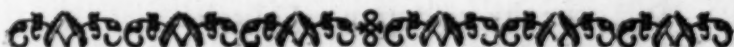
And



And bring the appointed hour :  
 Too late we catch his parting ray,  
 And mourn the idly-wasted day  
 No longer in our power.

## VII.

Then happiest he, whose lengthen'd fight  
 Pursues, by virtue's constant light,  
 A hope beyond the skies ;  
 Where frowning Winter ne'er shall come,  
 But rosy Spring for ever bloom,  
 And suns eternal rise.



## ODE to CYNTHIA.

By the Same.

Sister of Phæbus, gentle Queen,  
 Of aspect mild and brow serene,  
 Whose friendly beams by night appear,  
 The lonely traveller to cheer ;  
 Attractive power ; whose mighty sway  
 The ocean's swelling waves obey,  
 And, mounting upward, seem to raise  
 A liquid altar to thy praise :  
 Thee wither'd hags, at midnight hour,  
 Invoke to their infernal bower ;  
 But I to no such horrid rite,  
 Sweet Queen, implore thy sacred light,  
 Nor seek, while all but lovers sleep,  
 To rob the miser's treasur'd heap :  
 Thy kindly beams alone impart  
 To find the youth who stole my heart,

And

And guide me, from thy silver throne,  
To steal *his* heart, or find *my own*.



# ODE to a THRUSH.

By Miss P\*\*\*.

Sweet warbler ! to whose artless song  
Soft Music's native powers belong,  
Here fix thy haunt ; and o'er these plains  
Still pour thy wild untutor'd strains,  
Still hail the morn with sprightly lay,  
And sweetly hymn the parting day :  
But sprightlier still, and sweeter pour  
Thy song o'er Flavia's favourite bower ;  
There softly breathe the vary'd sound,  
And chant thy loves, or woes around.

So may thou live securely blest,  
And no rude storms disturb thy nest ;  
No bird-lime twig, or gin annoy,  
Or cruel gun thy brood destroy ;  
No want of shelter may'st thou know,  
Which Ripton's lofty shades bestow ;  
No dearth of winter-berries fear,  
But haws and hips blush half the year.





## H Y M N

TO THE

## N A I A D S.

By Dr. AKENSIDE. 1746.

O'ER yonder eastern hill the twilight throws  
 Her dusky mantle; and the God of day,  
 With bright Astræa seated by his side,  
 Waits yet to leave the ocean. Tarry, Nymphs.  
 Ye Nymphs, ye blue-ey'd progeny of Thames,  
 Who now the mazes of this rugged heath  
 Trace with your fleeting steps; who all night long  
 Repeat, amid the cool and tranquil air,  
 Your lonely murmurs, tarry; and receive  
 My offer'd lay. To pay you homage due,  
 I leave the gates of sleep; nor shall my lyre  
 Too far into the splendid hours of morn  
 Engage your audience: my observant hand  
 Shall close the strain ere any sultry beam  
 Approach you. To your subterranean haunts  
 Yet then may timely steal; to pace with care  
 The humid sands; to loosen from the soil  
 The bubbling sources; to direct the rills  
 To meet in wider channels; or beneath  
 Some grotto's dripping arch, at height of noon  
 To slumber, shelter'd from the burning heaven.

Where shall my song begin, ye Nymphs ? or end ?  
 Wide is your praise and copious——First of things,  
 First of the lonely powers, ere Time arose,  
 Were love and Chaos : Love, the sire of Fate ;  
 Elder than Chaos. Born of Fate was Time,  
 Who many sons and many comely births  
 Devour'd, relentless father : till the child  
 Of Rhea drove him from the upper sky,  
 And quell'd his deadly might. Then social reign'd  
 The kindred powers, Tethys, and reverend Ops,  
 And spotless Vesta ; while supreme of sway  
 Remain'd the cloud-compeller. From the couch  
 Of Tethys sprang the sedge-crowned race,  
 Who from a thousand urns, o'er every clime,  
 Send tribute to their parent ; and from them  
 Are ye, O Naiads : Arethusa fair,  
 And tuneful Aganippe ; that sweet name,  
 Bandusia ; that soft family which dwelt  
 With Syrian Daphne ; and the honour'd tribes  
 Belov'd of Pæon. Listen to my strain,  
 Daughters of Tethys : listen to your praise.

You, Nymphs, the winged offspring, which of old  
 Aurora to divine Astræus bore,  
 Owns ; and your aid beseecheth. When the might  
 Of Hyperion, from his noontide throne,  
 Unbends their languid pinions, aid from you  
 They ask : Favonius and the mild South-west  
 From you relief implore. Your fallying streams  
 Fresh vigour to their weary wings impart.  
 Again they fly, disporting ; from the mead  
 Half-ripen'd and the tender blades of corn,  
 To sweep the noxious mildew ; or dispel  
 Contagious steams, which oft the parched earth  
 Breathes on her fainting sons. From noon to eve,

Along

Along the river and the paved brook,  
 Ascend the cheerful breezes; hail'd of bards  
 Who, fast by learned Cam, the Mantuan lyre  
 Sollicit; nor unwelcome to the youth  
 Who on the heights of Tibur, all inclin'd  
 O'er rushing Anio, with a pious hand  
 The reverend scene delineates, broken fanes,  
 Or tombs, or pillar'd aqueducts; the pomp  
 Of ancient time; and haply, while he scans  
 The ruins, with a silent tear revolves  
 The fame and fortune of imperious Rome.

You too, O Nymphs, and your unenvious aid  
 The rural powers confess; and still prepare  
 For you their grateful treasures: Pan commands,  
 Oft as the Delian king with Sirius holds  
 The central heavens, the Father of the grove  
 Commands his Dryads over your abodes  
 To spread their deepest umbrage. Well the God  
 Remembereth how indulgent ye supplied  
 Your genial dews to nurse them in their prime:

Pales, the pasture's queen, where'er ye stray,  
 Pursues your steps, delighted; and the path  
 With living verdure clothes. Around your haunts  
 The laughing Chloris, with profusest hand,  
 Throws wide her blooms, her odours. Still with you  
 Pomona seeks to dwell: and o'er the lawns,  
 And o'er the vale of Richmond, where with Thames  
 Ye love to wander, Amalthea pours  
 Well-pleas'd the wealth of that Ammonian horn,  
 Her dower; unmindful of the fragrant isles  
 Nysean or Atlantic. Nor can'st thou,  
 (Albeit oft, ungrateful, thou dost mock  
 The beverage of the sober Naiad's urn,  
 O Bromius, O Lenæan) nor can'st thou



Disown the powers whose beauty, ill-repaid,  
 With nectar feeds thy tendrils. Yet from me,  
 Yet, blameless Nymphs, from my delighted lyre,  
 Accept the rites your bounty well may claim;  
 Nor heed the scoffings of the Edonian band.  
 For better praise awaits you. Thames, your fire,  
 As down the verdant slope your duteous rills  
 Descend, the tribute stately Thames receives,  
 Delighted; and your piety applauds;  
 And bids his copious tide roll on secure,  
 For faithful are his daughters; and with words  
 Auspicious gratulates the bark which, now  
 His banks forsaking, her adventurous wings  
 Yields to the breeze, with Albion's happy gifts  
 Extremest isles to bless. And oft at morn,  
 When Hermes, from Olympus bent o'er earth  
 To bear the words of Jove, on yonder hill  
 Stoops lightly-falling; oft intent your springs  
 He views: and waving o'er some new-born stream  
 His blest pacific wand, "And yet," he cries,  
 "Yet," cries the son of Maia, "though recluse  
 "And silent by your stores, from you, fair Nymphs,  
 "Flows wealth and kind society to men.  
 "Be you my function and my honour'd name  
 "Do I possess; while o'er the Bætic vale,  
 "Or thro' the towers of Memphis, or the palms  
 "By sacred Ganges water'd, I conduct  
 "The English merchant: with the buxom fleece  
 "Of fertile Ariconium while I clothe  
 "Sarmatian kings; or to the household Gods  
 "Of Syria, from the bleak Cornubian shore,  
 "Dispense the mineral treasure which of old  
 "Sidonian pilots sought, when this fair land  
 "Was yet unconscious of those generous arts

"Which

" Which wise Phœnicia from their native clime  
" Transplanted to a more indulgent heaven."

Such are the words of Hermes : such the praise,  
O Naiads, which from tongues celestial waits  
Your bounteous deeds. From bounty issueth power :  
And those who, sedulous in prudent works,  
Relieve the wants of nature, Jove repays  
With generous wealth and his own seat on earth,  
Fit judgements to pronounce, and curb the might  
Of wicked men. Your kind unfailing urns  
Not vainly to the hospitable arts  
Of Hermes yield their store. For, O ye Nymphs,  
Hath he not won the unconquerable queen  
Of arms to court your friendship? You she owns  
The fair associates who extend her sway  
Wide o'er her mighty deep; and grateful things  
Of you she uttereth, oft as from the shore  
Of Thames, or Medway's vale, or the green banks  
Of Vecta, she her thundering navy leads  
To Calpe's foaming channel, or the rough  
Cantabrian coast; her auspices divine  
Imparting to the senate and the prince  
Of Albion, to dismay barbaric kings,  
The Iberian, or the Celt. The pride of kings  
Was ever scorn'd by Pallas: and of old  
Rejoic'd the Virgin from the brazen prow  
Of Athens o'er Ægina's gloomy surge,  
To drive her clouds and storms; o'erwhelming all  
The Persian's promis'd glory, when the realms  
Of Indus and the soft Ionian clime,  
When Lybia's torrid champain and the rocks  
Of cold Imaüs join'd their servile bands,  
To sweep the sons of liberty from earth.  
In vain: Minerva on the brazen prow

Of Athens flood, and with the thunder's voice  
 Denounc'd her terrors on their impious heads,  
 And shook her burning Ægis. Xerxes saw:  
 From Heracleum, on the mountain's height  
 Thron'd in his golden car, he knew the sign  
 Celestial; felt unrighteous hope forsake  
 His faltering heart, and turn'd his face with shame.

Hail! ye who share the stern Minerva's power!  
 Who arm the hand of liberty for war;  
 And give, in secret, the Britannic name  
 To awe contending monarchs! yet benign,  
 Yet mild of nature; to the works of peace  
 More prone, and lenient of the many ills  
 Which wait on human life. Your gentle aid  
 Hygeia well can witness; she who saves,  
 From poisonous cates and cups of pleasing bane,  
 The wretch devoted to the entangling snares  
 Of Bacchus and of Comus. Him she leads  
 To Cynthia's lonely haunts. To spread the toils,  
 To beat the coverts, with the jovial horn  
 At dawn of day to summon the loud hounds,  
 She calls the ling'ring sluggard from his dreams:  
 And where his breast may drink the mountain-breeze,  
 And where the fervour of the sunny vale  
 May beat upon his brow, through devious paths  
 Beckons his rapid courser. Nor when ease,  
 Cool ease and welcome slumbers have becalm'd  
 His eager bosom, does the queen of health  
 Her pleasing care withhold. His decent board  
 She guards, presiding; and the frugal powers  
 With joy sedate leads in: and while the brown  
 Ennean dame with Pan presents her stores;  
 While changing still, and comely in the change,  
 Vertumnus and the Hours before him spread

The

The garden's banquet ; you to crown his feast,  
 To crown his feast, O Naiads, you the fair  
 Hygeia calls : and from your shelving seats,  
 And groves of poplar, plenteous cups ye bring,  
 To flake his veins : till soon a purer tide  
 Flows down those loaded channels ; washeth off  
 The dregs of luxury, the lurking seeds  
 Of crude disease ; and thro' the abodes of life  
 Sends vigour, sends repose. Hail, Naiads ! hail !  
 Who give, to labour, health ; to slooping age,  
 The joys which youth had squander'd. Oft your urns  
 Will I invoke ; and, frequent in your praise,  
 Abash the frantic Thyrsus with my song.

For not estrange'd from your benignant arts  
 Is he, the God, to whose mysterious shrine  
 My youth was sacred, and my votive cares  
 Are due ; the learned Pæon. Oft when all  
 His cordial treasures he hath search'd in vain ;  
 When herbs, and potent trees, and drops of balm  
 Rich with the genial influence of the sun,  
 (To rouse dark fancy from her plaintive dreams,  
 To brace the nerveless arm, with food to win  
 Sick appetite, or hush the unquiet breast  
 Which pines with silent passion) he in vain  
 Hath prov'd ; to your deep mansions he descends.  
 Your gates of humid rock, your dim arcades,  
 He entereth ; where impurpled veins of ore  
 Gleam on the roof ; where through the rigid mine  
 Your trickling rills insinuate. There the God  
 From your indulgent hands the steaming bowl  
 Wafts to his pale-ey'd suppliants ; wafts the seeds  
 Metallic, and the elemental salts [soon  
 Wash'd from the pregnant glebe. They drink : and  
 Flies pain ; flies inauspicious care : and soon

The

The social haunt or unfrequented shade  
 Hears Io, Io Pæan; as of old,  
 When Python fell. And, O propitious Nymphs,  
 Oft as for hapless mortals I implore  
 Your salutary springs, thro' every urn  
 O shed selected atoms, and with all  
 Your healing powers inform the recent wave.

My lyre shall pay your bounty. Nor disdain  
 That humble tribute. Though a mortal hand  
 Excite the strings of utterance, yet for themes  
 Not unregarded of celestial powers,  
 I frame their language; and the Muses deign  
 To guide the pious tenour of my lay.  
 The Muses (sacred be their gifts divine)  
 In early days did to my wondering sense  
 Their secrets oft reveal: oft my rais'd ear  
 In slumber felt their music: oft at noon  
 Or hour of sunset, by some lonely stream,  
 In field or shady grove, they taught me words  
 Of power from death and envy to preserve  
 The good man's name. Whence yet with grateful  
 And offerings unprofan'd by ruder eye, [mind;  
 My vows I send, my homage, to the seats  
 Of rocky Cirrha, where with you they dwell:  
 Where you their chaste companions they admit  
 Thro' all the hallow'd scene: where oft intent,  
 And leaning o'er Castalia's mossy verge,  
 They mark the cadence of your confluent urns,  
 How tunefull yielding gratefulest repose  
 To their consofited measure: till again,  
 With emulation all the sounding choir,  
 And bright Apollo, leader of the song,  
 Their voices thro' the liquid air exalt,  
 And sweep their lofty strings: those awful strings,  
 That



That charm the mind of Gods : that fill the courts.  
Of wide Olympus with oblivion sweet  
Of evils, with immortal rest from cares ;  
Assuage the terrours of the throne of Jove ;  
And quench the formidable thunderbolt  
Of unrelenting fire. With slacken'd wings,  
While now the solemn concert breathes around,  
Incumbent o'er the sceptre of his lord  
Sleeps the stern eagle ; by the number'd notes,  
Possess'd ; and satiate with the melting tone :  
Sovereign of birds. The furious God of war,  
His darts forgetting and the rapid wheels  
That bear him vengeful o'er the embattled plain,  
Relents, and sooths his own fierce heart to ease,  
Unwonted ease. The fire of Gods and men,  
In that great moment of divine delight,  
Looks down on all that live ; and whatsoe'er  
He loves not, o'er the peopled earth and o'er  
The interminated ocean, he beholds  
Curs'd with abhorrence by his doom severe,  
And troubled at the sound. Ye, Naiads, ye  
With ravish'd ears the melody attend  
Worthy of sacred silence. But the slaves  
Of Bacchus with tempestuous clamours strive  
To drown the heavenly strains ; of highest Jove,  
Irreverent ; and by mad presumption fir'd.  
Their own discordant raptures to advance  
With hostile emulation. Down they rush  
From Nyssa's vine-impurpled cliff, the dames  
Of Thrace, the Satyrs, and the unruly Fauns,  
With old Silenus, thro' the midnight gloom  
Tossing the torch impure, and high in air  
The brandish'd Thyrsus, to the Phrygian pipe's  
Shrill voice, and to the clashing cymbals, mix'd  
With

With shrieks and frantic uproar. May the Gods  
 From every unpolluted ear avert  
 Their orgies ! if within the seats of men,  
 Within the seats of men, the walls, the gates  
 Which Pallas rules, if haply there be found  
 Who loves to mingle with the revel-band,  
 And hearken to their accents ; who aspires  
 From such instructors to inform his breast  
 With verse ; let him, fit votarist, implore  
 Their inspiration. He perchance the gifts  
 Of young Lyæus, and the dread exploits,  
 May sing in aptest numbers : he the fate  
 Of sober Pentheus, he the Paphian rites,  
 And naked Mars with Cytheræa chain'd,  
 And strong Alcides in the spinster's robe,  
 May celebrate, applauded. But with you,  
 O Naiads, far from that unhallow'd rout,  
 Must dwell the man whoe'er to praised themes  
 Invokes the immortal Muse. The immortal Muse  
 To your calm habitations, to the cave  
 Corycian or the Delphic mount, will guide  
 His footsteps ; and with your unsullied streams  
 His lips will bathe : whether the eternal lore  
 Of Themis, or the majesty of Jove,  
 To mortals he reveal ; or teach his lyre  
 The unenvied guerdon of the patriot's toils,  
 In those unfading islands of the blest,  
 Where sacred bards abide. Hail, honour'd Nymphs !  
 Thrice hail ! for you the Cyrenaic shell,  
 Behold, I touch, revering. To my songs  
 Be present ye with favourable feet,  
 And all profaner audience far remove.



## O D E

To the Right Honourable

FRANCIS Earl of HUNTINGDON.

M DCC XLVII.

By the Same.

I. 1.

THE wiſe and great of every clime,  
 Through all the ſpacious walks of Time,  
 Where'er the Muſe her power diſplay'd;  
 With joy have liſten'd and obey'd.  
 For, taught of heaven, the ſacred Nine  
 Perſuaſive numbers, forms divine,  
     To mortal ſenſe impart:  
 They beſt the ſoul with glory fire;  
 They nobleſt counſels, boldeſt deeds inſpire;  
 And high o'er Fortune's rage inthroned the fixed heart.

I. 2.

Nor leſs prevailing is their charm  
 The vengeful boſom to diſarm;  
 To melt the proud with human woe,  
 And prompt unwilling tears to flow.  
 Can wealth a power like this afford?  
 Can Cromwell's arts, or Marlborough's ſword,  
An

An equal empire claim ?

No, HASTINGS. Thou my words wilt own :  
Thy breast the gifts of every Muse hath known ;  
Nor shall the giver's love disgrace thy noble name.

I. 3.

The Muse's awful art,  
And the fair function of the poet's tongue,  
Ne'er shalt thou blush to honour ; to assert  
From all that scorn'd vice or slavish fear hath sung.  
Nor shall the blandishment of Tuscan strings  
Warbling at will in pleasure's myrtle bower ;  
Nor shall the baser notes to Celtic kings  
By lying minstrels paid in evil hour,  
Move Thee to spurn the heavenly Muse's reign.  
A different strain,  
And other themes  
From her prophetic shades and hallow'd streams  
(Thou well can'st witness) meet the purged ear :  
Such, as when Greece to her immortal shell  
Rejoicing listen'd, godlike sounds to hear ;  
To hear the sweet instructress tell  
(While men and heroes throng'd around)  
How life its noblest use may find,  
How best for freedom be resign'd ;  
And how, by glory, Virtue shall be crown'd.

II. 1.

Such was the \* Chian father's strain  
To many a kind domestic train,  
Whose pious hearth and genial bowl  
Had cheer'd the reverend pilgrims soul :

\* *Homer.*

When,

When, every hospitable rite  
 With equal bounty to requite,  
     He struck his magic strings;  
 And pour'd spontaneous numbers forth,  
 And seiz'd their ears with tales of ancient worth,  
 And fill'd their musing hearts with vast heroic things.

## II. 2.

Now oft, where happy spirits dwell,  
 Where yet he tunes his charming shell,  
 Oft near him, with applauding hands,  
 The genius of his country stands.  
 To list'ning gods he makes him known,  
 That man divine, by whom were sown  
     The seeds of Grecian fame:  
 Who first the race with freedom fir'd;  
 From whom Lycurgus Sparta's sons inspir'd;  
 From whom Platæan palms and Cyprian trophies came.

## II. 3.

O noblest, happiest age!  
 When Aristides rul'd, and Cimon fought;  
 When all the generous fruits of Homer's page  
 Exulting Pindar saw to full perfection brought.  
 O Pindar, oft shalt thou be hail'd of me:  
 Not that Apollo fed thee from his shrine;  
 Not that thy lips drank sweetness from the bee;  
 Nor yet that, studious of thy notes divine,  
     Pandance'd their measure with the sylvan throng:  
     But that thy song  
     Was proud to unfold  
 What thy base rulers trembled to behold;



Amid corrupted Thebes was proud to tell  
 The deeds of Athens and the Persian shame :  
 Hence on thy head their impious vengeance fell.  
 But thou, O faithful to thy fame,  
 The Muse's law did'st rightly know ;  
 That who would animate his lays,  
 And other minds to virtue raise,  
 Must feel his own with all her spirits glow.

## III. 1.

Are there, approv'd of later times,  
 Whose verse adorn'd a \* tyrant's crimes ?  
 Who saw majestic Rome betray'd,  
 And lent the imperial ruffian aid ?  
 Alas ! not one polluted bard,  
 No, not the strains that Mincius heard,  
 Or Tibur's hills reply'd,  
 Dare to the Muse's ear aspire ;  
 Save that, instructed by the Grecian lyre, [hide.  
 With Freedom's ancient notes their shameful talk they

## III. 2.

Mark, how the dread Pantheon stands,  
 Amid the domes of modern hands :  
 Amid the toys of idle state,  
 How simply, how severely great !  
 Then turn, and, while each western clime  
 Presents her tuneful sons to Time,  
 So mark thou Milton's name ;  
 And add, " Thus differs from the throng  
 " The spirit which inform'd thy awful song,  
 " Which bade thy potent voice protect thy country's  
 " fame."

\* *Octavius Caesar.*

III. 3. His

## III. 3.

Yet hence barbaric zeal  
 His memory with unholy rage pursues;  
 While from these arduous cares of public weal  
 She bids each bard begone, and rest him with his Muse.  
 O fool! to think the man, whose ample mind  
 Must grasp at all that yonder stars survey;  
 Must join the noblest forms of every kind,  
 The world's most perfect image to display,  
 Can e'er his country's majesty behold,  
 Unmov'd or cold!

O fool! to deem  
 That He, whose thought must visit every theme,  
 Whose heart must every strong emotion know  
 By nature planted, or by fortune taught;  
 That He, if haply some presumptuous foe,  
 With false ignoble science fraught,  
 Shall spurn at freedom's faithful band;  
 That He their dear defence will shun,  
 Or hide their glories from the sun,  
 Or deal their vengeance with a woman's hand!

## IV. 1.

I care not that in Arno's plain,  
 Or on the sportive banks of Seine,  
 From public themes the Muse's quire  
 Content with polish'd ease retire.  
 Where priests the studious head command,  
 Where tyrants bow the warlike hand  
 To vile Ambition's aim,  
 Say, what can public themes afford,  
 Save venal honours to an hateful lord,  
 Reserv'd for angry Heaven, and scorn'd of honest fame?

## IV. 2.

But here, where freedom's equal throne  
 To all her valiant sons is known ;  
 Where all are conscious of her cares,  
 And each the power, that rules him, shares ;  
 Here let the bard, whose dastard tongue  
 Leaves public arguments unsung,  
     Bid public praise farewell :  
 Let him to fitter climes remove,  
 Far from the hero's and the patriot's love,  
 And lull mysterious monks to slumber in their cell.

## IV. 3.

O HASTINGS, not to all  
 Can ruling Heaven the same endowments lend :  
 Yet still doth nature to her offspring call,  
 That to one general weal their different powers they  
     bend,  
 Unenvious. Thus alone, though strains divine  
 Inform the bosom of the Muse's son ;  
 Though with new honours the patrician's line  
 Advance from age to age ; yet thus alone  
 They win the suffrage of impartial fame.  
     The poet's name  
     He best shall prove,  
 Whose lays the soul with noblest passions move.  
 But thee, O progeny of heroes old,  
 Thee to severer toils thy fate requires :  
 The fate which form'd thee in a chosen mould,  
     The grateful country of thy fires,  
     Thee to sublimer paths demand ;  
     Sublimer than thy fires could trace,  
     Or thy own EDWARD teach his race,  
 Tho' Gaul's proud genius sank beneath his hand.

V. 1. From

## V. 1.

From rich domains and subject farms,  
 They led the rustic youth to arms;  
 And kings their stern achievements fear'd;  
 While private strife their banners rear'd.  
 But loftier scenes to thee are shown,  
 Where empire's wide-establish'd throne  
     No private master fills :-  
 Where, long foretold, The People reigns:  
 Where each a vassal's humble heart disdains;  
 And judgeth what he sees; and, as he judgeth, wills.

## V. 2.

Here be it thine to calm and guide  
 The swelling democratic tide;  
 To watch the state's uncertain frame,  
 And baffle faction's partial aim:  
 But chiefly, with determin'd zeal,  
 To quell that servile band, who kneel  
     To freedom's banish'd foes;  
 That monster, which is daily found  
 Expert and bold thy country's peace to wound;  
 Yet dreads to handle arms, nor manly counsel knows:

## V. 3.

'Tis highest Heaven's command,  
 That guilty aims should sordid paths pursue;  
 That what ensnares the heart should curb the hand,  
 And virtue's worthless foes be false to glory too.  
 But look on freedom! see thro' every age,  
 What labours, perils, griefs, hath she disdain'd!  
 What arms, what regal pride, what priestly rage,  
 Have her dread offspring conquer'd or sustain'd!

For Albion well have conquer'd. Let the strains  
Of happy swains,  
Which now resound

Where Scarsdale's cliffs the swelling pastures bound,  
Bear witness : There, oft let the farmer hail  
The sacred orchard which imbowers his gate,  
And shew to strangers passing down the vale,  
Where Candish, Booth, and Osborne fate ;  
When bursting from their country's chain,  
Even in the midst of deadly harms,  
Of papal snares and lawless arms,  
They plann'd for Freedom this her awful reign.

## VI. 1.

This reign, these laws, this public care,  
Which Nassau gave us all to share,  
Had ne'er adorn'd the English name,  
Could Fear have silence'd Freedom's claim,  
But Fear in vain attempts to bind  
Those lofty efforts of the mind  
Which social good inspires;  
Where men, for this, assault a throne,  
Each adds the common welfare to his own ;  
And each unconquer'd heart the strength of all acquires.

## VI. 2.

Say, was it thus, when late we view'd  
Our fields in civil blood imbrued ?  
When fortune crown'd the barbarous host,  
And half the astonish'd isle was lost ?  
Did one of all that vaunting train,  
Who dare affront a peaceful reign,

Durk



Durst one in arms appear ?  
 Durst one in counsels pledge his life ?  
 Stake his luxurious fortunes in the strife ?  
 Or lead his boasted name his vagrant friends to cheer ?

## VI. 3.

Yet, HASTINGS, these are they  
 Who challenge to themselves thy country's love :  
 The true ; the constant : who alone can weigh,  
 What glory should demand, or liberty approve !  
 But let their works declare them : Thy free powers,  
 The generous powers of thy prevailing mind,  
 Not for the tasks of their confederate hours,  
 Lewd brawls and lurking slander, were design'd.  
 Be thou thy own approver. Honest praise

Oft nobly sways

Ingenuous youth :

But, fought from cowards and the lying mouth,  
 Praise is reproach. Eternal God alone  
 For mortals fixeth that sublime award.

He, from the faithful records of his throne,

Bids the historian and the bard

Dispose of honour and of scorn ;

Discern the patriot from the slave ;

And write the good, the wise, the brave,

For lessons to the multitude unborn.





## INSCRIPTIONS.

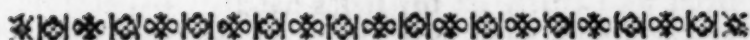
By the same.

I.

For a GROTTO.

TO me, whom in their lays the shepherds call  
 Actæa, daughter of the neighb'ring stream,  
 This cave belongs. The fig-tree and the vine,  
 Which o'er the rocky entrance downward shoot,  
 Were place'd by Glycon. He with cowslips pale,  
 Primrose, and purple Lychnis, deck'd the green  
 Before my threshold, and my shelving walls  
 With honeysuckle cover'd. Here at noon,  
 Lull'd by the murmur of my rising fount,  
 I slumber: here my clustering fruits I tend;  
 Or from the humid flowers, at break of day,  
 Fresh garlands weave, and chace from all my bounds  
 Each thing impure or noxious. Enter in,  
 O stranger, undismay'd: nor bat nor toad  
 Here lurks: and if thy breast of blameless thoughts  
 Approve thee, not unwelcome shalt thou tread  
 My quiet mansion: chiefly, if thy name  
 Wise Pallas and the immortal Muses own.

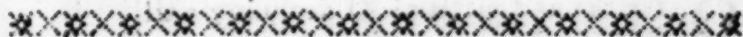




## II.

## For a Statue of CHAUCER at WOODSTOCK.

SUCH was old Chaucer. Such the placid mien  
 Of him who first with harmony inform'd  
 The language of our fathers. Here he dwelt  
 For many a cheerful day: These ancient walls  
 Have often heard him, while his legends blithe  
 He sang; of love, or knighthood, or the wiles  
 Of homely life: through each estate and age,  
 The fashions and the follies of the world  
 With cunning hand portraying. Tho' perchance  
 From Blenheim's towers, O stranger, thou art come  
 Glowing with Churchill's trophies; yet in vain  
 Dost thou applaud them, if thy breast be cold  
 To him, this other hero; who, in times  
 Dark and untaught, began with charming verse  
 To tame the rudeness of his native land.

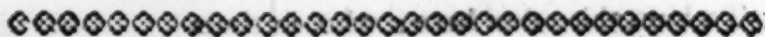


## III.

WHoe'er thou art whose path in summer lies  
 Thro' yonder village, turn thee where the grove  
 Of branching oaks a rural palace old  
 Imbosoms: there dwells Albert, generous lord  
 Of all the harvest round; and onward thence  
 A low plain chapel fronts the morning light.  
 Past by a silent riv'let. Humbly walk,  
 O stranger, o'er the consecrated ground;  
 And on that verdant hillock, which thou see'st

Beset

Beset with osiers, let thy pious hand  
 Sprinkle fresh water from the brook, and strew  
 Sweet-smelling flowers: for there doth Edmund rest;  
 The learned shepherd; for each rural art  
 Fam'd, and for songs harmonious, and the woes  
 Of ill-requited love. The faithless pride  
 Of fair Matilda sunk him to the grave  
 In manhood's prime. But soon did righteous Heaven  
 With tears, with sharp remorse, and pining care,  
 Avenge her falsehood: Nor could all the gold  
 And nuptial pomp, which lure'd her plighted faith  
 From Edmund to a loftier husband's home,  
 Relieve her breaking heart, or turn aside  
 The strokes of death. Go, traveller; relate  
 The mournful story: haply some fair maid  
 May hold it in remembrance, and be taught  
 That riches cannot pay for truth or love.



## IV.

**O** Youths and virgins! O declining eld!  
 O pale Misfortune's slaves! O ye who dwell  
 Unknown with humble quiet; ye who wait  
 In courts, or fill the golden seat of kings!  
 O sons of sport and pleasure! O thou wretch!  
 That weep'st for jealous love, or the sore wounds  
 Of conscious guilt, or death's rapacious hand,  
 Which left thee void of hope! O ye who roam  
 In exile; ye who through the embattled field  
 Seek bright renown; or who for nobler palms  
 Contend, the leaders of a public cause;  
 Approach! behold this marble. Know ye not  
 The features? Hath not oft his faithful tongue

Told

Told you the fashion of your own estate,  
 The secrets of your bosom? Here then, round  
 His monument with reverence while ye stand,  
 Say to each other: "This was Shakespear's form;  
 "Who walk'd in every path of human life,  
 "Felt every passion; and to all mankind  
 "Doth now, will ever that experience yield  
 "Which his own genius only could acquire."



## ODE to the TIBER.

WRITTEN ABROAD.

By WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, Esq;

On entering the CAMPANIA of ROME, at OTRICOLI,

M D C C L V.

### I.

**H**AIL sacred stream, whose waters roll  
 Immortal thro' the classic page!

To thee the Muse-devoted soul,

Tho' destin'd to a later age,

And less indulgent clime, to thee,

Nor thou disdain, in runic lays

Weak mimic of true harmony,

His grateful homage pays.

Far other strains thine elder ear

With pleas'd attention wont to hear,

When he, who strung the Latian lyre,

And he who led th' Aonian quire

From Mantua's reedy lakes with osiers crown'd,

Taught Echo from thy banks with transport to resound.

Thy



Thy banks?—alas, is this the boasted scene,  
 This dreary, wide, uncultivated plain,  
 Where sick'ning Nature wears a fainter green,  
 And Defolation spreads her torpid reign?

Is this the scene where Freedom breath'd,  
 Her copious horn where Plenty wreath'd,  
 And health at opening day  
 Bade all her roseate breezes fly,  
 To wake the sons of Industry,  
 And make their fields more gay?

## II.

Where is the villa's rural pride,  
 The swelling domes imperial gleam,  
 Which lov'd to grace thy verdant side,  
 And tremble in thy golden stream?  
 Where are the bold, the bushy throngs,  
 That rush'd impatient to the war,  
 Or tun'd to peace triumphal songs,  
 And hail'd the passing car?  
 Along the solitary \* road,  
 Th' eternal flint by Consuls trod,  
 We muse, and mark the sad decays  
 Of mighty works, and mighty days!  
 For these vile wastes, we cry, had Fate decreed  
 That Veii's sons should strive, for these Camillus bleed?  
 Did here, in after-times of Roman pride,  
 The musing shepherd from Soracte's height  
 See towns extend where'er thy waters glide,  
 And temples rise, and peopled farms unite?  
 They did. For this deserted plain  
 The Hero strove, nor strove in vain;

\* *The Flaminian way.*

And

And here the shepherd saw  
Unnumber'd towns and temples spread,  
While Rome majestic rear'd her head,  
And gave the nations law.

## III.

Yes, thou and Latium once were great.  
And still, ye first of human things,  
Beyond the grasp of time or fate  
Her fame and thine triumphant springs.  
What tho' the mould'ring columns fall,  
And strow the desert earth beneath,  
Tho' ivy round each nodding wall  
Entwine its fatal wreath,  
Yet say, can Rhine or Danube boast  
The numerous glories thou hast lost?  
Can ev'n Euphrates palmy shore,  
Or Nile, with all his mystic lore,  
Produce from old records of genuine fame  
Such heroes, poets, kings, or emulate thy name?  
Ev'n now the Muse, the conscious Muse is here;  
From every ruin's formidable shade  
Eternal Music breathes on Fancy's ear,  
And wakes to more than form th' illustrious dead.  
Thy Cæsars, Scipios, Catos rise,  
The great, the virtuous, and the wise,  
In solemn state advance!  
They fix the philosophic eye,  
Or trail the robe, or lift on high  
The light'ning of the lance.

## IV.

But chief that humbler happier train  
Who knew those virtues to reward  
Beyond the reach of chance or pain  
Secure, th' historian and the bard.

By them the hero's generous rage  
 Still warm in youth immortal lives ;  
 And in their adamantine page  
 Thy glory still survives.  
 Thro' deep savannahs wild and vast,  
 Unheard, unknown, thro' ages past,  
 Beneath the sun's directer beams  
 What copious torrents pour their streams !  
 No fame have they, no fond pretence to mourn,  
 No annals swell their pride, or grace their storied urn.  
 Whilst Thou, with Rome's exalted genius join'd,  
 Her spear yet lifted, and her corslet brace'd,  
 Can'st tell the waves, can'st tell the passing wind  
 Thy wond'rous tale, and cheer the list'ning waste.  
 Tho' from his caves th' unfeeling North  
 Pour'd all his legion'd tempests forth,  
 Yet still thy laurels bloom :  
 One deathless glory still remains,  
 Thy stream has roll'd thro' LATIAN plains,  
 Has wash'd the walls of ROME.





## E L E G I E S.

By the Same.

## E L E G Y I.

Written at the CONVENT of HAUT VILLIERS  
in CHAMPAGNE, 1754.

Silent and clear, thro' yonder peaceful vale,  
While Marne's flow waters weave their mazy way,  
See, to th' exulting fun, and soft'ring gale,  
What boundless treasures his rich banks display!

Fast by the stream, and at the mountain's base,  
The lowing herds thro' living pastures rove;  
Wide waving harvests crown the rising space;  
And still superiour nods the viny grove.

High on the top, as guardian of the scene,  
Imperial Sylvan spreads his umbrage wide;  
Nor wants there many a cot, and spire between,  
Or in the vale, or on the mountain's side,

To mark that Man, as tenant of the whole,  
Claims the just tribute of his culturing care,  
Yet pays to Heaven, in gratitude of soul,  
The boon which Heaven accepts, of praise and prayer.

O dire effects of war! the time has been  
When Desolation vaunted here her reign;  
One ravage'd desert was yon beauteous scene,  
And Marne ran purple to the frighted Seine.

Oft at his work the toilsome day to cheat,  
The swain still talks of those disastrous times  
When Guise's pride, and Condé's ill-star'd heat  
Taught Christian zeal to authorize their crimes:

Oft to his children sportive on the grass  
Does dreadful tales of worn Tradition tell;  
Oft points to Epernay's ill-fated pass,  
Where Force thrice triumph'd, and where Biron fell.

O dire effects of war!—may ever more  
Thro' this sweet vale the voice of Discord cease!  
A British bard to Gallia's fertile shore  
Can wish the blessings of eternal peace.

Yet say, ye monks, (beneath whose moss-grown seat,  
Within whose cloister'd cells th' indebted Muse  
A while sojourns, for meditation meet,  
And these loose thoughts in pensive strain pursues,)

Avails it aught, that War's rude tumults spare  
Yon cluster'd vineyard, or yon golden field,  
If niggards to yourselves, and fond of care,  
You slight the joys their copious treasures yield?

Avails it aught that Nature's liberal hand,  
With every blessing grateful man can know,  
Cloaths the rich bosom of yon smiling land,  
The mountain's sloping side, or pendent brow:



If meagre Famine paint your pallid cheek,  
If breaks the midnight bell your hours of rest,  
If 'midst heart-chilling damps, and winter bleak,  
You shun the cheerful bowl, and moderate feast!

Look forth, and be convince'd! 'tis Nature pleads,  
Her ample volume opens on your view,  
The simple-minded swain, who running reads,  
Feels the glad truth, and is it hid from you?

Look forth, and be convince'd. Yon prospects wide  
To Reason's ear how forcibly they speak,  
Compar'd with those how dull is letter'd Pride,  
And Austin's babbling Eloquence how weak!

Temp'rance, not Abstinence, in every bliss  
Is Man's true joy, and therefore Heaven's command:  
The wretch who riots thanks his God amiss:  
Who starves, rejects the bounties of his hand.

Mark, while the Marne in yon full channel glides,  
How smooth his course, how Nature smiles around!  
But should impetuous torrents swell his tides,  
The fairy landscape sinks in oceans drown'd.

Nor less disastrous, should his thrifty urn  
Neglected leave the once well-water'd land,  
To dreary wastes yon paradise would turn,  
Polluted ooze, or heaps of barren sand.





## E L E G Y II.

On \* the MAUSOLEUM of AUGUSTUS.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE BUSSY VILLIERS, Viscount VILLIERS.

Written at ROME, 1756.

A Mid these mouldring walls, this marble round,  
Where slept the heroes of the Julian name,  
Say, shall we linger still in thought profound,  
And meditate the mournful paths to fame?

What tho' no cypress-shades, in funeral rows,  
No sculptur'd urns, the last records of Fate,  
O'er the shrunk terrace wave their baleful boughs,  
Or breathe in storied emblems of the great?

Yet not with heedless eye will we survey  
The scene tho' change'd, nor negligently tread;  
These variegated walks, however gay,  
Were once the silent mansions of the dead.

In every shrub, in every floweret's bloom  
That paints with different hues yon smiling plain,  
Some Hero's ashes issue from the tomb,  
And live a vegetative life again.

\* It is now a garden belonging to Marchese di Corré.

For

For matter dies not, as the Sages say,  
 But shifts to other forms the pliant mass,  
 When the free spirit quits its cumb'rous clay,  
 And sees, beneath, the rolling Planets pass.

Perhaps, my Villiers, for I sing to thee,  
 Perhaps, unknowing of the bloom it gives,  
 In yon fair scyon of Apollo's tree  
 The sacred dust of young Marcellus lives.

Pluck not the leaf——'twere sacrilege to wound  
 Th' ideal memory of so sweet a shade;  
 In these sad seats an early grave he found,  
 And \* the first rites to gloomy Dis convey'd.

Witness † thou Field of Mars, that oft hadst known  
 His youthful triumphs in the mimic war,  
 Thou heard'st the heart-felt universal groan  
 When o'er thy bosom roll'd the funeral car.

Witness ‡ thou Tuscan stream, where oft he glow'd  
 In sportive struglings with th' opposing wave,  
 Fast by the recent tomb thy waters flow'd  
 While wept the wise, the virtuous, and the brave.

O lost too soon! —— yet why lament a fate  
 By thousands envied, and by Heaven approv'd.  
 Rare is the boon to those of longer date  
 To live, to die, admir'd, esteem'd, belov'd.

\* He is said to be the first person buried in this monument.

† *Quantos ille virum magnum mavortis ad urbem  
 Campus aget gemitus!*

‡ ————— *Vel quæ, Tyberine, videbis  
 Funera, cum tumulum præterlabere recentem. VIRG.*

Weak are our judgements, and our passions warm,  
And slowly dawns the radiant morn of truth,  
Our expectations hastily we form,  
And much we pardon to ingenuous youth.

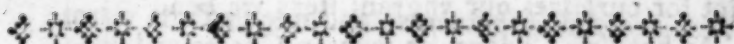
Too oft we satiate on th' applause we pay  
To rising Merit, and resume the Crown ;  
Full many a blooming genius, snatch'd away,  
Has fallen lamented, who had liv'd unknown.

For hard the task, O Villiers ! to sustain  
Th' important burthen of an early fame ;  
Each added day some added worth to gain,  
Prevent each wish, and answer every claim.

Be thou Marcellus; with a length of days !  
But O remember, whatsoe'er thou art,  
The most exalted breath of human praise  
To please indeed must echo from the heart.

Tho' thou be brave, be virtuous, and be wise,  
By all, like him, admir'd, esteem'd, belov'd ;  
'Tis from within alone true Fame can rise,  
The only happy is the Self-approv'd.





## E L E G Y III.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE SIMON HARCOURT, Viscount NEWNHAM.

Written at ROME, 1756.

YES, noble Youth, 'tis true; the softer arts,  
The sweetly-sounding string, and pencil's power,  
Have warm'd to rapture even heroic hearts,  
And taught the rude to wonder, and adore.

For Beauty charms us, whether she appears  
In blended colours; or to soothing sound  
Attunes her voice; or fair proportion wears  
In yonder swelling dome's harmonious round.

All, all she charms; but not alike to all  
'Tis given to revel in her blissful bower;  
Coercive ties, and Reason's powerful call  
Bid some but taste the sweets, which some devour.

When Nature govern'd, and when Man was young,  
Perhaps at will th' untutor'd Savage rove'd,  
Where waters murmur'd, and where clusters hung  
He fed, and slept beneath the shade he lov'd.

But since the Sage's more sagacious mind,  
By Heaven's permission, or by Heaven's command,  
To polish'd states has social laws assign'd,  
And general good on partial duties plann'd.

Not



Not for ourselves our vagrant steps we bend  
As heedless Chance, or wanton Choice ordain;  
On various stations various tasks attend,  
And Men are *born* to trifle or to reign.

As chaunts the woodman, whilst the Dryads weep,  
And falling forests fear th' uplifted blow,  
As chaunts the shepherd, whilst he tends his sheep,  
Or weaves to pliant forms the osier bough.

To me 'tis given, whom Fortune loves to lead  
Thro' humbler toils to life's sequester'd bowers,  
To me 'tis given to wake th' amusive reed,  
And sooth with song the solitary hours.

But thee superiour soberer toils demand,  
Severer paths are thine of patriot fame;  
Thy birth, thy friends, thy king, thy native land,  
Have given thee honours, and have each their claim.

Then nerve with fortitude thy feeling breast,  
Each wish to combat, and each pain to bear;  
Spurn with disdain th' inglorious love of rest,  
Nor let the syren Ease approach thine ear.

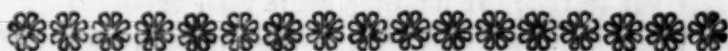
Beneath yon cypress shade's eternal green,  
See prostrate Rome her wond'rous story tell;  
Mark how she rose the world's Imperial queen,  
And tremble at the prospect how she fell!

Not that my rigid precepts would require  
A painful struggling with each adverse gale,  
Forbid thee listen to th' enchanting Lyre,  
Or turn thy steps from Fancy's flowery vale.

Whate'er

Whate'er of Greece in sculptur'd brass survives,  
 Whate'er of Rome in mould'ring arcs remains,  
 Whate'er of Genius on the canvass lives,  
 Or flows in polish'd verse, or airy strains,

Be these thy leisure ; to the chosen few,  
 Who dare excel, thy fost'ring aid afford ;  
 Their arts, their magic powers, with honours due  
 Exalt ; but *be* thyself what they record.



## E L E G Y IV.

To an OFFICER.

Written at ROME, 1756.

FROM Latian fields, the mansions of Renown,  
 Where fix'd the Warriour God his fated seat ;  
 Where infant heroes learnt the martial frown,  
 And little hearts for genuine glory beat ;

What for my friend, my soldier shall I frame ?  
 What nobly-glowing verse that breathes of arms,  
 To point his radiant path to deathless fame,  
 By great examples, and terrific charms ?

Quirinus first, with bold collected bands,  
 The sinewy sons of strength, for empire strove ;  
 Beneath his thunder bow'd th' astonish'd lands,  
 And temples rose to Mars, and to Feretrian Jove.

War

War taught contempt of death, contempt of pain,  
And hence the Fabii, hence the Decii come :  
War urge'd the slaughter, tho' she wept the slain,  
Stern War, the rugged nurse of virtuous Rome.

But not from antique fables will I draw,  
To fire thy feeling soul, a dubious aid,  
Tho' now, ev'n now, they strike with rev'rent awe,  
By poets or historians sacred made.

Nor yet to thee the babling Muse shall tell  
What mighty Kings with all their legions wrought,  
What cities sunk, and storied nations fell  
When Cæsar, Titus, or when Trajan fought.

From private worth, and Fortune's private ways,  
Whilst o'er yon hill th' exalted \* Trophy shows  
To what vast heights of incorrupted praise  
The great, the self-ennobled Marius rose.

From steep Arpinum's rock invested shade,  
From hardy Virtue's emulative school  
His daring flight th' expanding Genius made,  
And by obeying nobly learnt to rule.

Abash'd, confounded, stern Iberia groan'd,  
And Afric trembled to her utmost coasts ;  
When the proud land its destin'd Conqueror own'd  
In the new Consul, and his veteran hosts.

Yet Chiefs are madmen, and Ambition weak,  
And mean the joys the laurel'd harvests yield,  
If Virtue fail. Let Fame, let Envy speak  
Of Capsa's walls, and Sextia's watry field.

\* *The trophies of Marius, now erected before the Capitol.*

But

But sink for ever, in oblivion cast,  
Dishonest triumphs, and ignoble spoils.  
Minturnæ's Marsh severely paid at last  
The guilty glories gain'd in civil broils.

Nor yet his vain contempt the Muse shall praise  
For scenes of polish'd life, and letter'd worth;  
The steel-rib'd Warriour wants not Envy's ways  
To darken theirs, or call his merits forth.

Witness yon Cimbrian trophies!—Marius, there  
Thy ample pinion found a space to fly  
As the plum'd eagle soaring sails in air,  
In upper air, and scorns a middle sky.

Thence too thy Country claim'd thee for her own,  
And bade the Sculptor's toil thy acts adorn,  
To teach in characters of living stone  
Eternal lessons to the youth unborn.

For wisely Rome her warlike Sons rewards  
With the sweet labours of her Artist's hands;  
He wakes her Graces, who her empire guards,  
And both Minervas join in willing bands.

O why, Britannia, why untrophied pass  
The patriot deeds thy godlike Sons display,  
Why breathes on high no monumental bras,  
Why swells no arc to grace Culloden's day?

Wait we till faithless France submissive bow  
Beneath that hero's delegated spear,  
Whose lightning smote Rebellion's haughty brow,  
And scatter'd her vile rout with horror in the rear?



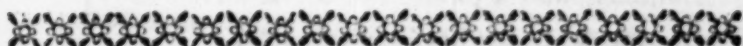


Thy pencil lends the rose a lovelier hue,  
 And gives the lily fairer to our view.  
 Here fruits and flowers adorn the varied year,  
 And paradise with all its sweets is here.  
 There stooping to its fall a tower appears,  
 With tempests shaken, and a weight of years.  
 The daisied meadow, and the woodland green,  
 In order rise, and fill the various scene.

Some parts, in light magnificently dress'd,  
 Obtrusive enter, and stand all confess'd.  
 Whilst others decently in shades are thrown,  
 And by concealing make their beauties known.  
 Alternate thus, and mutual is their aid,  
 The lights owe half their lustre to the shade.

So the bright fires that light the milky way,  
 Lost and extinguish'd in the solar ray;  
 In the sun's absence pour a flood of light,  
 And borrow all their brightness from the night.

To cheat our eyes how well dost thou contrive;  
 Each object here seems real and alive.  
 Not more resembling life the figures stand,  
 Form'd by Lysippus, or by Phidias' hand.  
 Unnumber'd beauties in the piece unite;  
 Rush on the eye, and crowd upon the sight.  
 At once our wonder and delight you raise,  
 We view with pleasure, and with rapture praise.



To the Honourable and Reverend F. C.

IN frolic's hour, ere serious Thought had birth,  
 There was a time, my dear C——s, when  
 The Muse wou'd take me on her airy wing,

And waft to views romantic ; there present  
 Some motley vision, shade and sun : the cliff  
 O'erhanging, sparkling brooks, and ruins grey ;  
 Bade me meanders trace, and catch the form  
 Of varying clouds, and rainbows learn to paint.

Sometimes Ambition, brushing by, wou'd twitch  
 My mantle, and with winning look sublime  
 Allure to follow. What tho' steep the track,  
 Her mountain's top wou'd overpay when climb'd  
 The scaler's toil ; her temple there was fine,  
 And lovely thence the prospects. She cou'd tell  
 Where laurel's grew, whence many a wreath antique ;  
 But more advis'd to shun the barren twig,  
 (What is immortal verdure without fruit ?)  
 And woo some thriving art : her num'rous mines  
 Were open to the searcher's skill and pains.

Caught by th' harangue, heart beat, and flutt'ring pulse  
 Sounded irregular marches to be gone——  
 What, pause a moment when Ambition calls ?  
 No, the blood gallops to the distant goal,  
 And throbs to reach it. Let the lame sit still.  
 When Fortune gentle, at the hill's verge extreme,  
 Array'd in decent garb, but somewhat thin,  
 Smiling approach'd, and what occasion ask'd,  
 Of climbing ? She already provident  
 Had cater'd well, if stomach cou'd digest  
 Her viands, and a palate not too nice.  
 Unfit, she said, for perilous attempt,  
 That manly limb requir'd, and sinews tough.

She took, and lay'd me in a vale remote,  
 Amid the gloomy scene of fir and yew,  
 On poppy beds, where Morpheus strew'd the ground :  
 Obscurity her curtain round me drew,  
 And syren Sloth a dull quietus sung.

Sithence

Sithence no fairy lights, no quick'ning ray,  
 Nor stir of pulse, nor objects to entice  
 Abroad the spirits; but the cloyster'd heart  
 Sits squat at home, like pagod in a nitch  
 Obscure, or grandees with nod-watching eye,  
 And folded arms, in presence of the throne,  
 Turk, or Indostan.—Cities, forums, courts,  
 And prating sanhedrims, and drumming wars,  
 Affect no more than stories told to bed  
 Lethargic, which at intervals the sick  
 Hears and forgets, and wakes to doze again.  
 Instead of converse and variety,  
 The same trite round, the same still silent scene:  
 Such are thy comforts, blessed Solitude!  
 But Innocence is there, but Peace all kind,  
 And simple Quiet with her downy couch,  
 Meads lowing, tune of birds, and lapse of streams,  
 And saunter, with a book, and warbling Muse,  
 In praise of hawthorns.—Life's whole business this!  
 Is it to bask i' th' sun? if so, a snail  
 Were happy crawling on a southern wall.

Why sits Content upon a cottage-fill  
 At eventide, and blesteth the coarse meal  
 In footy corner? why sweet slumbers wait  
 Th' hard pallet? not because from haunt remote  
 Sequester'd in a dingle's bushy lap:  
 'Tis labour makes the peasant's fav'ry fare,  
 And works out his repose: for ease must ask  
 The leave of diligence to be enjoy'd.

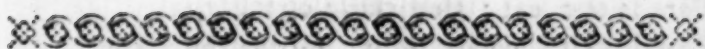
Oh! listen not to that enchantress Ease  
 With seeming smile, her palatable cup  
 By standing grows insipid; and beware  
 The bottom, for there's poison in the lees.  
 What health impair'd, and crowds inactive maim'd?

What daily martyrs to her sluggish cause!  
Lest strict devoir the Rufs and Persian claim  
Despotic; and as subjects long inur'd  
To servile burden, grow supine and tame,  
So fares it with our sov'reign and her train.

What tho' with lure fallacious she pretend  
From worldly bondage to set free, what gain  
Her votaries? What avails from iron chains  
Exempt, if rosy fetters bind as fast.

Bestir, and answer your creation's end.  
Think we that man with vig'rous power endow'd,  
And room to stretch, was destin'd to sit still?  
Sluggards are Nature's rebels, slight her laws,  
Nor live up to the terms on which they hold  
Their vital lease. Laborious terms and hard,  
But such the tenure of our earthly state!  
Riches and fame are Industry's reward;  
The nimble runner courses Fortune down,  
And then he banquets, for she feeds the bold.

Think what you owe your country, what yourself.  
If splendour charm not, yet avoid the scorn  
That treads on lowly stations. Think of some  
Assiduous booby mounting o'er your head,  
And thence with saucy grandeur looking down:  
Think of (Reflection's stab!) the pitying friend  
With shoulder shrugg'd, and sorry. Think that Time  
Has golden minutes, if discreetly seiz'd:  
And if some sad example, indolent,  
To warn and scare be wanting——think of me.



To the Reverend T—— T——, D. D.

—FRENCH power, and weak allies, and war, and  
want—

No more of that, my friend ; you touch a string  
That hurts my ear. All politics apart,  
Except a gen'rous wish, a glowing prayer  
For British welfare, commerce, glory, peace.  
Give party to the winds : it is a word,  
A phantom sound, by which the cunning great  
Whistle to their dependents : a decoy  
To gull th' unwary, where the master stands  
Encouraging his minions, his train'd birds,  
Fed and care's'd their species to betray.  
See with what hollow blandishment and art  
They led the winged captive to the snare :  
Fools ! that in open æther might have soar'd,  
Free as the air they cut ; sip'd purest rills,  
Din'd with the Thames, or bath'd in crystal lakes.

We wear no badges, no dependence own :  
Who truly loves thee, dearest Liberty,  
A silken fetter will uneasy fit.

Heaven knows it is not Insolence that speaks !  
The tribute of respect to greatness due  
Not the brib'd sycophant more willing pays.  
Still, still as much of party be retain'd,  
As principle requires, and sense directs :  
Else our vain bark, without a rudder, floats  
The scorn and pastime of each veering gale.

This gentle ev'ning let the sun descend  
Untroubled, while it paints your ambient hills  
With faded lustre, and a sweet farewell.

Here



Here is our seat : that castle opposite,  
Proud of it's woody brow, adorns the scene.  
Dictate, O vers'd in books, and just of taste,  
Dictate the pleasing theme of our discourse.  
Shall we trace Science from her Eastern home  
Chaldæan ; or the banks of Nile, where Thebes,  
Nursing her daughter arts, majestic stood,  
And pour'd forth knowledge from an hundred gates ?  
There first the marble learn'd to mimic life,  
The pillar'd temple rose, and pyramids,  
Whose undecaying grandeur laughs at Time ;  
Birth-place of letters, where the sun was shewn  
His radiant way, and heavens were taught to roll.  
There too the Muses tun'd their earliest lyre  
Warbling soft numbers to Serapis' ear ;  
'Till chace'd by tyrants, or a milder clime  
Inviting, they remov'd with pilgrim harps,  
And all their band of harmony to Greece.  
As when a flock of linnets, if perchance  
Deliver'd from the falcon's talon, fly  
With trembling wing to cover, and renew  
Their notes ; tell every bush of their escape,  
And thrill their merry thanks to Liberty.  
The tuneful tribe, pleas'd with their new abode,  
Polish'd the rude inhabitants, whence tales  
Of list'ning woods, and rocks that dance'd to sound.  
Hear the full chorus lifting hymns to Jove !  
Linus and Orpheus catch the strain, and all  
The raptur'd audience utter loud applause.

A song, believe me, was no trifle then :  
Weighty the Muse's task, and wide her sway :  
Her's was religion, the resounding fanes  
Echoed her language ; polity was her's  
And the world bow'd to legislative verse.

As states increas'd, and governments were form'd,  
Her aid less useful, she retir'd to grots  
And shady bowers, content to teach and please.  
Under laurel frequent bards repos'd ;  
Voluble Pindar troll'd his rapid song,  
Or Sappho breath'd her spirited complaint :  
Here the stage buskin, there the lyric choir,  
And Homer's epic trumpet. Happy Creece,  
Bless'd in her offspring ! Seat of eloquence,  
Of arts and reason ; patriot-virtue's seat !  
Did the sun thither dart uncommon rays ?  
Did some presiding genius hover o'er  
That animated soil with brooding wings ?  
The sad reverse might start a gentle tear——  
Go, search in Athens for herself, enquire  
Where are her orators, her sages now :  
Her arsenal overturn'd, her walls in dust,  
But far less ruin'd than her soul decay'd.  
The stone inscrib'd to Socrates, debas'd  
To prop a reeling cott : Minerva's shrine  
Possess'd by those who never heard her name.  
Upon the mount where old Musæus sung,  
Sits the grim turban'd captain, and exacts  
Harsh tribute ; on the spot where Plato taught  
His heavenly strains sublime, a stupid Turk  
Is preaching ignorance and Mahomet.  
Turn next to Rome : is that the clime, the place,  
Where once, as Fame reports, Augustus liv'd ?  
What magic has transform'd her, shrunk her nerves ?  
A wither'd laurel, and a mould'ring arch ! ——  
Cou'd the pure crimson tide, the noblest blood  
That ever flow'd, to such a puddle turn ?  
She ends, like her long Appian, in a marsh ;  
Or Jordan's river pouring his clear urn

Into

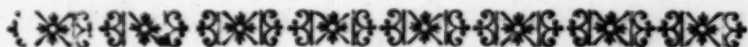
Into the black Asphaltus' slimy lap.  
 Patrons of wit, and victors of mankind,  
 Bards, warriors, worthies (revolution strange !)  
 Are pimps and fiddlers, mountebanks and monks.  
 In Tully's beehive, magazine of sweets,  
 The lazy drones are buzzing or asleep.

But we forgive the living for the dead ;  
 Indebted more to Rome than we can pay.  
 Of a long dearth prophetic, she lay'd in  
 A feast for ages.— O thou banquet nice,  
 Where the soul riots with secure excess !  
 What felt delight ! what pleasing useful hours  
 Repeated owe we to her letter'd sons !  
 We by their favour Tiber's walks enjoy,  
 Their temples trace, and share their noble games ;  
 Enter the crowded theatre at will,  
 Go to the forum, hear the consul plead,  
 Are present in the thund'ring capitol  
 When Tully speaks ; at softer hours attend  
 Harmonious Virgil to his Mantuan farm,  
 Or Baian, and with happy Horace talk  
 In myrtle groves by Teverone's cascade.

Hail, precious pages ! that amuse and teach,  
 Exalt the genius, and improve the breast.  
 Ye sage historians all your stores unfold,  
 Reach your clear steady mirror — in that glass  
 The forms of good and ill are well portray'd.

But chiefly thou, divine Philosophy,  
 Shed thy blest'd influence ; with thy train appear  
 Of graces mild, far be the Stoic boast,  
 The Cynic's snarl, and churlish pedantry.  
 Bright visitant, if not too high my wish,  
 Come in the lovely dress you wore, a guest  
 At Plato's table, or at Tusculum,

The Roman feasting his selected friends.  
 Tamer of pride ! at thy serene rebuke  
 See crouching insolence, spleen and revenge  
 Before thy shining taper disappear.  
 Tutor of human life, auspicious guide,  
 Whose faithful clue unravels every Muse,  
 Whose conduct smooths the roughest paths ; whose voice  
 Controuls each storm, and bids the roar be still :  
 O condescend to gild my darksome roof :  
 Let me know thee — the Delphic oracle  
 Is then obey'd — and I shall know myself.



To a LADY very handsome, but too fond  
 of DRESS.

PRythce, why so fantastic and vain !  
 What charms can the toilet supply ?  
 Why so studious, admirers to gain ?  
 Need beauty lay traps for the eye ?  
 Because that thy breast is so fair,  
 Must thy tucker be still setting right ?  
 And canst thou not laughing forbear,  
 Because that thy teeth are so white ?

Shall sovereign beauty descend  
 To act so ignoble a part,  
 Whole hours at the looking-glass spend,  
 A slave to the dictates of art ?  
 And cannot thy heart be at rest  
 Unless thou excellest each fair  
 In trinkets and trumpery dress'd ?  
 Is not that a superfluous care ?

Vain

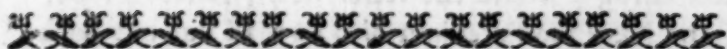
Vain, idle attempt ! to pretend  
 The lily with witeness to deck !  
 Does the rich solitaire recommend  
 The delicate turn of the neck ?  
 The glossy bright hue of thy hair  
 Can powder or jewels adorn ?  
 Can perfumes or vermilions compare  
 With the breath or the blush of the morn ?

When, embarrass'd with baubles and toys,  
 Thou'rt set out so enormously fine,  
 Over-doing thy purpose destroys,  
 And to please thou hast too much design :  
 Little know'st thou, how beauty beguiles ;  
 How alluring the innocent eye ;  
 What sweetness in natural smiles,  
 And what charms in simplicity lye.

Thee Nature with beauty has clad,  
 With genuine ornaments dress'd ;  
 Nor can art an embellishment add  
 To set off what already is best :  
 Be it thine, self-accomplish'd to reign ;  
 Bid the toilet be far-set apart,  
 And dismiss with an honest disdain  
 That impertinent Abigail, Art.







## AN EXCUSE for INCONSTANCY, 1737.

By the Rev. Dr. LISLE.

WHEN Phœbus's beams are withdrawn from our  
fight,

We admire his fair sister the regent of night ;  
Tho' languid her beauty, tho' feeble her ray,  
Yet still she's akin to the God of the day.

When Susan, like Cynthia, has finish'd her reign,  
Then Charlotte, like Phœbus, shall shine out again.  
As Catholic bigots fall humble before

The picture of those whom in heart they adore,  
Which tho' known to be nothing but canvass and paint,  
Yet are said to enliven their zeal to the saint ;

So to Susan I bow, charming Charlotte, for she  
Has just beauty enough to remind me of thee.

Inconstant and faithless in love's the pretence  
On which you arraign me : pray hear my defence.

Such censures as these to my credit redound ;

I acknowledge, and thank a good appetite for't,

When ven'son and claret are not to be found,

I can make a good meal upon mutton and port.

Though (a) Highclear's so fine that a prince wou'd not  
scorn it,

Tho' nature and taste hath combin'd to adorn it,

Yet the artist that owns it would think it severe,

Were a law made to keep him there all round the year.

(a) *The seat of the Honourable R. H———t.*

VOL. II.

M

How



## IV.

But pity succeeding found place in his heart,  
 And pleas'd with his playing so well,  
 He took her again in reward of his art;  
 Such merit had music in hell !



LETTER from SMYRNA to his Sisters  
 at CRUX-EASTON, 1733.

By the Same.

THE hero who to Smyrna bay  
 From Easton, Hants, pursu'd his way,  
 Who travers'd seas, and hills and vales,  
 To fright his sisters with his tales,  
 Sing heavenly Muse ; for what besel  
 Thou saw'st, and only thou can'st tell,  
 Say first (but one thing I premise,  
 I'll not be chid for telling lies ;  
 Besides, my grannum us'd to say  
 I always had a knack that way ;  
 So, if the love of truth be in ye,  
 Read Strabo, Diodorus, Pliny—  
 But like some authours I could name,  
 Wrapt in myself I lose thy theme :)  
 Say first, those very rocks we spy'd,  
 But left 'em on the starboard side,  
 Where Juno urge'd the Trojan's fate.  
 Shield us, ye Gods, from female hate !  
 Then how precarious was the doom  
 Of Cæsar's line, and mighty Rome,

M 2

Snatch'd

Snatch'd from the very jaws of ruin,  
 And fav'd, poor (c) Die, for thy undoing,  
 What saw we on Sicilian ground?  
 (A soil in ancient verse renown'd)  
 The self-same spot, or Virgil ly'd,  
 On which the good Anchises dy'd;  
 The fields where Ceres' daughter sported,  
 And where the pretty Cyclops courted.  
 The nymph hard-hearted as the rocks,  
 Refus'd the monster, scorn'd his flocks,  
 And took a shepherd in his stead,  
 With naught but love and worth to plead:  
 An instance of a generous mind  
 That does much honour to your kind,  
 But in an age of fables grew,  
 So possibly it mayn't be true.  
 While on the summit Ætna glows,  
 His shivering sides are chill'd with snows,  
 Beneath, the painted landscape charms;  
 Here infant Spring in Winter's arms  
 Wanton's secure; in youthful pride  
 Stands Summer laughing by her side;  
 Ev'n Autumn's yellow robes appear,  
 And one gay scene discloses all the year.  
 Hence to rude Cerigo we came,  
 Known once by Cytherea's name;  
 When Ocean first the Goddess bore,  
 She rose on this distinguish'd shore,  
 Here first the happy Paris stop'd,  
 When Helen from her lord elop'd.  
 With pleas'd reflection I survey'd  
 Each secret grott, each conscious shade;

(c) *Dido.*

Envy'd

Envy'd his choice, approv'd his flame,  
 And fondly wish'd my lot the same.  
 O were the cause reviv'd again !  
 For charming Queensbury liv'd not then,  
 The radiant fruit, had she been there,  
 Would scarce have fallen to Venus' share ;  
 Saturnia's self had wav'd her claim,  
 And modest Pallas blush'd for shame ;  
 All had been right : the Phrygian swain  
 Had sigh'd for her, but sigh'd in vain ;  
 The fair Oenone joy'd to find,  
 The pains she felt repaid in kind ;  
 No rape revenge'd, no room for strife,  
 Atrides might have kept his wife,  
 Old Troy in peace and plenty smil'd —  
 But the (d) best poem had been spoil'd.

How did my heart with joy run o'er,  
 When to the fam'd Cecropian shore,  
 Wafted by gentle breezes, we  
 Came gliding thro' the smooth still sea !  
 While backward rov'd my busy thought  
 On deeds in distant ages wrought ;  
 On tyrants gloriously withstood ;  
 On seas distain'd with Persian blood ;  
 On trophies rais'd o'er hills of slain  
 In Marathon's unrival'd plain.  
 Then, as around I cast my eye,  
 And view'd the pleasing prospect nigh,  
 The land for arms and arts renown'd,  
 Where wit was honour'd, poets crown'd ;  
 Whose manners and whose rules refin'd  
 Our souls, and civiliz'd mankind ;

(d) *Iliad.*



Or (yet a loftier pitch to raise  
 Our wonder, and compleat its praise)  
 The land that (e) Plato's master bore—  
 How did my heart with joy run o'er !  
 Now coasting on the eastern side,  
 We peep'd where Peneus rolls his tide :  
 Where Arethusa came t' appease  
 The shepherd that had lost his bees,  
 And led him to Cyrene's grott ;  
 'Tis a long tale, and matters not.  
 Dryden will tell you all that past ;  
 See, Virgil's Georgics, book the last.  
 I speak on't, but to let you know  
 This grott still stands *in statu quo* ;  
 Of which if any doubts remain,  
 I've proof, as follows, clear and plain.  
 Here, sisters, we such honours met !  
 Such honours I shall ne'er forget.  
 The Goddess (no uncommon case)  
 Proud, I suppose, to shew her place,  
 Or pique'd perhaps at your renown,  
 Sent Boreas to invite us down ;  
 And he so press'd it, that we us'd  
 Some pains to get ourselves excus'd.  
 My brother shipmates, all in haste  
 Declar'd, that shells were not their taste ;  
 And I had (f) somewhere seen, you know,  
 A finer grott than she could show.

Hence let the Muse to Delos roan,  
 Or Nio, fam'd for Homer's tomb ;  
 To Naxos, known in ancient time,  
 For Bacchus' love, for Theseus' crime.

(e) *Socrates.*

(f) *At Crux-Easson.*

Can she the Lesbian vine forget  
 Whence Horace reinforce'd his wit?  
 Where the fam'd harp Arion strung  
 Nor play'd more sweet than Sapho sung?  
 Could the old bards revive again,  
 How could they mourn th' inverted scene!  
 Scarce with the barren waste acquainted,  
 They once so beautifully painted.

And here, 'twixt friends, I needs must say,  
 But let it go no farther, pray,  
 These sung-up, cry'd up countries are  
 Displeasing, rugged, black, and bare;  
 And all I've yet beheld or known  
 Serve only to endear my own.

The matters I shall next disclose,  
 'Tis likely may be wrapt in prose;  
 But verse methought would suit these better,  
 Besides, it lengthens out my letter.  
 Read then, dear girls, with kind regard,  
 What comes so far, what comes so hard;  
 And to our mother too make known,  
 How travelling has improv'd her son.

Let not malicious critics join  
 Pope's homespun rhymes in rank with mine,  
 Form'd on that very spot of earth,  
 Where Homer's self receiv'd his birth;  
 Add, as I said, t' enhance their worth,  
 The pains they cost in bringing forth;  
 While his, as all mankind agrees,  
 Tho' wrote with care, are wrote with ease.





LETTER from MARSEILLES to my Sisters  
at CRUX-EASTON, MAY 1735.

By the Same.

SCENE, *the study at Crux-Easton. Molly and Fanny are sitting at work; enter to them Harriot in a passion.*

HARRIOT.

**L**ORD! sister, here's the butcher come,  
And not one word from brother Tom;  
The punctual spark, that made his boast  
He'd write by every other post!  
That ever I was so absurd  
To take a man upon his word!  
Quoth Frances, Child, I wonder much  
You cou'd expect him to keep touch;  
'Tis so, my dear, with all mankind;  
When out of sight you're out of mind.  
Think you he'd to his sisters write?  
Was ever girl so unpolite!  
Some fair Italian stands possess'd,  
And reigns sole mistress in his breast;  
To her he dedicates his time,  
And fawns in prose, or sighs in rhyme;  
She'll give him tokens of her love,  
Perhaps not easy to remove;  
Such as will make him large amends  
For loss of sisters, and of friends.

Cries Harriot, when he comes to France,  
I hope in God he'll learn to dance,

And

And leave his awkward habits there,  
I'm sure he has enough to spare.

O cou'd he leave his faults, faith Fanny,  
And bring the good alone, if any,  
Poor brother Tom, he'd grow so light,  
The wind might rob us of him quite !  
Of habits he may well get clear ;  
Ill humours are the faults I fear,  
For in my life I ne'er saw yet  
A creature half so passionate.  
Good heavens ! how did he rave and tear,  
On my not going you know where ;  
I scarcely yet have got my dread off :  
I thought he'd bite my sister's head off.  
'Tween him and Jenny what a clatter  
About a fig, a mighty matter !  
I cou'd recount a thousand more,  
But scandal's what I most abhor.

Molly, who long had patient sat,  
And heard in silence all their chat,  
Observing how they spoke with rancour,  
Took up my cause, for which I thank her.  
What eloquence was then display'd,  
The charming things that Molly said,  
Perhaps it suits not me to tell ;  
But, faith ! she spoke extremely well.  
She first, with much ado, put on  
A prudish face, then thus begun.

Heyday ! quoth she, you let your tongue  
Run on most strangely, right or wrong ;  
'Tis what I never can connive at ;  
Besides, consider whom you drive at.  
A person of established credit,  
Nobody better, though I said it,

In all that's good, so tried and known,  
 Why, girls, he's quite a proverb grown.  
 His worth no mortal dares dispute :  
 Then he's your brother too to boot.

At this she made a moment's pause,  
 Then with a sigh resum'd the cause.  
 Alas ! my dears, you little know  
 A sailor's toil, a trav'ler's woe ;  
 Perhaps this very hour he strays  
 A lonely wretch thro' desert ways ;  
 Or shipwreck'd on a foreign strand,  
 He falls beneath some ruffian's hand ;  
 Or on the naked rock he lies,  
 And pinch'd by famine wastes and dies.  
 Can you this hated brother see  
 Floating, the sport of wind and sea ?  
 Can you his feeble accents hear,  
 Tho' but in thought, nor drop a tear ?  
 He faintly strives, his hopes are fled,  
 The billows booming o'er his head ;  
 He mounts upon the waves again,  
 He calls on us, but calls in vain ;  
 To death preserves his friendship true,  
 And mutters out a kind adieu.  
 See, now he rises to our sight,  
 Now sinks in everlasting night.

Here Fanny's colour rose and fell,  
 And Harriot's throat began to swell ;  
 One sidled to the window quite,  
 Pretending some unusual sight,  
 The other left the room outright ;  
 While Molly laugh'd, her ends obtain'd,  
 To think how artfully she feign'd.





The HISTORY of PORSENNA, KING of  
RUSSIA.

IN TWO BOOKS.

By the Same.

*Arva, beata  
Petamus arva, divites et insulas.*

HOR. Epod. 16.

B O O K I.

IN Russia's frozen clime, some ages since,  
There dwelt, historians say, a worthy prince,  
Who to his people's good confin'd his care,  
And fix'd the basis of his empire there;  
Inlarge'd their trade, the lib'ral arts improv'd,  
Made nations happy, and himself belov'd;  
To all the neighb'ring states a terrour grown,  
The dear delight, and glory of his own.  
Not like those kings who vainly seek renown  
From countries ruin'd, and from battles won;  
Those mighty Nimrods, who mean laws despise,  
Call murder but a princely exercise,  
And if one bloodless sun shou'd steal away,  
Cry out with Titus, they have lost a day;  
Who, to be more than men, themselves debase  
Beneath the brute, their Maker's form deface,  
Raising their titles by their God's disgrace.

}  
Like

Like fame to bold Erostratus we give,  
Who scorn'd by less than sacrilege to live;  
On holy ruins rais'd a lasting name,  
And in the temple's fire diffus'd his shame.  
Far diff'rent praises, and a brighter fame,  
The virtues of the young Porfenna claim;  
For by that name the Russian king was known,  
And sure a nobler ne'er adorn'd the throne.  
In war he knew the deathful sword to wield,  
And fought the thickest dangers of the field.  
A bold commander, but, the storm o'erblown,  
He seem'd as he were made for peace alone;  
Then was the golden age again restor'd,  
Nor less his justice honour'd than his sword.  
All needless pomp, and outward grandeur spar'd,  
The deeds that grace'd him were his only guard;  
No private views beneath a borrow'd name;  
His and the public interest were the same.  
In wealth and pleasure let the subject live,  
But virtue is the king's prerogative;  
Porfenna there without a rival stood,  
And wou'd maintain his right of doing good.  
Nor did his person less attraction wear,  
Such majesty and sweetness mingled there;  
Heaven with uncommon art the clay refin'd,  
A proper mansion for so fair a mind;  
Each look, each action bore peculiar grace,  
And love itself was painted on his face.  
In peaceful time he suffer'd not his mind  
To rust in sloth, tho' much to peace inclin'd;  
Nor wanton in the lap of pleasure lay,  
And lost to glory loiter'd life away;  
But active rising ere the prime of day,  
Thro' woods and lonely deserts lov'd to stray;  
With

With

With hounds and horns to wake the furious bear,  
Or rouse the tawny lion from his lair;  
To rid the forest of the savage brood,  
And whet his courage for his country's good.

One day, as he pursued the dang'rous sport,  
Attended by the nobles of his court,  
It chance'd a beast of more than common speed  
Sprang from the brake, and thro' the desert fled.  
The ardent Prince impetuous as the wind  
Rush'd on, and left his lagging train behind.  
Fir'd with the chase, and full of youthful blood,  
O'er plains, and vales, and woodland wilds he rode,  
Urging his courser's speed, nor thought the day  
How wasted, nor how intricate the way;  
Nor, till the night in dusky clouds came on,  
Restrain'd his pace, or found himself alone.  
Missing his train, he strove to measure back  
The road he came, but could not find the track;  
Still turning to the place he left before,  
And only lab'ring to be lost the more.  
The bugle-horn, which o'er his shoulders hung,  
So loud he winded, that the forest rung;  
In vain, no voice but echo from the ground,  
And vocal woods, made mock'ry of the sound.

And now the gath'ring clouds began to spread  
O'er the dun face of night a deeper shade;  
And the hoarse thunder growling from afar,  
With herald voice proclaim'd th' approaching war;  
Silence awhile ensu'd,—then by degrees  
A hollow wind came mutt'ring thro' the trees.  
Sudden the full-fraught sky discharge'd its store,  
Of rain and rattling hail a mingled shower;

The active lightning ran along the ground;  
The fiery bolts by fits were hurl'd around,  
And the wide forests trembled at the sound.  
Amazement seiz'd the prince;—where could he fly?  
No guide to lead, no friendly cottage nigh.  
Pensive and unresolv'd awhile he stood,  
Beneath the scanty covert of the wood;  
But, drove from thence, soon sallied forth again,  
As chance directed on the dreary plain;  
Constrain'd his melancholy way to take  
Thro' many a loathsome bog, and thorny brake,  
Caught in the thicket, floundring in the lake.  
Wet with the storm, and wearied with the way,  
By hunger pinch'd, himself to beasts a prey;  
Nor wine to cheer his heart, nor fire to burn,  
Nor place to rest, nor prospect to return.  
Drooping and spiritless, at life's despair  
He bade it pass, not worth his farther care;  
When suddenly he spied a distant light,  
That faintly twinkled thro' the gloom of night,  
And his heart leap'd for joy, and blest'd the wel-  
come sight.

Oft-times he doubted, it appear'd so far,  
And hung so high, 'twas nothing but a star,  
Or kindled vapour wand'ring thro' the sky,  
But still press'd on his steed, still kept it in his eye;  
Till, much fatigue, and many dangers past,  
At a huge mountain he arriv'd at last.  
There lighting from his horse, on hands and knees  
Grop'd out the darksome road, by slow degrees,  
Crawling or clamb'ring o'er the rugged way;  
The thunder roars above, the flames around him play.  
Joyful at length he gain'd the steepy height,  
And found the rift whence sprang the friendly light.

And

And here he stopp'd to rest his wearied feet;  
 And weigh the perils he had still to meet;  
 Unsheath'd his trusty sword, and dealt his eyes  
 With caution round him to prevent surprize,  
 Then summon'd all the forces of his mind,  
 And ent'ring boldly cast his fears behind;  
 Resolv'd to push his way, whate'er withstood,  
 Or perish bravely as a monarch shou'd.

While he the wonders of the place survey'd,  
 And thro' the various cells at random stray'd,  
 In a dark corner of the cave he view'd  
 Somewhat, that in the shape of woman stood;  
 But more deform'd than dreams can represent  
 The midnight hag, or poet's fancy paint  
 The Lapland witch, when she her broom bestrides,  
 And scatters storms and tempests as she rides.  
 She look'd as nature made her to disgrace  
 Her kind, and cast a blot on all the race;  
 Her shrivel'd skin, with yellow spots besmear'd,  
 Like mouldy records seem'd; her eyes were blear'd;  
 Her feeble limbs with age and palsy shook;  
 Bent was her body, haggard was her look.  
 From the dark nook outcrept the filthy crone,  
 And propp'd upon her crutch came tott'ring on.

The prince in civil guise approach'd the dame,  
 Told her his piteous case, and whence he came,  
 And till Aurora shou'd the shades expel,  
 Implor'd a lodging in her friendly cell.  
 Mortal, whoe'er thou art, the fiend began,  
 And as she spake a deadly horror ran  
 Thro' all his frame; his cheeks the blood forsook,  
 Chatter'd his teeth, his knees together struck.  
 Whoe'er thou art, that with presumption rude  
 Dar'st on our sacred privacy intrude,



And without license in our court appear;  
Know, thou'rt the first that ever enter'd here.  
But since thou plead'st excuse, thou'rt hither brought  
More by thy fortune than thy own default,  
Thy crime, tho' great, an easy pardon finds,  
For mercy ever dwells in royal minds;  
And wou'd you learn from whose indulgent hand  
You live, and in whose awful presence stand,  
Know farther, thro' yon wide extended plains  
Great Eolus the king of tempests reigns,  
And in this lofty palace makes abode,  
Well suited to his state, and worthy of the God.  
The various elements his empire own,  
And pay their humble homage at his throne;  
And hither all the storms and clouds resort,  
Proud to increase the splendour of his court.  
His queen am I, from whom the beauteous race  
Of winds arose, sweet fruit of our embrace!  
She scarce had ended, when, with wild uproar,  
And horrid din, her sons impetuous pour  
Around the cave; came rushing in amain  
Lybs, Eurus, Boreas, all the boist'rous train;  
And close behind them on a whirlwind rode  
In clouded majesty the blust'ring God.  
Their locks a thousand ways were blown about;  
Their cheeks like full-blown bladders strutted out;  
Their boasting talk was of the feats th' had done,  
Of trees uprooted, and of towns o'erthrown;  
And when they kindly turn'd them to accost  
The prince, they almost pierce'd him with their frost.  
The gaping hag in fix'd attention stood,  
And at the close of every tale cried—Good!  
Blessing with outstretch'd arms each darling son,  
In due proportion to the mischief done.

And

And where, said she, does little Zephyr stray?  
 Know ye, my sons, your brother's rout to-day?  
 In what bold deeds does he his hours employ?  
 Grant heaven no evil has befall'n my boy!  
 Ne'er was he known to linger thus before.  
 Scarce had she spoke, when at the cavern-door  
 Came lightly tripping in a form more fair  
 Than the young poet's fond ideas are,  
 When fir'd with love, he tries his utmost art  
 To paint the beauteous tyrant of his heart.

A fatin vest his slender shape confin'd,  
 Embroider'd o'er with flowers of ev'ry kind,  
 Flora's own work, when first the goddess strove  
 To win the little wanderer to her love.  
 Of burnish'd silver were his sandals made,  
 Silver his buskins, and with gems o'erlaid;  
 A saffron-colour'd robe behind him flow'd,  
 And added grace and grandeur as he trod.  
 His wings than lillies whiter to behold,  
 Sprinkled with azure spots, and streak'd with gold;  
 So thin their form, and of so light a kind,  
 That they for ever dance'd, and flutter'd in the wind.  
 Around his temples with becoming air,  
 In wanton ringlets curl'd his auburn hair,  
 And o'er his shoulders negligently spread;  
 A wreath of fragrant roses crown'd his head.

Such his attire; but O! no pen can trace,  
 No words can shew the beauties of his face;  
 So kind! so winning! so divinely fair!  
 Eternal youth and pleasure flourish there;  
 There all the little loves and graces meet,  
 And ev'ry thing that's soft, and ev'ry thing that's sweet.

Thou vagrant, 'cried the dame in angry tone,  
 Where could'st thou loiter thus so long alone?

Little thou car'st what anxious thoughts molest;  
What pangs are lab'ring in a mother's breast.  
Well do you show your duty by your haste,  
For thou of all my sons art always last:  
A child less fondled would have fled more fast.  
Sure 'tis a curse on mothers, doom'd to mourn,  
Where best they love, the least and worst return.

My dear mamma, the gentle youth replied,  
And made a low obeisance, cease to chide,  
Nor wound me with your words, for well you know,  
Your Zephyr bears a part in all your woe;  
How great must be his sorrow then to learn  
That he himself's the cause of your concern!  
Nor had I loiter'd thus had I been free,  
But the fair princess of Felicity  
Intreated me to make some short delay;  
And, ask'd by her, who cou'd refuse to stay?

Surrounded by the damsels of her court,  
She sought the shady grove, her lov'd resort;  
Fresh rose the grass, the flowers were mix'd between,  
Like rich embroid'ry on a ground of green,  
And in the midst, protected by the shade,  
A crystal stream in wild meanders play'd;  
While on its banks, the trembling leaves among,  
A thousand little birds in concert sung,  
Close by a mount with fragrant shrubs o'ergrown,  
On a cool mossy couch she laid her down;  
Her air, her posture, all conspir'd to please;  
Her head upon her snowy arm at ease.  
Reclin'd a studied carelessness express'd;  
Loose lay her robe, and naked heav'd her breast.  
Eager I flew to that delightful place,  
And pour'd a shower of kisses on her face;

Now

Now hover'd o'er her neck, her breast, her arms,  
 Like bees o'er flowers, and tasted all their charms;  
 And then her lips, and then her cheeks I tried,  
 And fann'd, and wanton'd round on ev'ry side.  
 O Zephyr, cried the fair, thou charming boy,  
 Thy presence only can create me joy;  
 To me thou art beyond expression dear,  
 Nor can I quit the place while thou art here:  
 Excuse my weakness, Madam, when I swear  
 Such gentle words join'd with so soft an air,  
 Pronounce'd so sweetly from a mouth so fair,  
 Quite ravish'd all my sense, nor did I know  
 How long I staid, or when, or where to go.

Meanwhile the damsels debonnair and gay,  
 Prattled around, and laugh'd the time away:  
 These in soft notes address'd the ravish'd ear,  
 And warbled out so sweet, 'twas heaven to hear;  
 And those in rings, beneath the greenwood shade,  
 Dance'd to the melody their fellows made.  
 Some studious of themselves, employ'd their care  
 In weaving flowery wreaths to deck their hair;  
 While others to some fav'rite plant convey'd  
 Refreshing showers, and cheer'd its drooping head.  
 A joy so general spread thro' all the place,  
 Such satisfaction dwelt on ev'ry face,  
 The nymphs so kind, so lovely look'd the queen,  
 That never eye beheld a sweeter scene.

Porfenna, like a statue fix'd appear'd,  
 And wrapp'd in silent wonder gaz'd and heard;  
 Much he admir'd the speech, the speaker more,  
 And dwelt on ev'ry word, and griev'd to find it o'er.  
 O gentle youth, he cried, proceed to tell,  
 In what fair country does this princess dwell?

What

What regions unexplor'd, what hidden coast  
Can so much goodness, so much beauty boast?

To whom the winged god with gracious look,  
Numberless sweets diffusing while he spoke,  
Thus answer'd kind—These happy gardens lie  
Far hence remov'd, beneath a milder sky;  
Their name—The kingdom of Felicity. }  
Sweet scenes of endless bliss, enchanted ground,  
A soil for ever sought, but seldom found;  
Tho' in the search all human kind in vain  
Weary their wits, and waste their lives in pain:  
In diff'rent parties, diff'rent paths they tread,  
As reason guides them, or as follies lead;  
These wrangling for the place they ne'er shall see,  
Debating those, if such a place there be;  
But not the wisest, nor the best can say  
Where lies the point, or mark the certain way.  
Some few, by Fortune favour'd for her sport,  
Have sail'd in sight of this delightful port;  
In thought already seiz'd the blest'd abodes,  
And in their fond delirium rank'd with gods.  
Fruitless attempt! all avenues are kept  
By dreadful foes, sentry that never slept.  
Here fell Detraction darts her pois'nous breath,  
Fraught with a thousand stings, and scatters death;  
Sharp-sighted Envy there maintains her post, [coast.  
And shakes her flaming brand, and stalks around the  
These on the helpless bark their fury pour,  
Plunge in the waves, or dash against the shore;  
Teach wretched mortals they were doom'd to mourn,  
And ne'er must rest but in the silent urn.

But say, young monarch, for what name you bear  
Your mien, your dress, your person, all declare;

And



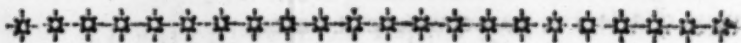
And tho' I seldom fan the frozen north,  
 Yet I have heard of brave Porfenna's worth;  
 My brother Boreas thro' the world has flown,  
 Swelling his breath to spread forth your renown;  
 Say, would you chuse to visit this retreat,  
 And view the world where all these wonders meet?  
 With you some friend o'er that tempestuous sea  
 To bear you safe! behold that friend in me.  
 My active wings shall all their force employ,  
 And nimbly waft you to the realms of joy;  
 As once to gratify the god of Love,  
 I bore fair Psyche to the Cyprian grove;  
 Or as Jove's bird, descending from on high,  
 Snatch'd the young Trojan trembling to the sky.  
 There perfect bliss thou may'st for ever share,  
 'Scap'd from the busy world, and all its care;  
 There in the lovely princess shalt thou find  
 A mistress ever blooming, ever kind.  
 All ecstasy on fair Porfenna trod,  
 And to his bosom strain'd the little god;  
 With grateful sentiments his heart o'erflow'd,  
 And in the warmest words millions of thanks bestow'd.

When Eolus in surly humour broke  
 Their strict embrace, and thus abruptly spoke.  
 Enough of compliment; I hate the sport  
 Of meanless words; this is no human court;  
 Where plain and honest are discarded quite,  
 For the more modish title of Polite;  
 Where in soft speeches hypocrites impart  
 The venom'd ills that lurk beneath the heart;  
 In friendship's holy guise their guilt improve,  
 And kindly kill with specious shew of love.  
 For us, — my subjects are not us'd to wait,  
 And waste their hours to hear a mortal prate;

They

They must abroad before the rising sun,  
And hie 'em to the seas; there's mischief to be done.  
Excuse my plainness, Sir, but business stands,  
And we have storms and shipwrecks on our hands.

He ended frowning, and the noisy rout,  
Each to his several cell went puffing out.  
But Zephyr, far more courteous than the rest,  
To his own bower convey'd the royal guest;  
There on a bed of roses neatly laid,  
Beneath the fragrance of a myrtle shade,  
His limbs to needful rest the prince applied,  
His sweet companion slumb'ring by his side.



## B O O K II.

**N**O sooner in her silver chariot rose  
The ruddy morn, than sat'd with repose  
The prince address'd his host; the god awoke,  
And leaping from his couch, thus kindly spoke.  
This early call, my lord, that chides my stay,  
Requires my thanks, and I with joy obey.  
Like you I long to reach the blissful coast,  
Hate the slow night, and mourn the moments lost.  
The bright Rosinda, loveliest of the fair  
That crowd the princess' court, demands my care;  
Ev'n now, with fears and jealousies o'erborne,  
Upbraids, and calls me cruel and forsworn.  
What sweet rewards on all my toils attend;  
Serving at once my mistress and my friend;  
Just to my love, and to my duty too,  
Well paid in her, well pleas'd in pleasing you.  
This said, he led him to the cavern-gate,  
And clasp'd him in his arms, and pois'd his weight;

Then

Then ballancing his body here and there,  
 Stretch'd forth his agile wings, and launch'd in air;  
 Swift as the fiery meteor from on high  
 Shoots to its goal, and gleams athwart the sky.  
 Here with quick fan his lab'ring pinions play;  
 There glide at ease along the liquid way;  
 Now lightly skim the plain with even flight;  
 Now proudly soar above the mountain's height.

Spiteful Detraction, whose envenom'd hate  
 Sports with the sufferings of the good and great,  
 Spares not our prince, but with opprobrious sneer  
 Arraigns him of the heinous sin of fear;  
 That he, so tried in arms, whose very name  
 Infus'd a secret panic where it came,  
 Ev'n he, as high above the clouds he flew,  
 And spied the mountains less'ning to the view,  
 Naught round him but the wide expanded air,  
 Helpless, abandon'd to a stripling's care,  
 Struck with the rapid whirl, and dreadful height,  
 Confess'd some faint alarm, some little fright.

The friendly god, who instantly divin'd  
 The terrors that possess'd his fellow's mind,  
 To calm his troubled thoughts, and cheat the way,  
 Describ'd the nations that beneath them lay;  
 The name, the climate, and the soil's increase,  
 Their arms in war, their government in peace;  
 Shew'd their domestic arts, their foreign trade,  
 What int'rest they pursued, what leagues they made.  
 The sweet discourse so charm'd Porsenna's ear,  
 That lost in joy he had no time for fear.

From Scandinavia's cold inclement waste,  
 O'er wide Germania's various realms they past,  
 And now on Albion's fields suspend their toil,  
 And hover for a while, and bless the soil.

O'er

O'er the gay scene the Prince delighted hung,  
 And gaz'd in rapture, and forgot his tongue;  
 Till bursting forth at length. Behold, cried he,  
 The promis'd isle, the land I long'd to see;  
 Those plains, those vales, and fruitful hills declare  
 My queen, my charmer, must inhabit there.  
 Thus rave'd the monarch, and the gentle guide,  
 Pleas'd with his error, thus in smiles replied.

I must applaud, my lord, the lucky thought;  
 Ev'n I, who know th' original, am caught,  
 And doubt my senses, when I view the draught.  
 The slow-ascending hill, the lofty wood  
 That mantles o'er its brow, the silver flood  
 Wand'ring in mazes thro' the flowery mead,  
 The herd that in the plenteous pastures feed,  
 And ev'ry object, ev'ry scene excites  
 Fresh wonder in my soul, and fills with new delights:  
 Dwells cheerful Plenty there, and learned Ease,  
 And Art with Nature seems at strife to please.  
 There liberty, delightful goddess, reigns,  
 Gladdens each heart, and gilds the fertile plains;  
 There firmly seated may she ever smile,  
 And shower her blessings o'er her fav'rite isle:  
 But see, the rising sun reproves our stay.  
 He said, and to the ocean wing'd his way,  
 Stretching his course to climates then unknown,  
 Nations that swelter in the burning zone;  
 There in Peruvian vales a moment staid,  
 And smooth'd his wings beneath the citron shade;  
 Then swift his oary pinions plied again,  
 Cross'd the new world, and fought the Southern main;  
 Where many a wet and weary league o'erpass,  
 The wish'd-for Paradise appear'd at last.

With

With force abated now they gently sweep  
O'er the smooth surface of the shining deep ;  
The Dryads hail'd them from the distant shore,  
The Nereids play'd around, the Tritons swam before,  
While soft Favonius their arrival greets,  
And breathes his welcome in a thousand sweets.

Nor pale disease, nor health-consuming care,  
Nor wrath, nor foul revenge can enter there ;  
No vapour's foggy gloom imbrowns the sky ;  
No tempests rage, no angry lightnings fly ;  
But dews, and soft-refreshing airs are found,  
And pure ethereal azure shines around.  
Whate'er the sweet Sabæan soil can boast,  
Or Mecca's plains, or India's spicy coast ;  
What Hybla hills, or rich Oebalia's fields,  
Or flow'ry vale of fame'd Hymettus yields ;  
Or what of old th' Hesperian orchard grace'd ;  
All that was e'er delicious to the taste,  
Sweet to the smell, or lovely to the view,  
Collected there with added beauty grew.  
High-towering to the heavens the trees are seen,  
Their bulk immense, their leaf for ever green ;  
So closely interwove, the tell-tale sun  
Can ne'er descry the deeds beneath them done,  
But where by fits the sportive gales divide  
Their tender tops, and fan the leaves aside.  
Like a smooth carpet at their feet lies spread  
The matted grass, by bubbling fountains fed ;  
And on each bough the feather'd choir employ  
Their melting notes, and nought is heard but joy.  
The painted flowers exhale a rich perfume,  
The fruits are mingled with eternal bloom,  
And Spring and Autumn hand in hand appear,  
Lead on the merry months, and join to clothe the year.



Here, o'er the mountain's shaggy summit pour'd,  
From rock to rock the tumbling torrent roar'd,  
While beauteous Iris in the vale below  
Paints on the rising fumes her radiant bow.  
Now thro' the meads the mazy current stray'd,  
Now hid its wand'rings in the myrtle shade ;  
Or in a thousand veins divides its store,  
Visits each plant, refreshes ev'ry flower ;  
O'er gems and golden sands in murmurs flows,  
And sweetly sooths the soul, and lulls to soft repose.

If hunger call, no sooner can the mind  
Express her will to needful food inclin'd,  
But in some cool recess, or op'ning glade,  
The seats are place'd, the tables neatly laid,  
And instantly convey'd by magic hand  
In comely rows the costly dishes stand ;  
Meats of all kinds that nature can impart,  
Prepar'd in all the nicest forms of art.  
A troop of sprightly nymphs array'd in green,  
With flowery chaplets crown'd, come scudding in ;  
With fragrant blossoms these adorn the feast,  
Those with officious zeal attend the guest ;  
Beneath his feet the silken carpet spread,  
Or sprinkle liquid odours o'er his head.  
Others in ruby cups with roses bound  
Delightful ! deal the sparkling nectar round ;  
Or weave the dance, or tune the vocal lay ;  
The lyres resound, the merry minstrels play,  
Gay health, and youthful joys o'erspread the place,  
And swell each heart, and triumph in each face.  
So when embolden'd by the vernal air,  
The busy bees to blooming fields repair ;  
For various use employ their chymic power ;  
One culls the snowy pounce, one sucks the flower ;

Again

Again to diff'rent works returning home,  
 Some \* fleece the honey, some erect the comb;  
 All for the general good in concert strive,  
 And ev'ry soul's in motion, ev'ry limb's alive.

And now descending from his flight, the god  
 On the green turf releas'd his precious load;  
 There, after mutual salutations past,  
 And endless friendship vow'd, they part in haste;  
 Zephyr impatient to behold his love,  
 The Prince in raptures wand'ring thro' the grove;  
 Now skipping on, and singing as he went,  
 Now stopping short to give his transports vent;  
 With sudden gusts of happiness oppress'd,  
 Or stands entrance'd, or raves like one possess'd;  
 His mind afloat, his wand'ring senses quite  
 O'ercome with charms, and frantic with delight;  
 From scene to scene by random steps convey'd,  
 Admires the distant views, explores the secret shade,  
 Dwells on each spot, with eager eye devours  
 The woods, the lawns, the buildings, and the bowers;  
 New sweets, new joys at ev'ry glance arise,  
 And ev'ry turn creates a fresh surprize.

Close by the borders of a rising wood,  
 In a green vale a crystal grotto stood;  
 And o'er it's sides, beneath a beachen shade,  
 In broken falls a silver fountain play'd.  
 Hither, attracted by the murm'ring stream,  
 And cool recess, the pleas'd Porfenna came,  
 And on the tender grass reclining chose  
 To wave his joys a while, and take a short repose.  
 The scene invites him, and the wanton breeze  
 That whispers thro' the vale, the dancing trees,

\* *Or flive, slipant.*

The warbling birds, and rills that gently creep,  
All join their music to prolong his sleep.

The princess for her morning walk prepar'd ;  
The female troops attend, a beauteous guard,  
Array'd in all her charms appear'd the fair ;  
Tall was her stature, unconfin'd her air ;  
Proportion deck'd her limbs, and in her face  
Lay love inshrin'd, lay sweet attractive grace  
Temp'ring the awful beams her eyes convey'd,  
And like a lambent flame around her play'd.  
No foreign aids, by mortal ladies worn,  
From shells and rocks her artless charms adorn ;  
For grant that beauty were by gems increas'd,  
'Tis render'd more suspected at the least ;  
And foul defects, that would escape the sight,  
Start from the piece, and take a stronger light.  
Her chesnut hair in careless rings around  
Her temples wav'd, with pinks and jes'mine crown'd,  
And gather'd in a silken cord behind,  
Curl'd to the waist, and floated in the wind ;  
O'er these a veil of yellow gauze she wore,  
With amaranths and gold embroider'd o'er.  
Her snowy neck half naked to the view  
Gracefully fell ; a robe of purple hue  
Hung loosely o'er her slender shape, and tried  
To shade those beauties, that it could not hide.

The damsels of her train with mirth and song  
Frolic behind, and laugh and sport along.  
The birds proclaim their queen from every tree ;  
The beasts run frisking thro' the groves to see ;  
The Loves, the Pleasures, and the Graces meet  
In antic rounds, and dance before her feet.  
By whate'er Fancy led, it chance'd that day  
They thro' the secret valley took their way,

And

And to the crystal grot advancing spied  
The Prince extended by the fountain's side.

He look'd as by some skilful hand express'd,  
Apollo's youthful form retir'd to rest;  
When with the chace fatigue'd he quits the wood  
For Pindus' vale, and Aganippe's flood;  
There sleeps secure, his careless limbs display'd  
At ease, encircled by the laurel shade;  
Beneath his head his sheaf of arrows lie,  
His bow unbent hangs negligently by.  
The slumb'ring Prince might boast an equal grace,  
So turn'd his limbs, so beautiful his face.

Waking he started from the ground in haste,  
And saw the beauteous choir around him plac'd;  
Then, summoning his senses, ran to meet  
The queen, and laid him humbly at her feet.  
Deign, lovely Princess, to behold, said he,  
One, who has travers'd all the world to see  
Those charms, and worship thy divinity:  
Accept thy slave, and with a gracious smile  
Excuse his rashness, and reward his toil.  
Stood motionless the fair with mute surprize,  
And read him over with admiring eyes;  
And while she stedfast gaz'd, a pleasing smart  
Ran thrilling thro' her veins, and reach'd her heart.  
Each limb she scann'd, consider'd every grace,  
And sagely judge'd him of the Phœnix race.  
An animal like this she ne'er had known,  
And thence concluded there could be but one;  
The creature too had all the Phœnix air;  
None but the Phœnix could appear so fair.  
The more she look'd, the more she thought it true,  
And call'd him by that name, to show she knew.

O handsome Phoenix, for that such you are  
 We know ; your beauty does your breed declare ;  
 And I with sorrow own thro' all my coast  
 No other bird can such perfection boast ;  
 For nature form'd you single and alone :  
 Alas ! what pity 'tis there is but one !  
 Were there a queen so fortunate to shew  
 An aviary of charming birds like you,  
 What envy wou'd her happiness create  
 In all, who saw the glories of her state !

The Prince laugh'd inwardly, surpriz'd to find  
 So strange a speech, so innocent a mind.  
 The compliment indeed did some offence  
 To reason, and a little wrong'd her sense ;  
 He could not let it pass, but told his name,  
 And what he was, and whence, and why he came ;  
 And hinted other things of high concern  
 For him to mention, and for her to learn ;  
 And she 'ad a piercing wit, of wond'rous reach  
 To comprehend whatever he could teach.  
 Thus hand in hand they to the palace walk,  
 Pleas'd and instructed with each others talk.

Here, should I tell the furniture's expence,  
 And all the structure's vast magnificence,  
 Describe the walls of shining saphire made,  
 With emerald and pearl the floors inlaid,  
 And how the vaulted canopies unfold  
 A mimic heaven, and flame with gems and gold ;  
 Or how Felicity regales her guest,  
 The wit, the mirth, the music, and the feast ;  
 And on each part bestow the praises due,  
 'Twould tire the writer, and the reader too.  
 My amorous tale a softer path pursues :  
 Love and the happy pair demand my Muse.

O could



O could her art in equal terms express  
The lives they lead, the pleasures they possess !  
Fortune had ne'er so plenteously before  
Bestow'd her gifts, nor can she lavish more.  
'Tis heaven itself, 'tis ecstasy of bliss,  
Uninterrupted joy, untir'd excess ;  
Mirth following mirth the moments dance away ;  
Love claims the night, and friendship rules the day.

Their tender care no cold indiff'rence knows ;  
No jealousies disturb their sweet repose ;  
No sickness, no decay ; but youthful grace,  
And constant beauty shines in either face.  
Benumbing age may mortal charms invade,  
Flowers of a day that do but bloom and fade ;  
Far diff'rent here, on them it only blows  
The lilly's white, and spreads the blushing rose ;  
No conquest o'er those radiant eyes can boast ;  
They like the stars shine brighter in its frost ;  
Nor fear its rigour, nor its rule obey ;  
All seasons are the same, and every month is May.

Alas ! how vain is happiness below !  
Man soon or late must have his share of woe ;  
Slight are his joys, and fleeting as the wind ;  
His griefs wounds home, and leave a sting behind.  
His lot distinguish'd from the brute appears  
Less certain by his laughter than his tears ;  
For ignorance too oft our pleasure breeds,  
But sorrow from the reas'ning soul proceeds.

If man on earth in endless bliss could be,  
The boon, young Prince, had been bestow'd on thee.  
Bright shone thy stars, thy Fortune flourish'd fair,  
And seem'd secure beyond the reach of care,  
And so might still have been, but anxious thought  
Has dash'd thy cup, and thou must taste the draught.

It

It so befel, as on a certain day  
This happy couple toy'd their time away,  
He ask'd how many charming hours were flown,  
Since on her slave her heaven of beauty shone.  
Should I consult my heart, cried he, the rate  
Were small, a week would be the utmost date:  
But when my mind reflects on actions past,  
And counts its joys, time must have fled more fast.  
Perhaps I might have said, three months are gone.  
Three months! replied the fair, three months alone!  
Know that three hundred years have roll'd away,  
Since at my feet the lovely Phoenix lay.  
Three hundred years! re-echo'd back the Prince,  
A whole three hundred years compleated since  
I landed here! O! whither then are flown  
My dearest friends, my subjects, and my throne?  
How strange, alas! how alter'd shall I find  
Each earthly thing, each scene I left behind!  
Who knows me now? on whom shall I depend  
To gain my rights? where shall I find a friend?  
My crown perhaps may grace a foreign line,  
A race of kings, that know not me nor mine;  
Who reigns may wish my death, his subjects treat  
My claim with scorn, and call their prince a cheat.  
Oh had my life been ended as begun!  
My destin'd stage, my race of glory run,  
I should have died well pleas'd; my honour'd name  
Had liv'd, had flourish'd in the list of fame;  
Reflecting now my mind with horror sees  
The sad survey, a scene of shameful ease,  
The odious blot, the scandal of my race,  
Scarce known, and only mention'd with disgrace.  
The fair beheld him with impatient eye,  
And red with anger made this warm reply.

Ungrateful

Ungrateful man ! is this the kind return  
My love deserves ; and can you thus with scorn  
Reject what once you priz'd, what once you swore  
Surpass'd all charms, and made even glory poor ?  
What gifts have I bestow'd, what favours shown !  
Made you partaker of my bed and throne ;  
Three centuries preserv'd in youthful prime,  
Safe from the rage of death, and injuries of time.  
Weak arguments ! for glory reigns above  
The feeble ties of gratitude and love ;  
I urge them not, nor would request your stay ;  
The phantom glory calls, and I obey ;  
All other virtues are regardless quite,  
Sunk and absorb'd in that superiour light.  
Go then, Barbarian, to thy realms return,  
And shew thyself unworthy my concern ;  
Go, tell the world, your tender heart could give  
Death to the princess, by whose care you live.

At this a deadly pale her cheeks o'erspread,  
Cold trembling seiz'd her limbs, her spirits fled ;  
She sunk into his arms : the Prince was mov'd,  
Felt all her griefs, for still he greatly lov'd.  
He sigh'd, he wish'd he could forget his throne,  
Confine his thoughts, and live for her alone ;  
But glory shot him deep, the venom'd dart  
Was fix'd within, and rankled at his heart ;  
He cou'd not hide its wounds, but pine'd away  
Like a sick flower, and languish'd in decay.  
An age no longer like a month appears,  
But ev'ry month becomes a hundred years.

Felicity was griev'd, and could not bear  
A scene so change'd, a sight of so much care.  
She told him with a look of cold disdain,  
And seeming ease, as women well can feign,

He might depart at will ; a milder air  
 Wou'd mend his health ; he was no pris'ner there ;  
 She kept him not, and wish'd he ne'er might find  
 Cause to regret the place he left behind ;  
 Which once he lov'd, and where he still must own,  
 He had at least some little pleasure known.

If these prophetic words awhile destroy  
 His peace, the former balance it in joy.  
 He thank'd her for her kind concern, but chose  
 To quit the place, the rest let Heaven dispose.  
 For Fate, on mischiefs bent, perverts the will,  
 And first infatuates whom it means to kill.

Aurora now, not as she wont to rise,  
 In gay attire tinge'd with a thousand dyes,  
 But sober-sad in solemn state appears,  
 Clad in a dusky veil bedew'd with tears.  
 Thick mantling clouds beneath her chariot spread,  
 A faded wreath hangs drooping from her head.  
 The sick'ning sun emits a feeble ray,  
 Half-drown'd in fogs, and struggling into day.  
 Some black event the threat'ning skies foretel.  
 Porfenna rose to take his last farewell.  
 A curious vest the mournful Princess brought,  
 And armour by the Lemnian artist wrought ;  
 A shining lance with secret virtue stor'd,  
 And of resistless force a magic sword ;  
 Caparisons and gems of wond'rous price,  
 And loaded him with gifts and good advice ;  
 But chief she gave, and what he most would need,  
 The fleetest of her stud, a flying steed.  
 The swift Grisippo, said th' afflicted fair,  
 (Such was the courser's name) with speed shall bear,  
 And place you safely in your native air ;

}  
 Assist

Assist against the foe, with matchless might  
Ravage the field, and turn the doubtful fight;  
With care protect you till the danger cease,  
Your trust in war, your ornament in peace.  
But this, I warn, beware; whate'er shall lay  
To intercept your course, or tempt your stay,  
Quit not your saddle, nor your speed abate,  
Till safely landed at your palace gate.  
On this alone depends your weal or woe;  
Such is the will of Fate, and so the Gods foreshow.  
He in the softest terms repaid her love,  
And vow'd, nor age, nor absence should remove  
His constant faith, and sure she cou'd not blame  
A short divorce due to his injur'd fame.  
The debt discharge'd, then should her soldier come  
Gay from the field, and flush'd with conquest, home;  
With equal ardour her affection meet,  
And lay his laurels at his mistress's feet.  
He ceas'd, and sighing took a kind adieu;  
Then urg'd his steed; the fierce Grissippo flew;  
With rapid force outstripp'd the lagging wind,  
And left the blissful shores, and weeping fair behind;  
Now o'er the seas pursu'd his airy flight,  
Now scower'd the plains, and climb'd the mountain's  
height.

Thus driving on at speed the Prince had run  
Near half his course, when, with the setting sun,  
As thro' a lonely lane he chance'd to ride,  
With rocks and bushes fence'd on either side,  
He spied a waggon full of wings, that lay  
Broke and o'erturn'd across the narrow way.  
The helpless driver on the dirty road  
Lay struggling, crush'd beneath th' incumbent load.

Never



Never in human shape was seen before  
 A wight so pale, so feeble, and so poor.  
 Comparisons of age would do him wrong,  
 For Nestor's self, if place'd by him, were young.  
 His limbs were naked all, and worn so thin,  
 The bones seem'd starting thro' the parchment skin.  
 His eyes half drown'd in rheum, his accents weak,  
 Bald was his head, and furrow'd was his cheek.

The conscious steed stopp'd short in deadly fright,  
 And back recoiling stretch'd his wings for flight.  
 When thus the wretch with supplicating tone,  
 And rueful face, began his piteous moan,  
 And, as he spake, the tears ran trickling down,  
 O gentle youth, if pity e'er inclin'd  
 Thy soul to gen'rous deeds, if e'er thy mind  
 Was touch'd with soft distress, extend thy care  
 To save an old man's life, and ease the load I bear.  
 So may propitious Heaven your journey speed,  
 Prolong your days, and all your vows succeed.

Mov'd with the prayer the kind Porfenna staid,  
 Too nobly-minded to refuse his aid,  
 And, prudence yielding to superiour grief;  
 Leap'd from his steed, and ran to his relief;  
 Remov'd the weight, and gave the pris'ner breath,  
 Just choak'd and gasping on the verge of death.  
 Then reach'd his hand, when lightly with a bound  
 The grisly spectre vaulting from the ground,  
 Seiz'd him with sudden gripe, th' astonish'd prince,  
 Stood horror-struck, and thoughtless of defence.

O King of Russia, with a thund'ring sound  
 Bellow'd the ghastly fiend, at length thou'rt found.  
 Receive the ruler of mankind, and know,  
 My name is Time, thy ever-dreaded foe.

These

These feet are founder'd, and the wings you see  
 Worn to the pinions in pursuit of thee ;  
 Thro' all the world in vain for ages fought,  
 But Fate has doom'd thee now, and thou art caught.  
 Then round his neck his arms he nimbly cast,  
 And seiz'd him by the throat, and grasp'd him fast ;  
 Till force'd at length the soul forsook its seat,  
 And the pale breathless corse fell bleeding at his feet.

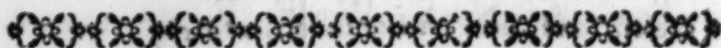
Scarce had the cursed spoiler left his prey,  
 When, so it chance'd young Zephyr pass'd that way ;  
 Too late his presence to assist his friend,  
 A sad, but helpless witness of his end.

He chafes, and fans, and strives in vain to cure  
 His streaming wounds ; the work was done too sure.  
 Now lightly with a soft embrace uprears  
 The lifeless load, and bathes it in his tears ;  
 Then to the blissful seats with speed conveys,  
 And graceful on the mossy carpet lays  
 With decent care, close by the fountain's side,  
 Where first the Princess had her Phœnix spied.  
 There with sweet flowers his lovely limbs he strow'd,  
 And gave a parting kiss, and sighs and tears bestow'd.

To that sad solitude the weeping dame,  
 Wild with her loss, and swoln with sorrow, came.  
 There was she wont to vent her griefs, and mourn  
 Those dear delights that must no more return.  
 Thither that morn with more than usual care  
 She sped, but O what joy to find him there !  
 As just arriv'd, and weary with the way,  
 Retir'd to soft repose her hero lay.

Now near approaching she began to creep ;  
 With careful steps, loth to disturb his sleep ;  
 'Till quite o'ercome with tenderness she flew,  
 And round his neck her arms in transport threw.

But, when she found him dead, no tongue can tell  
 The pangs she felt; she shriek'd, and swooning fell.  
 Waking with loud laments she pierce'd the skies,  
 And fill'd the affrighted forest with her cries.  
 That fatal hour the palace gates she barr'd,  
 And fix'd around the coast a stronger guard;  
 Now rare appearing, and at distance seen,  
 With crowds of black misfortunes plac'd between;  
 Mischiefs of ev'ry kind, corroding care,  
 And fears, and jealousies, and dark despair.  
 And since that day (the wretched world must own  
 These mournful truths by sad experience known)  
 No mortal e'er enjoy'd that happy clime,  
 And ev'ry thing on earth submits to Time.



### The EVER-GREEN.

WHEN tepid breezes fan'd the air,  
 And violets perfum'd the glade,  
 Pensive and grave my charming fair  
 Beneath yon shady lime was laid.

Flourish, said I, those favour'd boughs,  
 And ever soothe the purest flames!  
 Witness to none but faithful vows!  
 Wounded by none but faithful names!

Yield every tree that crowns the grove  
 To this which pleas'd my wandering dear!  
 Range where ye will, ye bands of love,  
 Ye still shall *seem* to revel here.

Lavinia

Lavinia smil'd — and whilst her arm  
 Her fair reclining head sustain'd,  
 Betray'd she felt some fresh alarm;  
 And thus the meaning smile explain'd.

When Summer suns shine forth no more,  
 Will then the lime its shelter yield?  
 Protect us when the tempests roar,  
 And Winter drives us from the field?

Yet faithful then the first shall last —  
 I smile, she cry'd, but ah! I tremble,  
 To think when my fair season's past,  
 Which Damon then will most resemble.

## A N S W E R.

TOO timorous maid! can time or chance  
 A pure ingenuous flame controul?  
 O lay aside that tender glance,  
 That melts my frame, that kills my soul!

Were but thy outward charms admir'd,  
 Frail origin of female sway!  
 My flame like other flames inspir'd,  
 Might then like other flames decay:

But whilst thy mind shall seem thus fair,  
 Thy soul's unfading charms be seen;  
 Thou may'st resign that shape and air,  
 Yet find thy swain — an ever-green.





To Miss \*\*\*\*. By Miss ELIZA CARTER.

THE midnight moon serenely smiles  
O'er nature's soft repose,  
No lowring cloud obscures the skies,  
Nor ruffling tempest blows.

II.

Now every passion sinks to rest,  
The throbbing heart lies still,  
And varying schemes of life no more  
Distract the labouring will.

III.

In silence hush'd, to Reason's voice  
Attends each mental power;  
Come dear Amanda, and enjoy  
Reflection's favourite hour.

IV.

Come while this peaceful scene invites,  
Let's search this ample round;  
Where shall the lovely fleeting form  
Of Happiness be found?

V.

Does it amidst the frolic mirth  
Of gay assemblies dwell?  
Or hide beneath the solemn gloom  
That shades the hermit's cell?

VI. How



## VI.

How oft the laughing brow of joy  
A sick'ning heart conceals,  
And thro' the cloister's deep recess  
Invading sorrow steals.

## VII.

In vain thro' beauty, fortune, wit,  
The fugitive we trace !  
It dwells not in the faithless smile  
That brightens Clodio's face.

## VIII.

Howe'er our varying notions rove,  
All yet agree, in one,  
To place its being in some state,  
At distance from *our own*.

## IX.

O blind to each indulgent gift  
Of power, supremely wise,  
Who fancy happiness in aught  
That Providence denies.

## X.

Vain is alike the joy we seek,  
And vain what we possess,  
Unless harmonious reason tunes  
The passions into peace.

## XI.

To temp'rate bounds, to few desires,  
Is happiness confin'd,  
And deaf to folly's noise attends  
The music of the mind.



## CYNTHIA, an Elegiac POEM.

By T. P\*\*\*cy.

— *Libeat tibi Cynthia mecum*  
*Roscida muscosis antra tenere jugis.* PROPERT.

**B**eneath an aged oak's embow'ring shade,  
 Whose spreading arms with gray moss fringed were,  
 Around whose trunk the clasping ivy stray'd;  
 A love-lorn youth oft pensive would repair.

Fast by, a Naïd taught her stream to glide,  
 Which thro' the dale a winding channel wore;  
 The silver willow deck'd its verdant side,  
 The whisp'ring sedges wav'd along the shore.

Here oft, when Morn peep'd o'er the dusky hill;  
 Here oft when Eve bedew'd the misty vale;  
 Careless he laid him all beside the rill,  
 And pour'd in strains like these his artless tale.

Ah! would he say—and then a sigh would heave:  
 Ah Cynthia! sweeter than the breath of morn,  
 Soft as the gentle breath that fans at eve,  
 Of thee bereft how shall I live forlorn?

Ah! what avails this sweetly solemn bower,  
 That silent stream where dimpling eddies play;  
 Yon thymy bank bedeck'd with many a flower,  
 Where maple-tufts exclude the beam of day.

Robb'd

Robb'd of my love, for how can these delight;  
 Tho' lavish Spring her smiles around has cast!  
 Despair, alas! thatwhelms the soul in night,  
 Dims the sad eye, and deadens every taste.

As droops the lilly at the blighting gale;  
 Or \* crimson-spotted cowslip of the mead,  
 Whose tender stalk (alas! their stalk so frail)  
 Some hasty foot hath bruise'd with heedless tread:

As droops the woodbine, when some village hind-  
 Hath fell'd the sapling elm it fondly bound;  
 No more it gadding dances in the wind,  
 But trails its fading beauties on the ground:

So droops my soul, dear maid, downcast and sad,  
 For ever! ah! for ever torn from thee:  
 Bereft of each sweet hope, which once it had,  
 When love, when treacherous love first smil'd on me.

Return blest days, return ye laughing hours,  
 Which led me up the roseat sleep of youth;  
 Which strew'd my simple path with vernal flowers,  
 And bade me court chaste Science and fair Truth.

Ye know, the curling breeze, or gilded fly  
 That idly wantons in the noon-tide air,  
 Was not so free, was not so gay as I,  
 For ah! I knew not then or love, or care.

\* — On her left breast  
 A mole cinque-spotted; like the crimson drops  
 In th' bottom of a cowslip.

Shakespear's Cymbeline, Act 3.

Witness

Witness ye winged daughters of the year,  
If e'er a sigh had learnt to heave my breast !  
If e'er my cheek was conscious of a tear,  
'Till Cynthia came and rob'd my soul of rest.

O have you seen, bath'd in the morning dew,  
The budding rose its infant bloom display ;  
When first its virgin tints unfold to view,  
It shrinks and scarcely trusts the blaze of day.

So soft, so delicate, so sweet she came,  
Youth's damask glow just dawning on her cheek :  
I gaze'd, I sigh'd, I caught the tender flame,  
Felt the fond pang, and droop'd with passion, weak.

Yet not unpitied was my pain the while ;  
For oft beside yon sweet-briar in the dale,  
With many a blush, with many a melting smile,  
She sat and listen'd to the plaintive tale.

Ah me ! I fondly dreamt of pleasures rare,  
Nor deem'd so sweet a face with scorn could glow ;  
How could you cruel then pronounce despair,  
Chil the warm hope, and plant the thorn of woe ?

What tho' no treasures canker in my chest,  
Nor crowds of suppliant vassals hail me lord !  
What tho' my roof can boast no princely guest,  
Nor surfeits lurk beneath my frugal board !

Yet should Content, that shuns the gilded bed,  
With smiling Peace, and Virtue there forgot,  
And rose-lip'd Health, which haunts the straw-built  
shed,

With cherub Joy, frequent my little cot :

Led

Led by chaste Love, the decent band should come,  
O charmer would'st thou deign my roof to share?  
Nor should the Muses scorn our simple dome,  
Or knit in mystic dance, the Graces fair.]

The wood-land nymphs, and gentle fays, at eve  
Forth from the dripping cave and mossy dell,  
Should round our hearth fantastic measure weave,  
And shield from mischief by their guardian spell.

Come then bright maid, and quit the city throng,  
Have rural joys no charm to win the soul?  
—She proud, alas! derides my lowly song,  
Scorns the fond vow, and spurns the russet stole.

Then Love begone, thy thriftless empire yield,  
In youthful toils I'll lose the unmanly pain:  
With echoing horns I rouse the jocund field,  
Urge the keen chace, and sweep along the plain.

Or all in some lone moss-grown tower sublime  
With midnight lamp I'll watch pale Cynthia round  
Explore the choicest rolls of ancient Time,  
And heal with Wisdom's balm my hapless wound.

Or else I'll roam — Ah no! that sigh profound,  
Tells me that stubborn love disdains to yield;  
Nor flight, nor Wisdom's balm can heal the wound,  
Nor pain forsake me in the jocund field.





# ARION, an ODE.

By Mr. MARRIOT.

## I.

QUEEN of each sacred sound, sweet child of air,  
 Who sitting thron'd upon the vaulted sky,  
 Dost catch the notes which undulating fly,  
 Oft wafted up to thy exalted sphere,  
 On the soft bosom of each rolling cloud,  
     Charming thy list'ning ear  
 With strains that bid the panting lover die;  
 Or laughing mirth, or tender grief inspire,  
     Or with full chorus loud  
 Which lift our holy hope, or fan the hero's fire:  
 Enchanting Harmony, 'tis thine to cheer  
     The soul by woe which sinks oppress'd,  
     From sorrow's eye to wipe the tear,  
 And on the bleeding wound to pour the balmy rest.

## II.

'Twas when the winds were roaring loud,  
 And Ocean swell'd his billows high,  
 By savage hands condemned to die,  
 Rais'd on the stem the trembling Lesbian stood  
 All pale he heard the tempest blow,  
 As on the watry grave below  
     He fix'd his weeping eye.  
 Ah! hateful lust of impious gold,  
 What can thy mighty rage with-hold,  
 Deaf to the melting powers of Harmony!

But

But ere the bard unpitied dies,  
Again his soothing art he tries,  
    Again he sweeps the strings.  
    Slowly sad the notes arise,  
While thus in plaintive sounds the sweet musician sings.

## III.

From beneath the coral cave  
    Circled with the silver wave,  
Where with wreaths of emerald crown'd  
Ye lead the festive dance around,  
Daughters of Venus, hear, and save.  
Ye Tritons, hear, whose blast can swell  
With mighty sounds the twisted shell;  
And you, ye sister Syrens, hear,  
    Ever beauteous, ever sweet,  
Who lull the list'ning pilot's ear  
With magic song, and softly breath'd deceit.  
By all the Gods who subject roll  
From gushing urns their tribute to the main;  
By him who bids the winds to roar,  
By him whose trident shakes the shoar,  
If e'er for you I raise the sacred strain,  
When pious mariners your power adore,  
Daughters of Nereus, here and save.

## IV.

He sung, and from the coral cave,  
    Circled with the silver wave,  
    With pitying ear  
    The Nereids hear.  
Gently the waters flowing,  
The winds now ceas'd their blowing,



Or, if ambition move'd thee, Jove enthral,  
 Brandish his thunder, and direct its fall;  
 Survey thyself, contemplate ev'ry grace  
 Of that sweet form, of that angelic face,  
 Then CLARA say, were those delicious charms  
 Meant for lewd brothels, and rude ruffians arms?  
 No, CLARA, NO! that person, and that mind,  
 Were form'd by nature, and by Heaven design'd  
 For nobler ends; to these return, tho' late,  
 Return to these, and so avert thy fate.  
 Think CLARA, think, (nor will that thought be vain) ?  
 Thy slave, thy HARRY, doom'd to drag his chain  
 Of love, ill-treated and abus'd, that he  
 From more inglorious chains might rescue thee.  
 Thy drooping health restor'd; by his fond care,  
 Once more thy beauty its full lustre wear;  
 Move'd by his love, by his example taught,  
 Soon shall thy soul, once more with virtue fraught,  
 With kind and gen'rous truth thy bosom warm,  
 And thy fair mind, like thy fair person charm.  
 To virtue thus, and to thyself restor'd,  
 By all admir'd, by one alone ador'd.  
 Be to thy HARRY ever kind and true,  
 And live for him, who more than dies for you.





## An ODE to SCULPTURE.

**L**ED by the Muse, my step pervades  
 The sacred haunts, the peaceful shades,  
 Where *Art* and *Sculpture* reign :  
 I see, I see, at their command,  
 The living stones in order stand,  
 And marble breathe thro' ev'ry vein !  
*Time* breaks his hostile scythe ; he sighs  
 To find his power malignant fled ;  
 " And what avails my dart, he cries,  
 " Since these can animate the dead ?  
 " Since wake'd to mimic life, again in stone  
 " The patriot seems to speak, the hero frown ?"  
 There *Virtue's* silent train are seen,  
 Fast fix'd their looks, erect their mien.  
 Lo ! while with more than Stoic soul,  
 The \* *Attic sage* exhausts the bowl,  
 A pale suffusion shades his eyes,  
 'Till by degrees the marble dies !  
 See there the injur'd † *poet* bleed !  
 Ah ! see he droops his languid head !  
 What starting nerves, what dying pain,  
 What horror freezes ev'ry vein !  
 These are thy works, O *Sculpture* ! thine to shew  
 In rugged rock a feeling sense of woe.

\* *Socrates, who was condemned to die by poison.*

† *Seneca, born at Corduba, who, according to Pliny, was orator, poet, and philosopher. He bled to death in the bath.*

Yet



Yet not alone such themes demand  
 The *Phyidian* stroke, the *Dadal* hand;  
     I view with melting eyes  
 A softer scene of grief display'd,  
 While from her breast the duteous maid  
     Her *infant sire* with food supplies.  
 In pitying stone she weeps to see  
     His squalid hair, and galling chains:  
 And trembling, on her bended knee,  
     His hoary head her hand sustains;  
 While ev'ry look, and sorrowing feature prove,  
 How soft her breast, how great her filial love:  
 Lo! there the wild † *Affyrian queen*,  
 With threat'ning brow, and frantic mien!  
 Revenge! Revenge! the marble cries,  
 While fury sparkles in her eyes.  
 Thus was her awful form beheld,  
 When *Babylon's* proud sons rebel'd;  
 She left the woman's vainer care,  
 And flew with loose dishevell'd hair;  
 She stretch'd her hand, imbru'd in blood,  
 While pale Sedition trembling stood;  
 In sudden silence, the mad crowd obey'd  
 Her awful voice, and Stygian Discord fled!  
     With hope, or fear, or love, by turns,  
     The marble leaps, or shrinks, or burns,

† *Semiramis, cum ei circa cultum capitis sui occupata  
 nunciatum esset Babylonem defecisse; altera parte crinium  
 adhuc soluta protinus ad eam expugnandam cucurrit:  
 nec prius decorem capillorum in ordinem quam tantam  
 urbem in potestatem suam redegit: quocirca statua ejus  
 Babylone posita est, &c.* Val. Max. de Ira.

As *Sculpture* waves her hand ;  
 The varying passions of the mind  
 Her faithful handmaids are assign'd,  
 And rise or fall by her command.  
 When now life's wasted lamps expire,  
 When sinks to dust this mortal frame,  
 She, like *Prometheus*, grasps the fire ;  
 Her touch revives the lambent flame ;  
 While, *Phenix*-like, the statesman, bard, or sage,  
 Spring fresh to life, and breathe thro' ev'ry age.  
 Hence, where the organ full and clear,  
 With loud hosannas charms the ear,  
 Behold (a prism within his hands)  
 Absorb'd in thought, great \* *Newton* stands ;  
 Such was his solemn wonted state,  
 His serious brow, and musing gait,  
 When, taught on eagle-wings to fly,  
 He trace'd the wonders of the sky ;  
 The chambers of the sun explor'd,  
 Where tints of thousand hues are stor'd ;  
 Whence ev'ry flower in painted robes is dress'd,  
 And varying *Iris* steals her gaudy vest.  
 Here, as *Devotion*, heavenly queen,  
 Conducts her best, her fav'rite train,  
 At *Newton's* shrine they bow !  
 And while with raptur'd eyes they gaze,  
 With *Virtue's* purest vestal rays,  
 Behold their ardent bosoms glow !

\* A noble statue of Sir Isaac Newton, erected in Trinity-College chapel, by Dr. Smith.

Hail,

Hail, mighty mind! hail, awful name!

I feel inspir'd my lab'ring breast ;  
And lo ! I pant, I burn for fame !

Come, Science, bright ethereal guest,  
Oh come, and lead thy meanest, humblest son,  
Thro' *Wisdom's* arduous paths to fair renown.

Could I to one faint ray aspire,

One spark of that celestial fire,

The leading cynosure, that glow'd

While *Smith* explor'd the dark abode,

Where *Wisdom* sat on *Nature's* shrine,

How great my boast ! what praise were mine !

Illustrious sage! who first could tell

Wherein the powers of *Music* dwell !

And ev'ry magic chain untie,

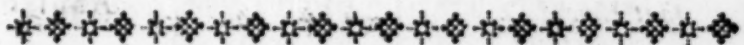
That binds the soul of *Harmony*!

To *thee*, when mould'ring in the dust,

To *thee* shall swell the breathing bust :

Shall here (for this reward thy merits claim)

"Stand next in place to *Newton*, as in fame."



The PLAY-THING changed.

KITTY's charming voice and face,  
Siren-like, first caught my fancy ;

Wit and humour next take place,

And now I doat on sprightly Nancy.

Kitty tunes her pipe in vain,

With airs most languishing and dying ;

**Calls me false ungrateful swain,**

And tries in vain to shoot me flying.

Nancy with resistless art,  
 Always humorous, gay, and witty;  
 Has talk'd herself into my heart,  
 And quite excluded tuneful Kitty.

Ah Kitty! Love, a wanton-boy,  
 Now pleas'd with song, and now with prattle,  
 Still longing for the newest toy,  
 Has change'd his whistle for a rattle.



## The FABLE of JOTHAM:

To the BOROUGH-HUNTERS.

By RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, Esq;

*Jotham's fable of the trees is the oldest that is extant,  
 and as beautiful as any which have been made since  
 that time.* ADDISON.

JUDGES, Chap. ix. ver. 8.

OLD Plumb, who tho' blest in his *Kentish* retreat,  
 Still thrives by his oikhop in *Leadenhall-street*,  
 With a *Portugal* merchant, a knight by creation,  
 From a borough in *Cornwall* receiv'd invitation.  
 Well-assur'd of each vote, well equipt from the alley,  
 In quest of election-adventures they sally.  
 Tho' much they discours'd, the long way to beguile,  
 Of the earthquakes, the Jews, and the change of the stile,  
 Of the Irish, the stocks, and the lott'ry committee,  
 They came silent and tired into *Exeter* city.

" Some

" Some books, prithee landlord, to pass a dull hour ;  
 " No nonsense of parsons, or methodists four,  
 " No poetical stuff—a damn'd jingle of rhimes,  
 " But some pamphlet that's new, and a touch on the times."

" O Lord ! says mine host, you may hunt the town  
 " I question if any such thing can be found : [round,  
 " I never was ask'd for a book by a guest ;  
 " And I'm sure I have all the great folk in the *West*.  
 " None of these to my knowledge e'er call'd for a book ;  
 " But see, Sir, the woman with fish, and the cook ;  
 " Here's the fattest of carp, shall we dress you a brace ?  
 " Would you have any soals, or a mullet, or plaice ?"

" A *place*, quoth the knight, we must have to be sure,  
 " But first let us see that our borough's secure.  
 " We'll talk of the *place* when we've settled the poll :  
 " They may dress us for supper the mullet and soal.  
 " But do you, my good landlord, look over your shelves,  
 " For a book we must have, we're so tir'd of ourselves."

" In troth, Sir, I ne'er had a book in my life,  
 " But the Prayer-book and Bible I bought for my wife."

" Well ! the Bible must do ; but why don't you take in  
 " Some monthly collection ? the New Magazine ?"

The Bible was brought and laid on the table,  
 And open'd at *Jotham's* most apposite fable ;

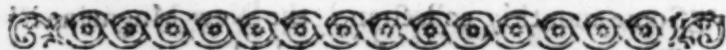
Sir *Freeport* began with this verse, tho' no rhyme—  
 " The trees of the forest went forth on a time,"  
 (To what purpose our candidates scarce could expect,  
 For it was not, they found, to transplant—but EL E C T)  
 " To the olive and fig-tree their deputies came,  
 " But by both were refus'd, and their answer the same :  
 " Quoth the olive, shall I leave my fatness and oil  
 " For an unthankful office, a dignified toil ?

" Shall



" Shall I leave, quoth the fig-tree, my sweetness and fruit,  
 " To be envy'd, or slave'd, in so vain a pursuit?  
 " Thus rebuff'd and surpriz'd they apply'd to the vine,  
 " He answer'd: shall I leave my grapes and my wine,  
 " (Wine the sovereign cordial of god and of man)  
 " To be made or the tool or the head of a clan?  
 " At last, as it always falls out in a scramble,  
 " The mob gave the cry for a bramble! a bramble!  
 " A bramble for ever! O! chance unexpected!  
 " But bramble prevail'd and was duly elected."  
 " O ho! quoth the knight, with a look most profound,  
 " Now I see there's some good *in good books* to be found.  
 " I wish I had read this same Bible before: [score.  
 " Of long miles at the least 'twould have sav'd us four-  
 " You, *Plumb*, with your olives and oil might have staid,  
 " And myself might have tarried my wines to unlade.  
 " What have merchants to do from their business to  
 ramble!  
 " Your electioneer-errant should still be a bramble."

Thus ended at once the wise comment on *Jotham*,  
 And our citizens' jaunt to the borough of *Gotham*.



## THE FAKEER: A TALE.

By the Same.

**A** FAKEER (a religious well known in the East,  
 Not much like a parson, still less like a priest)  
 With no canting, no sly Jesuitical arts,  
 Field-preaching, hypocrisy, learning, or parts;  
 By a happy refinement in mortification,  
 Grew the oracle, saint, and the pope of his nation.

But

But what did he do this esteem to acquire?  
 Did he torture his head or his bosom with fire?  
 Was his neck in a portable pillory case'd?  
 Did he fasten a chain to his leg or his waist?  
 No. His Holiness rose to this sovereign pitch  
 By the merit of running long nails in his breech.

A wealthy young Indian, approaching the shrine,  
 Thus in banter accosts the prophetic divine;  
 This tribute accept for your int'rest with FO,  
 Whom with torture you serve, and whose will you must  
 know;

To your suppliant disclose his immortal decree;  
 Tell me which of the heavens is allotted for me?

FAKEER.

Let me first know your merits.

INDIAN.

I strive to be just:  
 To be true to my friend, to my wife, to my trust:  
 In religion I duly observe ev'ry form:  
 With an heart to my country devoted and warm:  
 I give to the poor, and I lend to the rich——

FAKEER.

But how many nails do you run in your breech?

INDIAN.

With submission I speak to your rev'rence's tail;  
 But mine has no taste for a ten-penny nail.

FAKEER.

Well! I'll pray to our Prophet and get you prefer'd;  
 Tho' no farther expect than to heaven the third.  
 With me in the thirtieth your seat to obtain,  
 You must qualify duly with hunger and pain.

INDIAN.

With you in the thirtieth! you impudent rogue!  
 Can such wretches as you give to madness a vague!

Tho'

Tho' the priesthood of FO on the vulgar-impose,  
 By squinting whole years at the end of their nose,  
 Though with cruel devices of mortification  
 They adore a vain idol of modern creation,  
 Does the God of the heavens such a service direct?  
 Can his mercy approve a self-punishing sect?  
 Will his wisdom be worship'd with chains and with nails?  
 Or e'er look for his rites in your noses and tails?  
 Come along to my house, and these penances leave,  
 Give your belly a feast, and your breech a reprieve.

This reas'ning unhinge'd each fanatical notion;  
 And stagger'd our saint in his chair of promotion.  
 At length with reluctance he rose from his seat:  
 And resigning his nails and his fame for retreat;  
 Two weeks his new life he admir'd and enjoy'd:  
 The third he with plenty and quiet was cloy'd.  
 To live undistinguish'd to him was the pain,  
 An existence unnotic'd he could not sustain.  
 In retirement he sigh'd for the same-giving chair:  
 For the crowd to admire him, to rev'rence and stare:  
 No endearments of pleasure and ease could prevail;  
 He the saintship resume'd, and new-larded his tail.

Our FAKEER represents all the vot'ries of fame;  
 Their ideas, their means, and their end is the same:  
 The sportsman, the buck; all the heroes of vice,  
 With their gallantry, lewdness, the bottle and dice;  
 The poets, the critics, the metaphysicians,  
 The courtier, the patriot, all politicians;  
 The statesman begirt with th' importunate ring,  
 (I had almost compleated my list with the king)  
 All labour alike to illustrate my tale;  
 All tortur'd by choice with th' invisable nail.



## ODE to INDEPENDENCY.

By Mr. MASON.

## I.

**H**ERE, on my native shore reclin'd,  
 While Silence rules this midnight hour,  
 I woo thee, GODDESS. On my musing mind  
 Descend, propitious Power!  
 And bid these ruffling gales of grief subside:  
 Bid my calm'd soul with all thy influence shine;  
 And yon chaste Orb along this ample tide  
 Draws the long lustre of her silver line,  
 While the hush'd breeze its last weak whisper blows,  
 And lulls old HUMBER to his deep repose.

## II.

Come to thy Vet'ry's ardent prayer,  
 In all thy graceful plainness drest;  
 No knot confines thy waving hair,  
 No zone thy floating vest.  
 Unfulfill'd Honour decks thine open brow,  
 And Candour brightens in thy modest eye:  
 Thy blush is warm Content's ethereal glow,  
 Thy smile is Peace; thy step is Liberty:  
 Thou scatter'st blessings round with lavish hand,  
 And Spring with careless fragrance fills the land.

## III. As

## III.

As now o'er this lone beach I stray;  
 Thy \* fav'rite Swain oft stole along,  
 And artless wove his Doric lay,  
 Far from the busy throng.  
 Thou heard'st him, Goddess, strike the tender string,  
 And bad'st his soul with bolder passions move:  
 Strait these responsive shores forgot to ring,  
 With Beauty's praise, or plaint of slighted Love;  
 To loftier flights his daring Genius rose,  
 And led the war, 'gainst thine, and Freedom's foes.

## IV.

Pointed with Satire's keenest steel,  
 The shafts of Wit he darts around;  
 Ev'n † mitred Dulness learns to feel,  
 And shrinks beneath the wound.  
 In awful poverty his honest Muse  
 Walks forth vindictive thro' a venal land:  
 In vain Corruption sheds her golden dews,  
 In vain Oppression lifts her iron hand;  
 He scorns them both, and, arm'd with Truth alone,  
 Bids Lust and Folly tremble on the throne.

## V.

Behold, like him, immortal Maid,  
 The Muses vestal fires I bring:  
 Here at thy feet the sparks I spread;  
 Propitious wave thy wing,  
 And fan them to that dazzling blaze of song,  
 That glares tremendous on the sons of Pride.  
 But hark, methinks I hear her hallow'd tongue!  
 In distant trills it echoes o'er the tide;

\* *Andrew Marvell, born at Kingston upon Hull in the year 1620.*

† *Parker, bishop of Oxford.*

Now



Now meets mine ear with warbles wildly free,  
As swells the Lark's meridian ecstacy.

## VI.

- " Fond Youth ! to MARVELL's patriot fame,  
" Thy humble breast must ne'er aspire,  
" Yet nourish still the lambent flame ;  
" Still strike thy blameless lyre :  
" Led by the moral Muse securely rove ;  
" And all the vernal sweets that vacant Youth  
" Can cull from busy Fancy's fairy grove,  
" O hang their foliage round the fane of Truth :  
" To arts like these devote thy tuneful toil,  
" And meet its fair reward in D'ARCY's smile."

## VII.

- " 'Tis he, my son, alone shall cheer  
" Thy sick'ning soul ; at that sad hour,  
" When o'er a much-lov'd Parent's bier,  
" Thy duteous sorrows shower :  
" At that sad hour, when all thy hopes decline ;  
" When pining Care leads on her pallid train,  
" And sees thee, like the weak, and widow'd Vine,  
" Winding thy blasted tendrils o'er the plain.  
" At that sad hour shall D'ARCY lend his aid,  
" And raise with Friendship's arm thy drooping head.

## VIII.

- " This fragrant wreath, the Muses meed,  
" That bloom'd those vocal shades among,  
" Where never Flatt'ry dare'd to tread,  
" Or Interest's servile throng ;  
" Receive, my favour'd son, at my command,  
" And keep, with sacred care, for D'ARCY's brow :  
" Tell him, 'twas wove by my immortal hand,  
" I breath'd on every flower a purer glow ;

" Say, for thy sake, I send the gift divine

" To him, who calls thee HIS, yet makes thee MINE."



## ODE on MELANCHOLY.

To a FRIEND.

By the Same.

### I.

AH! cease this kind persuasive strain,  
Which, when it flows from Friendship's tongue,  
However weak, however vain,  
O'erpowers beyond the Siren's song:  
Leave me, my friend, indulgent go,  
And let me muse upon my woe.  
Why lure me from these pale retreats?  
Why rob me of these pensive sweets?  
Can Music's voice, can Beauty's eye,  
Can Painting's glowing hand, supply  
A charm so suited to my mind,  
As blows this hollow gust of wind,  
As drops this little weeping rill  
Soft-tinkling down the moss-grown hill,  
Whilst thro' the west, where sinks the crimson Day,  
Meek Twilight slowly fails, and waves her banners grey.

### II.

Say, from Affliction's various source  
Do none but turbid waters flow?  
And cannot Fancy clear their course?  
For Fancy is the friend of Woe.

Say,

Say, mid that grove, in love-lorn state,  
 When yon poor Ringdove mourns her mate,  
 Is all, that meets the shepherd's ear,  
 Inspire'd by anguish, and despair?  
 Ah no, fair Fancy rules the song:  
 She swells her throat; she guides her tongue;  
 She bids the waving Aspin-spray  
 Quiver in Cadence to her lay;  
 She bids the fringed Ofers bow,  
 And rustle round the lake below,  
 To suit the tenor of her gurgling sighs,  
 And sooth her throbbing breast with solemn sympathies.

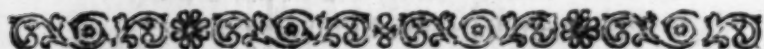
## III.

To thee, whose young and polish'd brow  
 The wrinkling hand of Sorrow spares;  
 Whose cheeks, bestrew'd with roses, know  
 No channel for the tide of tears;  
 To thee yon Abbey dank, and lone,  
 Where Ivy chains each mould'ring stone  
 That nods o'er many a Martyr's tomb,  
 May cast a formidable gloom.  
 Yet some there are, who, free from fear,  
 Could wander thro' the cloysters drear,  
 Could rove each desolated isle,  
 Tho' midnight thunders shook the pile;  
 And dauntless view, or seem to view,  
 (As faintly flash the lightnings blue)  
 Thin shiv'ring ghosts from yawning charnels throng,  
 And glance with silent sweep the shaggy vaults along.

## IV.

But such terrific charms as these,  
 I ask not yet: My sober mind  
 The fainter forms of sadness please;  
 My sorrows are of softer kind.

Thro' this still valley let me stray,  
 Wrapt in some strain of pensive GRAY:  
 Whose lofty Genius bears along  
 The conscious dignity of song;  
 And, scorning from the sacred store  
 To waste a note on pride, or power,  
 Roves, when the glimmering twilight glooms,  
 And warbles 'mid the rustic tombs:  
 He too perchance (for well I know  
 His heart would melt with friendly woe),  
 He too perchance, when these poor limbs are laid,  
 Will heave one tuneful sigh, and sooth my hov'ring  
 Shade.



O . D E.

By Mr. GRAY.

ΦΩΝΑΝΤΑ ΞΥΝΕΤΟΙΣΙ—

PINDAR, Olymp. II.

I. I.

**A**WAKE, Æolian lyre, awake  
 And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.  
 From Helicon's harmonious springs  
 A thousand rills their mazy progress take:  
 The laughing flowers, that round them blow,  
 Drink life and fragrance as they flow.  
 Now the rich stream of music winds along  
 Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,  
 Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:  
 Now rowling down the sleep amain,

Headlong,

Headlong, impetuous, see it pour !  
The rocks, and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

## I. 2.

Oh ! Sovereign of the willing soul,  
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,  
Enchanting shell ! the fullen Cares,  
And frantic Passions hear thy soft controul.  
On Thracia's hills the Lord of war,  
Has curb'd the fury of his car,  
And drop'd his thirsty lance at thy command.  
Perching on the scepter'd hand  
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king  
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing :  
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie  
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

## I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,  
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.  
O'er Idalia's velvet-green  
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen  
On Cytherea's day,  
With antic Sports, and blue-eyed Pleasures,  
Frisking light in frolic measures ;  
Now pursuing, now retreating,  
Now in circling troops they meet :  
To brisk notes in cadence beating  
Glance their many-twinkling feet.  
Slow-melting strains their Queen's approach declare :  
Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay.  
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,  
In gliding state she wins her easy way :  
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move  
The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love.



## II. 1.

Man's feeble race what ills await,  
 Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,  
 Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,  
 And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!  
 The fond complaint, my song, disprove,  
 And justify the laws of Jove.  
 Say, has he giv'n in vain the heavenly Muse?  
 Night, and all her sickly dews,  
 Her Spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,  
 He gives to range the dreary sky:  
 'Till down the eastern cliffs afar  
 Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of war.

## II. 2.

In climes beyond the solar road,  
 Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,  
 The Muse has broke the twilight gloom  
 To cheer the shiv'ring native's dull abode.  
 And oft, beneath the od'rous shade  
 Of Chili's boundless forests laid,  
 She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,  
 In loose numbers wildly sweet,  
 Their feather-cinctur'd Chiefs, and dusky Loves.  
 Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,  
 Glory pursue, and generous Shame,  
 Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

## II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's sleep,  
 Isles, that crown th' Egæan deep,  
 Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,  
 Or where Mæander's amber waves  
 In lingering lab'rins creep,

How

How do your tuneful Echoes languish,  
 Mute, but to the voice of Anguish!  
 Where each old poetic mountain  
 Inspiration breath'd around;  
 Ev'ry shade and hallow'd fountain  
 Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:  
 'Till the sad Nine in Greece's evil hour  
 Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.  
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,  
 And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.  
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,  
 They fought, O Albion! next, thy sea-encircled coast.

## III. 1.

Far from the fun and summer-gale,  
 In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,  
 What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,  
 To him the mighty mother did unveil  
 Her awful face: The dauntless child  
 Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.  
 This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear  
 Richly paint the vernal year:  
 Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy!  
 This can unlock the gates of Joy;  
 Of Horror that, and thrilling fears,  
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.

## III. 2.

Nor second he, that rode sublime  
 Upon the seraph-wings of Extasy,  
 The secrets of th' Abyss to spy.  
 He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time:  
 The living throne, the sapphire blaze,  
 Where angels tremble while they gaze,

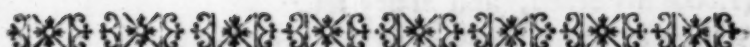
He

He saw ; but blasted with excess of light,  
 Clos'd his eyes in endless night.  
 Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,  
 Wide o'er the fields of glory bear  
 Two courfers of ethereal race, [pace.  
 With necks in thunder cloath'd, and long-resounding

## III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore !  
 Bright-ey'd Fancy hovering o'er  
 Scatters from her pictur'd urn  
 Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,  
 But ah ! 'tis heard no more——  
 Oh ! lyre divine, what daring spirit  
 Wakes thee now ? tho' he inherit  
 Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,  
 That the Theban-eagle bear  
 Sailing with supreme dominion  
 Thro' the azure deep of air :  
 Yet oft before his infant eyes would run  
 Such forms, as glitter in the Muse's ray  
 With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun :  
 Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way  
 Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,  
 Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great.





## O D E. \*

By the fame.

I. 1.

' R UIN seize thee, ruthless King !  
 ' Confusion on thy banners wait,  
 ' Tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing  
 ' They mock the air with idle state.  
 ' Helm, nor Hauberk's twisted mail,  
 ' Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail  
 ' To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,  
 ' From Cambria's curse, from Crambria's tears !'  
 Such were the sounds, that o'er the crested pride  
 Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,  
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side  
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.  
 Stout Gloster stood aghast in speechless trance :  
 To arms ! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'ring  
 lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow  
 Frown's o'er old Conway's foaming flood,  
 Robed in the sable garb of woe,  
 With haggard eyes the Poet stood ;

\* *The above Ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that EDWARD the First, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards, that fell into his hands, to be put to death.*

(Loose

(Loose his beard, and hoary hair  
 Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)  
 And with a Master's hand, and Prophet's fire,  
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.  
 ' Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,  
 ' Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath !  
 ' O'er thee, oh King ! their hundred arms they wave,  
 ' Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe ;  
 ' Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,  
 ' To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

## I. 3.

' Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,  
 ' That hush'd the stormy main :  
 ' Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :  
 ' Mountains, ye mourn in vain.  
 ' Modred, whose magic song  
 ' Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top'd head.  
 ' On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,  
 ' Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale :  
 ' Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail ;  
 ' The famish'd Eagle screams, and passes by.  
 ' Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,  
 ' Dear, as the light, that visits these sad eyes,  
 ' Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,  
 ' Ye died amidst your dying country's cries——  
 ' No more I weep. They do not sleep.  
 ' On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,  
 ' I see them sit, they linger yet,  
 ' Avengers of their native land :  
 ' With me in dreadful harmony they join,  
 ' And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.



## II. 1.

- " Weave the warp, and weave the woof,  
 " The winding-sheet of Edward's race,  
 " Give ample room, and verge enough  
 " The characters of hell to trace.  
 " Mark the year, and mark the night,  
 " When Severn shall re-echo with affright  
 " The shrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roofs that ring,  
 " Shrieks of an agonizing King!  
 " She-Wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,  
 " That tear't the bowels of thy mangled Mate,  
 " From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs  
 " The scourge of Heaven. What terrors round him  
     " wait!  
 " Amazement in his van, with Flight combin'd,  
 " And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

## II. 2.

- " Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,  
 " Low on his funeral couch he lies!  
 " No pitying heart, no eye afford  
 " A tear to grace his obsequies.  
 " Is the fable Warriour fled?  
 " Thy son is gone. He rests among the Dead.  
 " The Swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were born?  
 " Gone to salute the rising Morn.  
 " Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows,  
 " While proudly riding o'er the azure realm  
 " In gallant trim the gilded Vessel goes;  
 " Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;  
 " Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,  
 " That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening-  
     " prey.

## II. 3.

- “ \* Fill high the sparkling-bowl,  
 “ The rich repast prepare,  
 “ Rest of a crown, he yet may share the feast :  
 “ Close by the regal chair  
 “ Fell Thirst and Famine scowl  
 “ A baleful smile upon their baffled Guest.  
 “ Heard ye the din of battle bray ?  
 “ Lance to lance, and horse to horse ?  
 “ Long Years of havock urge their destined course,  
 “ And thro’ the kindred squadrons mow their way.  
 “ Ye Towers of Julius, London’s lasting shame,  
 “ With many a foul and midnight murder fed,  
 “ Revere his Consort’s faith, his Father’s fame,  
 “ And spare the meek Usurper’s holy head.  
 “ Above, below, the rose of snow,  
 “ Twined with her blushing foe, we spread :  
 “ The bristled Boar in infant-gore  
 “ Wallows beneath the thorny shade.  
 “ Now, Brothers, bending o’er th’ accursed loom,  
 “ Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

## III. 1.

- “ Edward, lo ! to sudden fate  
 “ (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun)  
 “ Half † of thy heart we consecrate.  
 “ (The web is wove. The work is done.)”

\* *Richard the Second, (as we are told by Archbishop Scroop, Thomas of Walsingham, and all the older writers,) was starved to death. The story of his assassination by Sir Piers of Exon, is of much later date.*

† *Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her Lord is well known. The monuments of his regret, and sorrow for the loss of her, are still to be seen in several parts of England.*

‘ Stay,

- ‘ Stay, oh stay ! nor thus forlorn  
 ‘ Leave me unblest’d, unpitied, here to mourn :  
 ‘ In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,  
 ‘ They melt, they vanish from my eyes.  
 ‘ But oh ! what solemn scenes on Snowdon’s height  
 ‘ Descending slow their glitt’ring skirts unroll ?  
 ‘ Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,  
 ‘ Ye unborn Ages, crowd not on my soul !  
 ‘ No more our long lost Arthur we bewail.  
 ‘ All-hail \*, ye genuine Kings, Britannia’s Issue hail !

## III. 2.

- ‘ Girt with many a Baron bold,  
 ‘ Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;  
 ‘ And gorgeous Dames, and Statesmen old  
 ‘ In bearded majesty, appear.  
 ‘ In the midst a Form divine !  
 ‘ Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line ;  
 ‘ Her lyon-port, her awe-commanding face,  
 ‘ Attemper’d sweet to virgin-grace.  
 ‘ What strings symphonious tremble in the air,  
 ‘ What strains of vocal transport round her play !  
 ‘ Hear from the grave, great Talieffin †, hear ;  
 ‘ They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.  
 ‘ Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,  
 ‘ Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-colour’d wings.

\* *Accession of the line of Tudor,*  
 † *Talieffin, Chief of the Bards, flourished in the sixth Century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his Countrymen.*

## III. 3.

- The verse adorn again
- Fierce War, and faithful Love,
- And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction dress'd.
- In buskin'd measures move
- Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
- With Horror, Tyrant of the throbbing breast.
- A Voice, as of the Cherub-Choir,
- Gales from blooming Eden bear ;
- And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
- That lost in long futurity expire.
- Fond impious Man, think'tt thou yon sanguine cloud,
- Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day ?
- To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
- And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
- Enough for me : With joy I see
- The different doom our Fates assign.
- Be thine Despair, and scepter'd Care,
- To triumph, and to die are mine.'

He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height  
 Deep in the roaring tide he plunge'd to endless night.





## S O N G,

By Lord LYTTLETON.

Written in the Year 1732.

## I.

W<sup>H</sup>EN DELIA on the plain appears,  
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,  
I would approach, but dare not move;  
Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love?

## II.

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear  
No other voice but her's can hear,  
No other wit but her's approve;  
Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love?

## III.

If she some other youth commend,  
Though I was once his fondest friend,  
His instant enemy I prove;  
Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love?

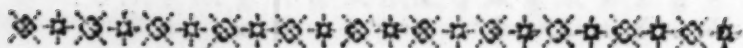
## IV.

When she is absent, I no more  
Delight in all that pleas'd before,  
The clearest spring, or shadiest grove;  
Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love?

## V.

When fond of power, of beauty vain,  
Her nets she spread for every swain,  
I strove to hate, but vainly strove;  
Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love?





# An EPISTLE to a LADY.

By ——— Esq.

**C**Larinda, dearly lov'd, attend,  
 The counsels of a faithful friend ;  
 Who with the warmest wishes fraught,  
 Feels all, at least, that friendship ought to  
 But since by ruling Heaven's design,  
 Another's fate shall influence thine ;  
 O ! may these lines for him prepare  
 A bliss, which I would die to share !

Man may for wealth or glory roam,  
 But woman must be blest at home ;  
 To this should all her studies tend,  
 This her great object and her end.  
 Dislike unmingled pleasures bring,  
 And use can blunt Affliction's sting ;  
 Hence perfect bliss no mortals know,  
 And few are plunge'd in utter woe ;  
 While nature arm'd against despair,  
 Gives power to mend, or strength to bear ;  
 And half the thought content may gain,  
 Which Spleen employs to purchase pain.

Trace not the fair domestic plan,  
 From what you would, but what you can !  
 Nor, peevish, spurn the scanty store,  
 Because you think you merit more !  
 Bliss ever differs in degree,  
 Thy share alone is meant for thee ;

And

And thou should'st think, however small,  
 That share enough, for 'tis thy all :  
 Vain scorn will aggravate distress,  
 And only make that little less.  
 Admit whatever trifles come,  
 Units compose the largest sum :  
 O! tell them o'er, and say how vain  
 Are those which form ambition's train :  
 Which swell the monarch's gorgeous state,  
 And bribe to ill the guilty great !  
 But thou more blest, more wise than these,  
 Shalt build up happiness on ease.

Hail sweet Content ! where joy serene  
 Gilds the mild soul's unruffled scene ;  
 And with blith Fancy's pencil wrought,  
 Spreads the white web of flowing thought ;  
 Shines lovely in the cheerful face,  
 And cloaths each charm with native grace ;  
 Effusion pure of bliss sincere,  
 A vestment for a god to wear.

Far other ornaments compose  
 The garb that shrouds dissembled woes,  
 Piece'd out with motely dies and forts,  
 Freaks, whimsies, festivals, and sports ;  
 The troubled mind's fantastic dress,  
 Which madness titles happiness.  
 While the gay wretch to revels bears  
 The pale remains of sighs and tears ;  
 And seeks in crowds, like her undone,  
 What only can be found in one.

But, chief, my gentle friend ! remove  
 Far from thy couch seducing love !  
 O ! shun the false magician's art,  
 Nor trust thy yet unguarded heart !

Charm'd by his spells fair honour flies,  
 And thousand treach'rous phantoms rise:  
 Where guilt in beauty's ray beguiles,  
 And ruin lurks in friendship's smiles.  
 Lo! where th' enchanted captive dreams  
 Of warbling groves, and purling streams;  
 Of painted meads, of flowers that shed  
 Their odours round her fragrant bed.  
 Quick shifts the scene, the charm is lost,  
 She wakes upon a desert coast!  
 No friendly hand to lend its aid,  
 No guardlan bower to spread its shade;  
 Expos'd to ev'ry chilling blast,  
 She treads th' inhospitable waste;  
 And down the drear decline of life,  
 Sinks a forlorn, dishonour'd wife.

Neglect not thou the voice of Fame,  
 But clear from crime, be free from blame!  
 Tho' all were innocent within,  
 'Tis guilt to wear the garb of sin.  
 Virtue reject the foul disguise:  
 None merit praise who praise despise.

Slight not, in supercilious strain,  
 Long-practis'd modes, as low or vain!  
 The world will vindicate their cause,  
 And claim blind faith in custom's laws.  
 Safer with multitudes to stray,  
 Than tread alone a fairer way;  
 To mingle with the erring throng,  
 Than boldly speak ten millions wrong.

Beware of the relentless train  
 Who forms adore, whom forms maintain!  
 Lest prudes demure, or coxcombs loud,  
 Accuse thee to the partial crowd;

Foes who the laws of honour slight,  
 A judge who measures guilt by spite,  
 Behold the sage Aurelia stand,  
 Disgrace and Fame at her command !  
 As if Heaven's delegate design'd,  
 Sole arbiter of all her kind,  
 Whether she try some favour'd piece,  
 By rules devis'd in ancient Greece ;  
 Or whether modern in her flight,  
 She tells what Paris thinks polite.  
 For much her talents to advance,  
 She study'd Greece and travel'd France.  
 There learn'd the happy art to please,  
 With all the charms of labour'd ease ;  
 Thro' looks and nods with meaning fraught,  
 To teach what she was never taught.

By her each latent spring is seen,  
 The workings foul of secret spleen ;  
 The guilt that sculks in fair pretence,  
 Or folly veil'd in specious sense.  
 And much her righteous spirit grieves,  
 When worthlessness the world deceives ;  
 Whether the erring crowd commends  
 Some patriot sway'd by private ends ;  
 Or husband trust a faithless wife,  
 Secure in ignorance from strife.  
 Averse she brings their deeds to view,  
 But justice claims the rig'rous due ;  
 Humanely anxious to produce  
 At least some possible excuse.  
 O ne'er may Virtue's dire disgrace,  
 Prepare a triumph for the base !

Mere forms the fool implicit sway,  
 Which wtlings with contempt sarvey.

Blind

Blind folly no defect can see,  
 Half wisdom views but one degree;  
 The wise remoter uses reach,  
 Which judgement and experience teach.

Whoever would be pleas'd and please,  
 Must do what others do with ease.  
 Great precept undefin'd by rule,  
 And only learn'd in Custom's school;  
 To no peculiar form confin'd,  
 It spreads thro' all the human kind;  
 Beauty and wit and worth supplies,  
 Yet graceful in the good and wise.  
 Rich with this gift and none beside,  
 In fashion's stream how many glide?  
 Secure from ev'ry mental woe,  
 From treach'rous friend or open foe;  
 From social sympathy that shares  
 The public loss or private cares:  
 Whether the barb'rous foe invade,  
 Or merit pine in fortune's shade.

Hence gentle Anna ever gay,  
 The same to-morrow as to-day;  
 Save where, perchance, when others weep,  
 Her cheek the decent sorrow sleep;  
 Save when perhaps a melting tale,  
 O'er ev'ry tender breast prevail.  
 The good, the bad, the great, the small,  
 She likes, she loves, she honours all,  
 And yet if stand'rous malice blame,  
 Patient she yields a sister's fame.  
 Alike of Satire or of Praise,  
 She says whate'er the circle says;  
 Implicit does whate'er we do,  
 Without one point or wish in view,

Sure



Sure test of others, faithful glass  
Thro' which the various phantoms pass.  
Wide blank, unfeeling when alone,  
No care, no joy, no thought her own.

Not thus succeeds the peerless dame,  
Who looks, and talks, and acts for fame;  
Intent, so wide her cares extend,  
To make the universe her friend.  
Now with the gay in frolics shines,  
Now reasons deep with deep divines.  
With courtiers now extols the great,  
With patriots sighs o'er Britain's fate.  
Now breathes with zealots holy fires,  
Now melts in less refin'd desires.  
Doom'd to exceed in each degree,  
Too wise, too weak, too proud, too free,  
Too various for one single word,  
The high sublime of deep absurd.  
While ev'ry talent nature grants,  
Just serves to shew how much she wants.

Altho' in ——— combine  
The virtues of our sex and thine:  
Her hand restrains the widow's tears,  
Her sense informs, and soothes and cheers;  
Yet like an angel in disguise,  
She shines but to some favour'd eyes;  
Nor is the distant herd allow'd  
To view the radiance thro' the cloud.

But thine is every winning art,  
Thine is the friendly honest heart:  
And should the gen'rous spirit flow,  
Beyond where prudence fears to go;  
Such sallies are of nobler kind,  
Than virtues of a narrow mind.



ODE, wrote on the Birth of Miss M. H. G.

By Miss E. K.

I.

**H**AIL lovely Babe ! to thee at length is giv'n  
 To view the gladsome light of Heaven :  
 That sacred light, by whose propitious aid,  
 Hereafter, thine enraptur'd eyes  
 Shall see in order fair display'd,  
 Each beauty of the earth, each wonder of the skies.

II.

Lovely stranger, hail !  
 But ah, thou seemest to bewail  
 Thine entrance on this mighty stage;  
 Thou shrinkest from the chilly air,  
 Unconscious of the scenes of good and fair.  
 Alas too many of maturer age,  
 Like thee, perceive alone  
 The hardships in their fate :  
 To them remains unknown  
 The blessings, the delights, attendant on their state.

III.

Yet shall thy future days  
 Proclaim thee wiser far than these,  
 If (scorning the restrictions vain  
 Which would our Sex deter  
 From mingling with \* SOPHIA's honour'd train,  
 And bound us in a mean, a narrow sphere;)

\* *Wisdom.*

Thou

Thou nobly dar'st infringe those hateful rules,  
Which pedantry prescribes to weak complying fools.

## IV.

Not Prejudice's most illiberal child,  
Presumeth to avow a thought so wild  
As this, "That Heaven has not conjoin'd,  
"To *woman's* frame a reasoning mind."  
And who but God may bound  
Th' excursions of a gen'rous soul,  
When conscious of its powers, from pole to pole  
It rapid darts; and thro' creation's round  
The haunts of truth explores: or else ascends  
On keen Imagination's vig'rous wings,  
To view the possibilities of things?  
And lo, Divine Effulgence strikes its gaze!  
At once its wand'ring ends:  
No vulgar object now can check its aims;  
The Sire, the source of all, its whole attention claims.

## V.

Bigotted worshippers of custom say;  
Is it indeed a crime,  
By Science and by Fancy's aid to climb  
The elevated, yet delightful road,  
Which leads direct to God!  
And did the Deity display  
Such gracious skill in forming human-kind,  
Yet to employ the female breast  
No higher cares assign'd,  
Than how to dress the fleece, or regulate the feast?

## VI.

## VI.

Nor do I in my Sex's name assert,  
 That Woman's time and thought  
 Should be in study *wholly* spent:  
 For sure it profits naught  
 Even, *Plato like*, to reason or refine;  
 If in a solitude unsocial pent,  
 We fail to execute one good design.  
 Or if when in the busy world we dwell,  
 We strive not to excel  
 In the performance of our proper part.

## VII.

But genuine Wisdom never can produce  
 A disregard of action: She inspires  
 No impious desires;  
 Such as the wish to live for self alone.  
 She prompts not to dispise  
 Whate'er can be of use  
 To others real interest, or our own.  
 She strengthens Kindred's ties;  
 And teaches us know  
 What duties or from Sex, or situation flow.

## VIII.

Maria, such is that exalted friend,  
 I to thy future love would recommend,  
 Guided by her, thro' boundless space,  
 Unerring may'st thou range  
 Where worlds on worlds, in order bright,  
 Shall burst upon thy sight.  
 Nor *seldom* shall thy wond'ring eye  
 Discern a present Deity.

“ But

" But why" (I hear her cry) " should we estrange  
 " Our views from earth ; the allated sphere  
 " Of human-kind ? with greater ease ye trace  
 " The fair effects of heavenly sapience there :  
 " While scenes all glorious and immense,  
 " Like these we *now* behold, oppress the dazzled sense.

## IX.

" Yes ; to well-instructed thought,  
 " With endless beauties earth is traught.  
 " And could thy mental eye behold,  
 " The globe, at one astonishing survey,  
 " Thou shouldst pronounce it good :  
 " As did th' Omniscient of old,  
 " When with complacency he view'd,  
 " The lovely future scene which in idea lay.

## X.

" Nor murmur thou that for a purpose wise,  
 " Knowledge so vast to thee thy God denies.  
 " Whate'er concerns thy present state,  
 " The Almighty's delegate  
 " Conscience ; that teacher soul-enshrin'd,  
 " Shall dictate to thy mind.  
 " Conscience shall aid thee with a force divine,  
 " In all the moral offices of life ;  
 " And give thee in each character to shine,  
 " As citizen, as daughter, friend, or wife.  
 " And when th' appointed time shall come  
 " Which lays thy body in the tomb,  
 " I, Wisdom, will attend thy latest breath,  
 " And be thy nobler parts companion after death.





# The COMPLAINT. An ELEGY.

By J——. H——.

**O**H Albion! fam'd for arts, in arms renown'd,  
Where ev'ry grace once rear'd its lovely head,  
Where are thy ancient virtues to be found?  
Say to what clime is thy Astræa fled?

While Rapine stalks gigantic thro' thy streets,  
And madd'ning Lust, whose sacrilegious hand,  
With violation taints whate'er it meets,  
And spreads disorders o'er a groaning land.

Illustrious youths! ye great ones of the earth,  
For whom fair Science opes her mystic page,  
How can ye stain the mead of laurel'd worth,  
By foul pollution, and adult'rous rage?

Say, can the guilty pleasures of an hour,  
Too dearly bought; and, ah! as quickly fled,  
Make you forget what's due to Virtue's power,  
Or what to Nature, and the genial bed?

The speaking eye, the soul-inchanting grace,  
Which fed desire, and charm'd the ravish'd sight;  
Say, can desire itself so foul deface,  
And change to horror scenes of soft delight?

See where the lovely, desolated maid,  
Sits sadly sighing to the midnight air,  
To Heaven complains of easy faith betray'd,  
And beats her breast, the seat of black despair.

Or, ah ! more horrid, frantic all, and wild,  
Cruel, perhaps, her offspring she destroys ;  
And, impious dooms to death her guiltless child,  
The hapless victim of unhallow'd joys !

Alas for mercy ! where is pity shown ;  
If scenes like these can fail to draw a tear,  
From such as Virtue's lore have ever known,  
Or prov'd the raptures of a love sincere ?

In other parts, as wanton wishes guide,  
The giddy youths seek out the harlot's train,  
Sink on their breasts, their blandishments abide,  
And with short pleasure purchase lasting pain.

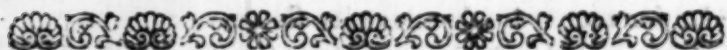
Hence cold indiff'rence damps your marriage joys ;  
Hence dire disease infects the boiling blood,  
Cuts short the thread of life, fair health destroys,  
And with black poison taints the vital flood.

By foul debauch, and lust adult'rous driv'n,  
See weeping Hymen quits this once-lov'd shore,  
Inverts his blessings, takes his flight to heaven,  
And for your children lights his torch no more.

Ah ! yet recal him, and his stay insure :—  
Pursue not Virtue to her last retreat,  
The breast of beauty :— shun the harlot's lure,  
Whose ways are mis'ry, and her paths deceit.

So may the fair still smile upon your youth,  
 Twine myrtle wreaths your laurel'd brows to grace,  
 Still meet your faithful vows with love and truth,  
 And crown your blessings with a virtuous race.

Where bliss like this the laughing hours employ,  
 Still shall life's landscape shine serenely bright,  
 While Wisdom's self shall sanctify your joys,  
 And conscious worth inhance each dear light.



T H E  
 TOMB of SHAKESPEAR,  
 A V I S I O N.

By JOHN GILBERT COOPER, Esq.

WHAT time the jocund rosy-bosom'd Hours  
 Led forth the train of Phœbus and the Spring,  
 And Zephyr mild profusely scatter'd flowers  
 On Earth's green mantle from his musky wing,

The Morn unbarr'd th' ambrosial gates of light,  
 Westward the raven-pinion'd Darkness flew,  
 The landscape smil'd in vernal beauty bright,  
 And to their graves the sullen ghosts withdrew:

The nightingale no longer swell'd her throat  
 With love-lorn plainings tremulous and slow,  
 And on the wings of Silence ceas'd to float  
 The gurgling notes of her melodious woe:

The

The god of sleep mysterious visions led  
 In gay procession 'fore the mental eye,  
 And my freed soul a while her mansion fled,  
 To try her plumes for immortality.

Thro' fields of air, methought, I took my flight,  
 Thro' ev'ry clime, o'er ev'ry region pass'd,  
 No paradise or ruin 'scap'd my sight,  
 Hesperian garden, or Cimmerian waste.

On Avon's banks I lit, whose streams appear [tomb,  
 To wind with eddies fond round SHAKESPEAR'S  
 The year's first feath'ry songsters warble near,  
 And vi'lets breathe, and earliest roses bloom.

Here Fancy sat, (her dewy fingers cold  
 Decking with flowerets fresh th' unfulfilled sod,)  
 And bath'd with tears the sad supulchral mould,  
 Her fav'rite offspring's long and last abode.

Ah! what avails, she cry'd, a poet's name?  
 Ah! what avails th' immortalizing breath,  
 To snatch from dumb Oblivion other's fame?  
 My darling child here lies a prey to death!

Let gentle OTWAY, white-rob'd Pity's priest,  
 From grief domestic teach the tears to flow,—  
 Or SOUTHERN captivate th' impassion'd breast  
 With heart-felt sighs, and sympathy of woe.

For not to these *his* genius was confin'd,  
 Nature and I each tuneful power had given,  
 Poetic transports of the madding mind,  
 And the wing'd words that waft the soul to heaven.

The fiery glance of th' intellectual eye;  
 Piercing all objects of creation's store,  
 Which on this world's extended surface lie;  
 And plastic thought that still created more.

O grant, with eager rapture I reply'd,  
 Grant me, great goddess of the changeful eye;  
 To view each being in poetic pride,  
 To whom thy son gave immortality.

Sweet FANCY smil'd, and wav'd her mystic rod,  
 When strait these visions felt her powerful arm,  
 And one by one succeeded at her nod,  
 As vassal sprites obey the wizard's charm.

First a celestial form \* (of azure hue  
 Whose mantle, bound with brede ætherial, flow'd  
 To each soft breeze its balmy breath that drew)  
 Swift down the sun-beams of the noon-tide rode.

Obedient to the necromatic sway  
 Of an old sage to solitude resign'd;  
 With fenny vapours he obscur'd the day,  
 Launch'd the long lightning, and let loose the wind.

He whirl'd the tempest thro' the howling air,  
 Rattled the dreadful thunderclap on high,  
 And rais'd a roaring elemental war  
 Betwixt the sea-green waves and azure sky.

'Then, like heaven's mild ambassador of love  
 To man repentant, bad the tumult cease,  
 Smooth'd the blue bosom of the realms above,  
 And hush'd the rebel elements to peace.

\* *Ariel in the Tempest.*

Unlike



Unlike to this in spirit or in mien  
 Another form \* succeeded to my view;  
 A two-legg'd brute which Nature made in spleen,  
 Or from the loathing womb unfinish'd drew.

Scarce could he syllable the curse he thought,  
 Prone were his eyes to earth, his mind to evil,  
 A carnal fiend to imperfection wrought,  
 The mongrel offspring of a witch and devil.

Next bloom'd, upon an ancient forest's bound,  
 The flow'ry margin † of a silent stream,  
 O'er-arch'd by oaks with ivy mantled round,  
 And gilt by silver Cynthia's maiden beam.

On the green carpet of th' unbended grass,  
 A dapper train of female fairies play'd,  
 And ey'd their gambols in the watry glass,  
 That smoothly stole along the shad'wy glade.

Thro' these the queen Titania pass'd ador'd,  
 Mounted aloft in her imperial car,  
 Journeying to see great Oberon her lord  
 Wave the mock battles of a sportive war.

Arm'd cap-a-pee forth march'd the fairy king,  
 A stouter warrior never took the field,  
 His threat'ning lance a hornet's horrid sting,  
 The sharded beetle's scale his sable shield.

\* *Caliban in the Tempest.*

† *Fairy land from the Midsummer-night's Dream.*

Around their chief the elfin host appear'd,  
 Each little helmet sparkled like a star,  
 And their sharp spears in pierceless phalanx rear'd,  
 A grove of thistles, glitter'd in the air.

The scene then change'd, from this romantic land,  
 To a bleak waste by bound'ry unconfin'd,  
 Where three swart sisters \* of the *weird* band  
 Were mutt'ring curses to the troublous wind.

Pale Want had wither'd every furrow'd face,  
 Bow'd was each carcase with the weight of years,  
 And each sunk eye-ball from its hollow case  
 Distill'd cold rheum's involuntary tears.

Hors'd on three staves they posted to the bourn  
 Of a drear island, where the pendent brow  
 Of a rough rock, shagg'd horribly with thorn,  
 Frown'd on the boist'rous waves which rage'd below.

Deep in a gloomy grot remote from day,  
 Where smiling Comfort never shew'd her face,  
 Where light ne'er enter'd, save one rueful ray  
 Discov'ring all the terrors of the place,

They held damn'd myst'ries with infernal state,  
 Whilst ghastly spectres glided slowly by,  
 The screech-owl scream'd the dying call of fate,  
 And ravens croak'd their baleful augury.

No human footstep cheer'd the dread abode,  
 Nor sign of living creature could be seen,  
 Save where the reptile snake, or sullen toad,  
 The murky floor had soil'd with venom green.

\* *The witches in Macbeth.*

Sudden

Sudden I heard the whirlwind's hollow sound,  
Each *weird* sister vanish'd into smoke.  
Now a dire yell of spirits \* under ground  
Thro' troubled earth's wide yawning surface broke ;

When lo ! each injur'd apparition rose ;  
Aghast the murd'rer started from his bed ;  
Guilt's trembling breath his heart's red current froze,  
And Horror's dew-drops bath'd his frantic head.

More had I seen—but now the God of day  
O'er earth's broad breast his flood of light had spread,  
When Morpheus call'd his fickle dreams away,  
And on *their* wings each bright illusion fled.

Yet still the dear Enchantress of the brain  
My waking eyes with wishful wand'rings sought,  
Whose magic will controuls the' ideal train,  
The ever-restless progeny of Thought.

Sweet Power, I said, for others gild the ray  
Of Wealth, or Honour's folly-feather'd crown,  
Or lead the madding multitude astray  
To grasp at air-blown bubbles of renown.

Me (humbler lot!) let blameless bliss engage,  
Free from the noble mob's ambitious strife,  
Free from the muck-worm miser's lucrous rage,  
In calm Contentment's cottage'd vale of life.

If frailties there (for who from them is free?)  
Thro' Errour's maze my devious footsteps lead,  
Let them be frailties of humanity,  
And my heart plead the pardon of my head.

\* *Ghosts in Macbeth, Richard III. &c.*

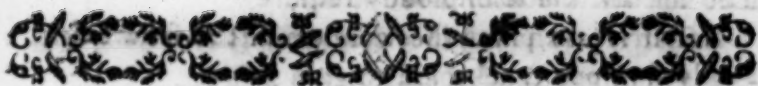
Let not my reason impiously require  
What Heaven has plac'd beyond its narrow span,  
But teach it to subdue each fierce desire,  
Which wars within its own small empire, Man.

Teach me, what all believe but few possess,  
That life's best science is ourselves to know,  
The first of human blessings is to bless,  
And happiest he who feels another's woe.

Thus cheaply wise, and innocently great,  
While Time's smooth sand shall regularly pass,  
Each destin'd atom's quiet course I'll wait,  
Nor rashly break, nor wish to stop the glass.

And when in death my peaceful ashes lie,  
If e'er some tongue congenial speaks my name,  
Friendship shall never blush to breathe a sigh,  
And great ones envy such an honest fame.





# LOVE-ELEGIES,

By Mr. HAMMOND.

Written in the year 1732.

## ELEGY I.

*On his falling in love with NÆRA.*

**F**arewell that liberty our fathers gave ;  
 In vain they gave, their sons receiv'd in vain :  
 I saw NÆRA, and her instant slave,  
 Tho' born a BRITON, hugg'd the servile chain

Her usage well repays my coward heart ;  
 Meanly she triumphs in her lover's shame ;  
 No healing joy relieves his constant smart,  
 No smile of love rewards the loss of fame.

Oh, that to feel these killing pangs no more,  
 On SCYTHIAN hills I lay a senseless stone !  
 Was fix'd a rock amidst the wat'ry roar,  
 And in the vast ATLANTIC stood alone !

Adieu, ye Muses, or my passion aid ;  
 Why should I loiter by your idle spring ?  
 My humble voice would move one only maid,  
 And she contemns the trifles which I sing.

I do



I do not ask the lofty EPIC strain,  
Nor strive to paint the wonders of the sphere:  
I only sing one cruel maid to gain;  
Adieu, ye Muses, if she will not hear.

No more in useless innocence I'll pine,  
Since guilty presents win the greedy fair;  
I'll tear its honours from the broken shrine,  
But chiefly thine, O VENUS, will I tear.

Deceiv'd by thee, I lov'd a beauteous maid,  
Who bends on sordid gold her low desires;  
Nor worth nor passion can her heart persuade,  
But love must act what avarice requires.

Unwise who first, the charm of nature lost,  
With TYRIAN purple soil'd the snowy sheep;  
Unwiser still who seas and mountains cross,  
To dig the rock, and search the pearly deep.

These costly toys our silly fair surprise;  
The shining follies cheat their feeble sight;  
Their hearts, secure in trifles, love despise;  
'Tis vain to court them, but more vain to write.

Why did the gods conceal the little mind,  
And earthly thought, beneath a heavenly face?  
Forget the worth that dignifies mankind,  
Yet smooth and polish so each outward grace?

Hence all the blame that love and VENUS bear;  
Hence pleasure short, and anguish ever long;  
Hence tears and sighs; and hence the peevish fair,  
The froward lover—Hence this angry song.

ELEGY



## E L E G Y II.

*Unable to satisfy the covetous temper of NEÆRA, he intends to make a campaign, and try, if possible, to forget her.*

A Dieu, ye walls, that guard my cruel fair !  
 No more I'll sit in rosy fetters bounds ;  
 My limbs have learn'd the weight of arms to bear ;  
 My rousing spirits feel the trumpet's sound.

Few are the maids that now on merit smile ;  
 On spoil and war is bent this iron age ;  
 Yet pain and death attend on war and spoil,  
 Unsated vengeance and remorseless rage.

To purchase spoil even love itself is sold ;  
 Her lover's heart is least NEÆRA's care,  
 And I thro' war must seek detested gold,  
 Not for myself, but for my venal fair.

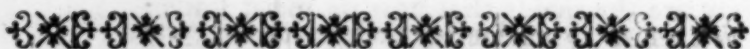
That while she bends beneath the weight of dress,  
 The stiffen'd robe may spoil her easy mien ;  
 And art mistaken make her beauty less,  
 While still it hides some graces better seen.

But if such toys can win her lovely smile,  
 Hers be the wealth of TAGUS' golden sand,  
 Her's the bright gems that glow in INDIA's soil,  
 Her's the black sons of AFRIC's sultry land.

To please her eye let every loom contend ;  
 For her be rifled ocean's pearly bed :  
 But where, alas ! would idle fancy tend,  
 And sooth with dreams a youthful poet's head ?

Let others by the cold unloving maid,  
 In force'd embraces act, the tyrant's part ;  
 While I their selfish luxury upbraid,  
 And scorn the person where I doubt the heart.

Thus warm'd by pride, I think I love no more,  
 And hide in threats the weakness of my mind :  
 In vain,—tho' reason fly the bated door,  
 Yet Love, the coward Love, still lags behind.



### E L E G Y III.

*He upbraids, and threatens the avarice of NEERA, and  
 resolves to quit her.*

Should Jove descend in floods of liquid ore,  
 And golden torrents stream from every part,  
 That craving bosom still would heave for more ;  
 Not all the God could satisfy thy heart.

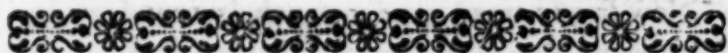
But may thy folly, which can thus disdain  
 My honest love, the mighty wrong repay ;  
 May midnight fire involve thy sordid gain,  
 And on the shining heaps of rapine prey.

May all the youths, like me, by love deceiv'd,  
 Not quench the ruin, but applaud the doom ;  
 And, when thou diest, may not one heart be griev'd,  
 May not one tear bedew the lonely tomb.

But the deserving, tender, gen'rous maid,  
 Whose only care is her poor lover's mind,  
 Tho' ruthless age may bid her beauty fade,  
 In every friend to love, a friend shall find :

And, when the lamp of life will burn no more,  
 When dead she seems as in a gentle sleep,  
 The pitying neighbour shall her loss deplore,  
 And round the bier assembled lovers weep.

With flow'ry garlands, each revolving year,  
 Shall strow the grave where truth and softness rest,  
 Then home returning drop the pious tear,  
 And bid the turf ly easy on her breast.



## E L E G Y IV.

*To his friend, written under the confinement of a long  
 indisposition.*

WHILE calm you sit beneath your secret shade,  
 And lose in pleasing thought the summer day,  
 Or tempt the wish of some unpractis'd maid,  
 Whose heart at once inclines, and fears to stray :

The sprightly vigour of my youth is fled ;  
Lonely and sick, on death is all my thought :  
Oh spare, \* PERSEPHONE, this guiltless head !  
Love, too much love, is all thy suppliant's fault.

No virgin's easy faith I e'er betray'd ;  
My tongue ne'er boasted of a feign'd embrace ;  
No poisons in the cup have I convey'd,  
Nor veil'd destruction with a friendly face.

No secret horrors gnaw this quiet breast ;  
This pious hand ne'er robb'd the sacred fane ;  
I ne'er disturb'd the gods eternal rest  
With curses loud—but oft have pray'd in vain.

No stealth of Time has thinn'd my flowing hair,  
Nor Age yet bent me with his iron hand ;  
Ah ! why so soon the tender blossom tear,  
Ere Autumn yet the ripen'd fruit demand ?

Ye gods, whoe'er, in gloomy shades below,  
Now slowly tread your melancholy round,  
Now wand'ring view the baleful rivers flow,  
And, musing, hearken to their solemn sound :

Oh, let me still enjoy the cheerful day,  
Till, many years unheeded o'er me roll'd,  
Pleas'd in my age I trifle life away,  
And tell how much we lov'd, ere I grew old.

But you who now, with festive garlands crown'd,  
In chace of pleasure the gay moments spend,  
By quick enjoyment heal love's pleasing wound,  
And grieve for nothing but your absent friend.

\* *The Goddess of death.*





## E L E G Y V.

*The lover is at first introduced speaking to his servant ;  
he afterwards addresses himself to his mistress, and at  
last there is a supposed interview between them.*

W<sup>I</sup>th wine, more wine, deceive thy master's care,  
Till creeping slumber sooth his troubled breast ;  
Let not a whisper stir the silent air,  
If hapless love a while consent to rest.

Untoward guards beset my CYNTHIA's doors,  
And cruel locks th' imprison'd fair conceal ;  
May lightnings blast whom love in vain implores,  
And JOVE's own thunder rive those bolts of steel.

Ah, gentle door, attend my humble call,  
Nor let thy sounding hinge our thefts betray !  
So all my curses far from thee shall fall ;  
We angry lovers mean not half we say.

Remember now the flowery wreaths I gave,  
When first I told thee of my bold desires ;  
Nor thou, O CYNTHIA, fear the watchful slave ;  
VENUS will favour what herself inspires.

She guides the youths who see not where they tread,  
She shews the virgin how to turn the door,  
Softly to steal from off her silent bed,  
And not a step betray her on the floor.

The fearless lover wants no beam of light,  
The robber knows him, nor obstructs his way;  
Sacred he wanders thro' the pathless night,  
Belongs to VENUS, and can never stray.

I scorn the chilling wind, and beating rain,  
Nor heed cold watchings on the dewy ground,  
If all the hardships I for love sustain,  
With love's victorious joys at least be crown'd.

With sudden step let none our bliss surprise,  
Or check the freedom of secure delight —  
Rash man! beware, and shut thy curious eyes,  
Lest angry VENUS snatch their guilty sight:

But shouldst thou see, th' important secret hide,  
Tho' question'd by the powers of earth and heaven,  
The prating tongue shall love's revenge abide,  
Still sue for grace, and never be forgiv'n.

A wizard dame, thy lover's ancient friend,  
With magic charm has deaf'd thy husband's ear;  
At her command I saw the stars descend,  
And winged light'ning stop in mid career.

I saw her stamp, and cleave the solid ground,  
While ghastly spectres round us wildly roam;  
I saw them hearken to her potent sound,  
Till fear'd at day they sought their dreary home.

At her command the vig'rous summer pines,  
And wint'ry clouds obscure the hopeful year;  
At her strong bidding gloomy winter shines,  
And vernal roses on the snows appear.

She gave these charms, which I on thee bestow ;  
 They dim the eye, and dull the jealous mind ;  
 For me they make a husband nothing know,  
 For me, and only me, they make him blind.

But what did most this faithful heart surprise,  
 She boasted that her skill could set it free ;  
 This faithful heart the boasted freedom flies,  
 How could it venture to abandon thee ?

~~~~~

### E L E G Y VI.

*He adjures DELIA to pity him by their friendship with  
 CELIA, who was lately dead.*

**T**Housands would seek the lasting peace of death,  
 And in that harbour shun the storm of care ;  
 Officious hope still holds the fleeting breath,  
 She tells them still—To-morrow will be fair.

She tells me, DELIA, I shall the obtain ;  
 But can I listen to her Siren song,  
 Who seven slow months have drag'd my painful chain,  
 So long thy lover, and despis'd so long ?

By all the joys thy dearest CELIA gave,  
 Let not her once-lov'd friend unpity'd burn ;  
 So may her ashes find a peaceful grave,  
 And sleep uninjur'd in their sacred urn.

To

To her I first avow'd my tim'rous flame ;  
She nurs'd my hopes, and taught me how to sue ;  
She still would pity what the wife might blame,  
And feel for weakness which she never knew.

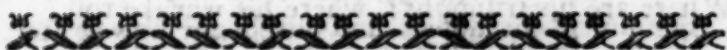
Ah ! do not grieve the dear lamented shade,  
That hov'ring round us all my sufferings hears ;  
She is my faint ; to her my pray'rs are made,  
With oft-repeated gifts of flowers and tears.

To her sad tomb at midnight I retire,  
And, lonely sitting by the silent stone,  
I tell it all the griefs my wrongs inspire ;  
The marble image seems to hear my moan.

Thy friend's pale ghost shall vex thy sleepless bed,  
And stand before thee all in virgin white ;  
That ruthless bosom will disturb the dead,  
And call forth pity from eternal night.

Cease, cruel man ! the mournful theme forbear ;  
Tho' much thou suffer, to thyself complain :  
Ah ! to recal the sad rememb'rance spare,  
One tear from her is more than all thy pain.





## E L E G Y VII.

*On DELIA's being in the country, where he supposes she  
stays to see the harvest.*

NOW DELIA breathes in woods the fragrant air;  
Dull are the hearts that still in town remain;  
VENUS herself attends on DELIA there,  
And CUPID sports amid the silvan train.

Oh! with what joy, my DELIA to behold,  
I'd press the spade, or wield the weighty prong!  
Guide the slow plough-share thro' the stubborn mold,  
And patient goad the loit'ring ox along!

The scorching heats I'd carelessly despise,  
Nor heed the blisters on my tender hand;  
The great APOLLO wore the same disguise,  
Like me, subdu'd to love's supreme command.

No healing herbs could sooth their master's pain;  
The art of physic lost and useless lay;  
To PENEUS' stream, and TEMPE's shady plain,  
He drove his herds beneath the noon-tide ray.

Oft with a bleating lamb in either arm,  
His blushing Sister \* saw him pace along;  
Oft would his voice the silent valley charm,  
Till lowing oxen broke the tender song.

\* *The Goddess Diana.*

Where

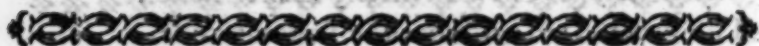


Where are his triumphs? where his warlike toil?  
 Where, by his darts, the crested P<sup>Y</sup>THON slain?  
 Where are his DELPHI? his delightful isle?  
 The god himself is grown a cottage-swain.

O CERES, in your golden fields no more,  
 With harvest's cheerful pomp, my fair detain:—  
 Think what for lost \* PROSERPINA you bore,  
 And in a mother's anguish feel my pain.

Our wiser fathers left their fields unsown;  
 Their food was acorns, love their sole employ;  
 They met, they lik'd, they staid but till alone,  
 And in each valley snatch'd the honest joy.

No wakeful guard, no doors to stop desire:  
 Thrice happy times!—but, Oh! I fondly rave;  
 Lead me to DELIA; all her eyes inspire,  
 I'll do;—I'll plough or dig as DELIA's slave.



## E L E G Y VIII.

*He despairs that he shall ever possess DELIA.*

AH! what avails thy lover's pious care?  
 His lavish incense clouds the sky in vain:  
 Nor wealth nor greatness was his idle prayer;  
 For thee alone he pray'd, thee hop'd to gain.

\* *The daughter of Ceres, taken from her by Pluto.*

With

I scorn the LYDIAN river's golden-wave,  
And all the vulgar charms of human life;  
I only ask to live my DELIA's-slave,  
And when I long have serv'd her, call her Wife.

Attend, O JUNO, with thy sober ear,  
Attend, gay VENUS, parent of desire,  
This one fond wish if you refuse to hear,  
Oh! let me with this sigh of love expire.



*He has lost DELIA.*

With mean disguise let others Nature hide,  
And mimic Virtue with the paint of art;  
I scorn the cheat of Reason's foolish pride,  
And boast the graceful weakness of my heart.

# The

The more I think, the more I feel my pain,  
And learn the more each heavenly charm to prize,  
While fools, too light for passion, safe remain,  
And dull sensation keeps the stupid wise.

Sad is my day, and sad my ling'ring night,  
When wrapt in silent grief I weep alone;  
DELIA is lost, and all my past delight  
Is now the source of unavailing moan.

Where is the wit that heighten'd beauty's charms!  
Where is the face that fed my longing eyes?  
Where is the shape that might have blest my arms?  
Where all those hopes relentless fate denies?

When spent with endless grief I die at last,  
DELIA may come, and see my poor remains:—  
Oh DELIA, after such an absence past,  
Canst thou still love, and not forget my pains?

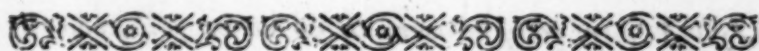
Wilt thou in tears thy lover's corse attend?  
With eyes averted light the solemn pyre,  
'Till all around the doleful flames ascend,  
Then, slowly sinking by degrees, expire?

To sooth the hov'ring soul be thine the care,  
With plaintive cries to lead the mournful band,  
In sable weeds the golden vase to bear,  
And cull my ashes with thy trembling hand.

PANCHAJA's odours be their costly feast,  
And all the pride of ASIA's fragrant year;  
Give them the treasures of the farthest east,  
And what is still more precious, give thy tear.

Dying for thee, there is in death a pride;  
 Let all the world thy hapless lover know;  
 No silent urn the noble passion hide,  
 But deeply graven thus my suff'rings show:

Here lies a youth, borne down with love and care;  
 He could not long in DELIA's loss abide;  
 Joy left his bosom with the parting fair,  
 And, when he durst no longer hope, he died.



## E L E G Y X.

On DELIA's Birth-day.

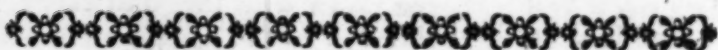
THIS day, which saw my DELIA's beauty rise,  
 Shall more than all our sacred days be blest;  
 The world, enamour'd of her lovely eyes,  
 Shall grow as good and gentle as her breast.

By all our guarded sighs, and hid desires,  
 Oh may our guiltless love be still the same!  
 I burn and glory in the pleasing fires,  
 If DELIA's bosom share the mutual flame.

Thou happy genius of her natal hour,  
 Accept her incense, if her thoughts be kind;  
 But let her court in vain thy angry power,  
 If all our vows are blotted from her mind.

And thou, O Venus! hear my righteous prayer,  
 Or bind the shepherdes, or loose the swain;  
 Yet rather guard them both with equal care,  
 And let them die together in thy chain.

What I demand perhaps her heart desires,  
 But virgin fears her nicer tongue restrain ;  
 The secret thought, which blushing love inspires,  
 The conscious eye can full as well explain.



## E L E G Y XI.

*Against lovers going to war, in which he philosophically  
 prefers Love and DELIA to the more serious vanities of  
 the world.*

THE man, who sharpen'd first the warlike steel,  
 How fell and deadly was his iron heart !  
 He gave the wound encount'ring nations feel,  
 And death grew stronger by his fatal art.

Yet not from steel debate and battle rose,  
 'Tis gold o'erturns the even scale of life ;  
 Nature is free to all, and none were foes,  
 'Till partial luxury began the strife.

Let spoil and victory adorn the bold,  
 While I inglorious neither hope nor fear ;  
 Perish the thirst of honour, thirst of gold,  
 Ere for my absence DELIA lose a tear.

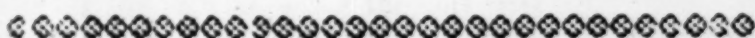
Why should the lover quit his pleasing home,  
 In search of danger on some foreign ground ?  
 Far from his weeping fair ungrateful roam,  
 And risk in ev'ry stroke a double wound ?

Ah !



Ah! better far, beneath the spreading shade,  
 With cheerful friends to drain the sprightly bowl,  
 To sing the beauties of my darling maid,  
 And on the sweet idea feast my soul.

Then, full of love, to all her charms retire,  
And fold her blushing to my eager breast,  
'Till quite o'ercome with softness, with desire,  
Like me she pants, she faints, and sinks to rest.



E L E G Y XII.

TO DELIA.

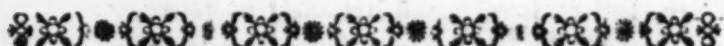
NO second love shall e'er my heart surprise ;  
This solemn league did first our passion bind ;  
Thou, only thou, canst please thy lover's eyes,  
Thy voice alone can sooth his troubled mind.

Oh that thy charms were only fair to me,  
Displease all others, and secure my rest;  
No need of envy;—let me happy be,  
I little care that others know me blest.

With thee in gloomy deserts let me dwell,  
Where never human footstep mark'd the ground ;  
Thou, light of life, all darkness canst expel,  
And seem a world with solitude around.

I say too much—my heedless words restore ;  
My tongue undoes me in this loving hour ;  
Thou know'st thy strength, and thence insulting more,  
Wilt make me feel the weight of all thy power.

Whate'er I feel, thy slave I will remain,  
 Nor fly the burden I am form'd to bear;  
 In chains I'll sit me down at Venus' fane,  
 She knows my wrongs, and will regard my prayer.



# E L E G Y XIII.

*He imagines himself married to DELIA, and that, content with each other, they are retired into the country.*

**L**ET others boast their heaps of shining gold,  
 And view their fields with waving plenty crown'd,  
 Whom neighb'ring foes in constant terror hold,  
 And trumpets break their slumbers, never sound.

While calmly poor I trifle life away,  
 Enjoy sweet leisure by my cheerful fire,  
 No wanton hope my quiet shall betray,  
 But, cheaply blest, I'll scorn each vain desire.

With timely care I'll sow my little field,  
 And plant my orchard with its master's hand;  
 Nor blush to spread the hay, the hook to wield,  
 Or range my sheaves along the sunny land.

If late at dusk, while carelessly I roam,  
 I meet a strolling kid, or bleating lamb,  
 Under my arm I'll bring the wand'rer home,  
 And not a little chide its thoughtless dam.

What

What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain,  
And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast!  
Or lull'd to slumber by the beating rain,  
Secure and happy sink at last to rest!

Or, if the sun in flaming LEO ride,  
By shady rivers indolently stray,  
And, with my DELIA walking side by side,  
Hear how they murmur, as they glide away!

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,  
To stop, and gaze on DELIA as I go!  
To mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet,  
And teach my lovely scholar all I know!

Thus pleas'd at heart, and not with fancy's dream,  
In silent happiness I rest unknown;  
Content with what I am, not what I seem,  
I live for DELIA, and myself alone.

Ah foolish man! who, thus of her possess,  
Could float and wander with ambition's wind;  
And, if his outward trappings spoke him blest,  
Not heed the sickness of his conscious mind.

With her I scorn the idle breath of praise,  
Nor trust to happiness that's not our own;  
The smile of Fortune might suspicion raise,  
But here I know, that I am lov'd alone.

STANHOPE, in wisdom as in wit divine,  
May rise and plead BRITANNIA's glorious cause,  
With steady reign his eager wit confine,  
While manly sense the deep attention draws.

Let STANHOPE speak his list'ning country's wrong,  
My humble voice shall please one partial maid;  
For her alone I pen my tender song,  
Securely sitting in his friendly shade.

STANHOPE shall come, and grace his rural friend;  
DELIA shall wonder at her noble guest,  
With blushing awe the riper fruit commend,  
And for her husband's patron cull the best.

Her's be the care of all my little train,  
While I with tender indolence am blest,  
The fav'rite subject of her gentle reign,  
By love alone distinguish'd from the rest.

For her I'll yoke my oxen to the plow,  
In gloomy forests tend my lonely flock;  
For her a goat-herd climb the mountain's brow,  
And sleep extended on the naked rock.

Ah! what avails to press the stately bed,  
And far from her 'midst tasteless grandeur weep?  
By marble fountains lay the pensive head;  
And, while they murmur, strive in vain to sleep?

DELIA alone can please, and never tire,  
Exceed the paint of thought in true delight;  
With her enjoyment wakens new desire,  
And equal rapture glows thro' ev'ry night.

Beauty and worth in her alike contend  
To charm the fancy, and to fix the mind:  
In her, my wife, my mistress, and my friend,  
I taste the joys of sense and reason join'd.

On her I'll gaze, when others loves are o'er,  
 And dying prefs her with my clay-cold hand——  
 Thou weep'st already, as I were no more,  
 Nor can that gentle breast the thought withstand.

Oh, when I die, my latest moments spare,  
 Nor let thy grief with sharper torments kill;  
 Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing hair;  
 Tho' I am dead, my soul shall love thee still.

Oh quit the room! Oh quit the deathful bed!  
 Or thou wilt die, so tender is thy heart!  
 Oh, leave me, DELIA, ere thou see me dead!  
 These weeping friends will do thy mournful part.

Let them, extended on the decent bier,  
 Convey the corse in melancholy state,  
 Thro' all the village spread the tender tear,  
 While pitying maids our wond'rous loves relate.



# E L E G Y XIV.

To DELIA.

WHAT scenes of bliss my raptur'd fancy fram'd,  
 In some lone spot with Peace and thee retire'd!  
 Tho' reason then my sanguine fondness blam'd,  
 I still believ'd what flatt'ring love inspire'd.

But now my wrongs have taught my humbled mind,  
 To dang'rous bliss no longer to pretend;  
 In books a calm, but fix'd content to find;  
 Safe joys, that on ourselves alone depend.

With



With them the gentle moments I beguile,  
In learned ease, and elegant delight,  
Compare the beauties of each diff'rent stile,  
Each various ray of wit's diffusive light.

Now mark the strength of MILTON's sacred lines,  
Sense rais'd by genius, fancy rule'd by art,  
Where all the glory of the godhead shines,  
And earliest innocence enchants the heart.

Now, fir'd by POPE and Virtue, leave the age,  
In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong,  
And trace the author thro' his moral page,  
Whose blameless life still answers to his song.

If time and books my ling'ring pain can heal,  
And reason fix its empire o'er my heart,  
My patriot breast a nobler warmth shall feel,  
And glow with love, where weakness has no part.

Thy heart, O LYTTLETON, shall be my guide,  
It's fire shall warm me, and its worth improve;  
Thy heart, above all envy and all pride,  
Firm as man's sense, and soft as woman's love.

And you, O WEST, with her your partner dear,  
Whom social mirth and useful sense commend,  
With learning's feast my drooping mind shall cheer,  
Glad to escape from love to such a friend.

But why so long my weaker heart deceive?  
Ah! still I love, in pride and reason's spite;  
No books, alas! my painful thoughts relieve,  
And while I threat, this elegy I write.



## E L E G Y    X V.

To Mr. GEORGE GRENVILLE.

**O**H! form'd alike to serve us and to please,  
 Polite with honesty, and learn'd with ease;  
 With heart to act, with genius to retire;  
 Open, yet wise; tho' gentle, full of fire:  
 With thee I scorn the low constraint of art,  
 Nor fear to trust the follies of my heart:  
 Hear then from what my long despair arose,  
 The faithful story of a lover's woes.  
 When, in a sober melancholy hour,  
 Reduce'd by sickness under reason's power,  
 I view'd my state, too little weigh'd before,  
 And love itself could flatter me no more:  
 My *DELIA*'s hopes I would no more deceive,  
 But, whom my passion hurt, thro' friendship leave;  
 I chose the coldest words my heart to hide,  
 And cure her sex's weakness thro' its pride.  
 The prudence which I taught I ill pursu'd,  
 The charm my reason broke my heart renew'd;  
 Again submissive to her feet I came,  
 And prove'd too well my passion by my shame:  
 While she, secure in coldness or disdain,  
 Forgot my love, or triumph'd in its pain;  
 Begun with higher views her thoughts to raise,  
 And scorn'd the humble poet of her praise:  
 She let each little lie o'er truth prevail,  
 And strengthen'd by her faith each groundless tale,

Believ'd.

Believ'd the grossest arts that malice try'd,  
Nor once in thought was on her lover's side:  
Oh! where were then my scenes of fancied life?  
Oh! where the friend, the mistress, and the wife?  
Her years of promis'd love were quickly past,  
Not two revolving moons could see them last.—  
To STOWE's delightful scenes I now repair,  
In COBHAM's smile to lose the gloom of care;  
Nor fear that he my weakness should despise,  
In nature learned, and humanely wise:  
There PITT, in manner soft, in friendship warm,  
With mild advice my list'ning grief shall charm;  
With sense to counsel and with wit to please,  
A Roman's virtue, with a courtier's ease.  
Nor you, my friend, whose heart is still at rest,  
Condemn the human weakness of my breast:  
Reason may chide the fault she cannot cure,  
And pains, which long we scorn'd, we oft endure,  
Tho' wiser cares employ your studious mind,  
Form'd with a soul so elegantly kind,  
Your breast may lose the calm it long has known,  
And learn my woes to pity by its own.

*See ELEGY XVI. Vol. i. p. 240.*





VERSES on the Equestrian Statue of  
KING CHARLES II. in the Parliament Close,  
being painted white, September, 1767.

By the AUTHOUR of DORANDO.

——— *Pictoribus atque Poëtis  
Qualibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.*

HOR.

WELL done, my Lord, with noble taste,  
You've made CHARLES gay as five and twenty :  
We may be scarce of *gold* and *corn*,  
But sure there's *lead* and *oil* in plenty.

Yet for a PUBLIC WORK, like this,  
You might have had some famous artist ;  
Tho' I had made each *merk* a pound,  
I would have had the very smartest.

Why not bring *Allan Ramsay* down,  
From sketching coronet and cushion ?  
For he can paint a *living King*,  
And—knows the English constitution.

The *milk-white steed* is well enough,  
But why thus daub *the man* all over ;  
And to the swarthy STUART give  
The cream-complexion of HANOVER ?

This

This statue never gave offence ;  
 But now, as you've been pleas'd to make it,  
 The ladies all will run away,  
 Lest they behold a man stark naked.

Stay, fair dissembling cowards, stay,  
 He'll do no harm; you may go near him.  
 I'll tell you — ev'n when flesh and blood,  
 Some of your grandams did not fear him.



## The BIRTH of FASHION.

A SPECIMEN of a Modern Ode.

From the New BATH-GUIDE.

SURE there are charms by Heaven assign'd  
 To modish life alone,  
 A grace, an air, a taste refin'd  
 To vulgar souls unknown.

Nature, my friend, profuse in vain  
 May ev'ry gift impart,  
 If unimprov'd, they ne'er can gain  
 An empire o'er the heart.

Dress be your care, in this gay scene  
 Of Pleasure's blest'd abode,  
 Enchanting dress! if well I ween,  
 Fit subject for an ode.

Come



'Come then, nymph of various mien,  
 'Vot'ry true of Beauty's Queen,  
 'Whom the young and age'd adore,  
 And thy diff'rent arts explore.

Fashion, come.—On me a while  
 Deign, fantastic Nymph, to smile,  
 MORIA \* thee in times of yore,  
 To the motly PROTEUS bore:  
 He, in bishop's robes array'd,  
 Went one night to masquerade,  
 Where thy simple mother stray'd.  
 She was clad like harmless Quaker,  
 And was pleas'd my Lord should take her  
 By the waist, and kindly shake her;  
 And, with look demure, said she,  
 " Pray, my Lord,—do you know me?"

He with soothing flatt'ring arts,  
 Such as win all female hearts,  
 Much extol'd her wit and beauty,  
 And declare'd it was his duty,  
 As she was a maid of honour,  
 To confer his blessing on her.  
 There mid dress of various hue,  
 Crimson, yellow, green, and blue,  
 All on furbelows and laces,  
 Slipt into her chaste embraces;  
 Then, like fainted rogue, cry'd he,  
 " Little Quaker,—you know me."

Fill'd with thee she went to France,  
 Land renown'd for complaisance,

\* *The Goddess of Folly.*

VOL. II.

Y

Vers'd

Vers'd in science debonnair,  
 Bowing, dancing, dressing hair;  
 There she chose her habitation,  
 Fix'd thy place of education.  
 Nymph, at thy auspicious birth  
 HEBE strew'd with flowers the earth;  
 Thee to welcome, all the Graces,  
 Deck'd in ruffles, deck'd in laces,  
 With the God of Love attended,  
 And the CYPRIAN queen descended.  
 Now you trip it o'er the globe,  
 Clad in party-colour'd robe,  
 And, with all thy mother's sense,  
 Virtues of your fire dispense.

Goddeſs, if from hand like mine  
 Aught be worthy of thy ſhrine,  
 Take the flowery wreath I twine.  
 Lead, Oh! lead me by the hand,  
 Guide me with thy magic wand;  
 Whether thou in lace and ribbons,  
 Chuse the form of Mrs. GIBBONS,  
 Or the nymph of smiling look,  
 At Bath yclept JANETTA COOK.  
 Bring, O bring thy essence pot,  
 Amber, musk, and bergamot,  
 Eau de Chipre, Eau de Luce,  
 Sans pareil, and citron juice,  
 Nor thy band-box leave behind,  
 Fill'd with stores of ev'ry kind;  
 All th' enraptur'd bard supposes,  
 Who to FANCY odes composes;

All that Fancy's self has feign'd,  
 In a band-box is contain'd :  
 Painted lawns, and chequer'd shades,  
 Crape that's worn by love-lorn maids,  
 Water'd tabbies, flower'd brocades ;  
 Vi'lets, pinks, Italian posies,  
 Myrtles, jessamine, and roses,  
 Aprons, caps, and 'kerchiefs clean,  
 Straw-built hats, and bonnets green,  
 Cat-gut gauzes, tippets, ruffs,  
 Fans, and hoods, and feather'd muffs,  
 Stomachers, and Paris nets,  
 Ear-rings, necklaces, aigrets,  
 Fringes, blonds, and mignonets,  
 Fine vermilion for the cheek,  
 Velvet patches a la Grecque.  
 Come, but don't forget the gloves,  
 Which, with all the smiling loves,  
 Venus caught young Cupid picking  
 From the tender breast of chicken ;  
 Little chicken, worthier far  
 Than the birds of Juno's car,  
 Soft as Cytherea's dove,  
 Let thy skin my skin improve ;  
 Thou by night shalt grace my arm,  
 And by day shalt teach to charm.

Then, O sweet Goddess, bring with thee  
 Thy boon attendant Gaiety,  
 Laughter, Freedom, Mirth, and Ease,  
 And all the smiling dieties ;  
 Fancy spreading painted sails,  
 Loves that fan with gentle gales.—

But hark—methinks I hear a voice,  
 My organs all at once rejoice;  
 A voice that says, or seems to say,  
 “ Sister, hasten, sister gay,  
 Come to the pump-room— come away.



### The CONSULTATION of PHYSICIANS.

From the Same.

By S— B—N—R—D.

**D**EAR mother, my time has been wretchedly spent  
 With a grip or a hickup wherever I went,  
 My stomach all swell'd, till I thought it would burst,  
 Sure never poor mortal with wind was so curst!  
 If ever I ate a good supper at night,  
 I dream'd of the Devil, and wak'd in a fright:  
 And so as I grew ev'ry day worse and worse,  
 The Doctor advis'd me to send for a nurse;  
 And the nurse was so willing my health to restore,  
 She begg'd me to send for a few doctors more;  
 For when any difficult work's to be done,  
 Many heads can dispatch it much sooner than one;  
 And I find there are doctors enough in this place,  
 If you want to consult in a dangerous case.  
 So they met all together, and thus began talking:  
 “ Good Doctor, I'm your's—'Tis a fine day for walk-  
 ing—

“ Sad

- " Sad news in the papers—G—d knows who's to  
 " blame—  
 " The Colonies seem to be all in a flame—  
 " This *Stamp-act*, no doubt, might be good for the  
 " Crown,  
 " But I fear 'tis a pill that will never go down—  
 " What can Portugal mean?—Is she going to stir up  
 " Convulsions and heats in the bowels of Europe?  
 " 'Twill be fatal if England relapses again,  
 " From the ill blood and humours of Bourbon and  
 " Spain."

Says I, my good doctors, I can't understand  
 Why the deuce ye take so many patients in hand;  
 Ye've a great deal of practice, as far as I find;  
 But since ye're come hither, do pray be so kind  
 To write me a remedy good for the wind. }  
 No doubt ye are all of ye great politicians,  
 But at present my bowels have need of physicians:  
 Consider my case in the light it deserves,  
 And pity the state of my stomach and nerves.  
 But a tight little doctor began a dispute  
 About Administrations, *Newcastle*, and *Bute*,  
 Talk'd much of œconomy, much of profuseness.—  
 Says another—" This case, which at first was a loose-  
 " ness,

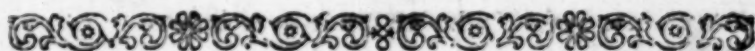
- " Is become a Tenesmus, and all we can do  
 " Is to give him a gentle cathartic or two;  
 " First get off the phlegm that adheres to the plicæ,  
 " Then throw in a med'cine that's pretty and spicy;—  
 " A peppermint draught,—or a— Come, let's be gone,  
 " We've another bad case to consider at one."

So thus they brush'd off, each his cane at his nose,  
 When Jenny came in, who had heard all their prose;



I'll teach them, says she, at their next consultation,  
To come and take fees for the good of the nation.  
I could not conceive what a devil she meant,  
But she seiz'd all the stuff that the Doctor had sent,  
And out of the window she flung it down soufe;  
As the first politician went out of the house.  
Decoctions and syrups around him all flew,  
The pills, bolus, julep, and apozem too;  
His wig had the luck a cathartic to meet,  
And squash went the gallipot under his feet.  
She said 'twas a shame I should swallow such stuff,  
When my bowels were weak, and the physick so rough;  
Declar'd she was shock'd that so many should come  
To be doctor'd to death such a distance from home,  
At a place where they tell you, that water alone  
Can cure all distempers that ever were known.  
But, what is the pleasantest part of the story,  
She has order'd for dinner a Piper and Dory;  
For to-day Captain *Cormorant's* coming to dine,  
'That worthy acquaintance of *Jenny's* and mine.  
'Tis a shame to the army, that men of such spirit,  
Should never obtain the reward of their merit;  
For the Captain's as gallant a man, I'll be sworn,  
And as honest a fellow as ever was born:  
After so many hardships, and dangers incurr'd,  
He himself thinks he ought to be better preferr'd.  
And *Roger*, or what is his name, *Nicodemus*,  
Appears full as kind, and as much to esteem us;  
Our *Prudence* declares he's an excellent preacher,  
And by night and by day is so good as to teach her;  
His doctrine so sound with such spirit he gives,  
She ne'er can forget it as long as she lives.  
I told you before that he's often so kind  
As to go out a-riding with *Prudence* behind,

So frequently dines here without any pressing,  
 And now to the fish he is giving his blessing ;  
 And as that is the case, tho' I've taken a griper,  
 I'll venture to peck at the Dory and Piper.  
 And now, my dear mother, etc. etc. etc.



## The TRADE of GAMING.

From the Same.

FROM the earliest ages, dear mother, till now,  
 All statesmen and great politicians allow  
 That nothing advances the good of a nation,  
 Like giving all money a free circulation :  
 This question from members of parliament draws  
 Many speeches that meet universal applause ;  
 And if ever, dear mother, I live to be one,  
 I'll speak on this subject as sure as a gun :  
 For *Bath* will I speak, and I'll make an oration  
 Shall obtain me the freedom of this corporation ;  
 I have no kind of doubt but the Speaker will beg  
 All the members to *hear* when I set out my leg.  
 " Circulation of cash — circulation decay'd —  
 Is at once the destruction and ruin of trade ;  
 Circulation — I say — circulation it is,  
 Gives life to commercial countries like this :  
 What thanks to the city of *Bath* then are due,  
 From all who this patriot maxim pursue !  
 For in no place whatever that national good  
 Is practis'd so well, and so well understood !

What

What infinite merit and praise does she claim in  
 Her ways and her means for promoting of *gaming* !  
 And *gaming*, no doubt, is of infinite use  
 That same circulation of cash to produce.  
 What true public-spirited people are here,  
 Who, for that very purpose, come every year !  
 All eminent men, who no trade ever knew  
 But *gaming*, the only good trade to pursue :  
 All other professions are subject to fail,  
 But *gaming*'s a business will ever prevail :  
 Besides, 'tis the only good way to commence  
 An acquaintance with all men of spirit and sense ;  
 We may grub on without it thro' life, I suppose,  
 But then 'tis with people — *that nobody knows*.  
 We ne'er can expect to be rich, wise, or great,  
 Or look'd upon fit for employments of state :  
 'Tis your men of fine heads and of nice calculations  
 That afford so much service to administrations,  
 Who by frequent experience know how to devise  
 The speediest methods of raising supplies :  
 'Tis such men as these, men of honour and worth,  
 That challenge respect from all persons of birth,  
 And is it not right they should all be carest,  
 When they're all so polite, and so very well dress'd,  
 When they circulate freely the money they've won,  
 And wear a lace'd coat, tho' their fathers wore none ?  
 Our trade is encourage'd as much, if not more,  
 By the tender soft Sex I shall ever adore ;  
 But their husbands, those brutes, have been known to  
 complain,  
 And swear they will never set foot here again —  
 Ye wretches ingrate ! to find fault with your wives,  
 The comfort, the solace, and joy of your lives !

Oh !

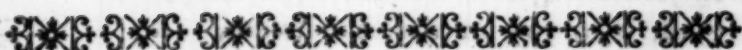
Oh ! that women, whose price is so far above rubies,  
 Should fall to the lot of such ignorant boobies !  
 Don't Solomon speak of such women with rapture,  
 In verse his eleventh, and thirty-first chapter ?  
 And surely that wise King of Israel knew  
 What belong'd to a woman much better than you !  
 He says, " If you find out a virtuous wife,  
 She will do a man good all the days of her life ;  
 She deals like a merchant, she sitteth up late ;"  
 And you'll find it is written in verse twenty-eight,  
 " Her husband is sure to be known at the gate.  
 He never hath need or occasion for spoil,  
 When his wife is much better employ'd all the while ;  
 She sheeketh fine wool, and fine linen she buys,  
 And is clothed in purple and scarlet likewise.—"  
 Now, pray, don't your wives do the very same thing;  
 And follow th' advice of this worthy old King ?  
 Do they spare for expences themselves in adorning ?  
 Don't they go about buying fine things all the morning ?  
 And at cards all the night take the trouble to play,  
 To get back the money they spent in the day ?  
 And sure there's no sort of occasion to show,  
 Ye are known at the gate, or wherever ye go.  
 Pray are not your ladies at *Bath* better place'd  
 Than the Wife of a King who herself so disgrace'd,  
 And at *Ithaca* liv'd in *such very bad taste* ?  
 Poor soul ! while her husband thought proper to leave  
 her,  
 She slav'd all the day like a Spitalfields-weaver,  
 And then, like a fool, when her web was half spun,  
 Pull'd to pieces at night all the work she had done :  
 But these to their husbands more profit can yield,  
 And are much like a lily that grows in the field.

They

They toil not indeed, nor indeed do they spin,  
Yet they never are idle when once they begin,  
But are very intent on increasing their store,  
And always keep shuffling and cutting for more :  
Industrious creatures ! that make it a rule  
To secure half the fish, while they *manage* the pool :  
So they win to be sure ; yet I very much wonder  
Why they put so much money the candlestick under ;  
For up comes a man on a sudden, slapdash,  
Snuffs the candles, and carries away all the cash :  
And as nobody troubles their heads any more,  
I'm in very great hopes that it goes to the poor. —  
Methinks I should like to excel in a trade,  
By which such a number their fortunes have made.  
I've heard of a wise philosophical Jew,  
That shuffles the cards in a manner that's new.  
One Jonas, I think :—And could wish for the future  
To have that illustrious sage for my tutor ;  
And the Captain, whose kindness I ne'er can forget,  
Will teach me a game that he calls Lansquenet ;  
So I soon shall acquaint you what money I've won ;  
In the mean time I rest, Your most dutiful son.







## CONTENT: A PASTORAL.

By J. CUNNINGHAM.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren, and  
 As wilder'd and weary'd I roam, [bare,  
 A gentle young shepherdess fees my despair,  
 And leads me—o'er lawns—to her home.  
 Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had crown'd,  
 Green rushes were strew'd on her floor,  
 Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly round,  
 And deck'd the sod seats at her door.

## II.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast:  
 Fresh fruits! and she cull'd me the best:  
 While, thrown from my guard by some glances she cast,  
 Love slyly stole into my breast!  
 I told my soft wishes; she sweetly reply'd,  
 (Ye virgins, her voice was divine!)  
 I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,  
 But take me, fond shepherd, —I'm thine.

## III.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek!  
 So simple, yet sweet, were her charms!  
 I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,  
 And lock'd the love'd maid in my arms.

Now

Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,  
 And, if by yon prattler, the stream,  
 Reclin'd on her bosom, I sink into sleep,  
 Her image still softens my dream.

## IV.

Together we range o'er the slow rising hills,  
 Delighted with pastoral views,  
 Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distils,  
 And point out new themes for my muse.  
 To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,  
 The damsel's of humble descent;  
 The cottager, Peace, is well known for her fire,  
 And shepherds have nam'd her Content.

## F I N I S.

